



October 14, 1933

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Out Comes a Blue Eagle - By Walter

MRS R L THOMPSON
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IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO PLAY CHAMPIONSHIP BRIDGE!



● CONCENTRATION is impossible, says Mr. Barclay, if your nerves are jumpy. "I prefer Camels because I can smoke as many as I want without jangled nerves."

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

SHEPARD BARCLAY says: "Every bridge player can and should learn every system of contract bridge... but it takes *real* concentration to play a different system with every partner. That kind of concentration naturally involves terrific nerve strain. Personally, I find smoking a decided help to concentration. I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without experiencing jangled nerves... they're always mild!"

Steady smoking brings out what a cigarette's really got. Smoke Camels yourself. Make your own comparisons. Your own experience will confirm all that Mr. Barclay says.



● ABOVE—SHEPARD BARCLAY, who in two months won twenty tournaments with twenty brand-new partners, smokes steadily while playing.

● LEFT—"THERE ARE TWO KINDS of bridge players—those who smoke while they play bridge—and those who play bridge while they smoke," Mr. Barclay says. Well—both kinds have a good time! Play either way, and smoke Camels—for more pleasure, for the sake of your nerves—and your bridge!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to \$1—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.



A
MATCHLESS
BLEND

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Camel's Costlier Tobacco

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE



With a crew of two Australians—Capt. Charles E. Kingsford-Smith, commander, and Capt. Charles T. P. Ulm—and two Americans—Harry W. Lyon, navigator, and James W. Warner, radio operator—the Southern Cross took off from Oakland, Cal. on May 31, 1928 and landed at Brisbane, Australia on June 9. In three hops, it spanned 6638 miles of water! Hitting those pin point "way stations" in mid ocean was in itself no mean feat of navigation!

Jim Warner, radio operator on the epochal flight of the Southern Cross from California to Australia, says...

"I HAVE NEVER FOUND A BETTER RADIO TUBE THAN TUNG-SOL... THEY HAVE ENDURANCE!"

It looked like just another radio job to Jim when he was invited to join up for the hop, but he admits he got a few thrills he never expected before he was through!

Sixteen years a radio operator in the U. S. Navy, Jim Warner literally jumped at the chance to "pound the brass" on the now famous flight of the Southern Cross from Oakland, California to Brisbane, Australia.

Just how much his nimble fingers and super-sensitive ears contributed to the final successful outcome of that defiant nine-day dash over 6600 miles of ocean, who can tell? But that he knows as much as any man alive about radio performance under gruelling conditions, nobody can doubt!

Jim wasn't paid to say any kind words about Tung-Sol tubes. He speaks from 18 years of

experience—and what he says about **Tung-Sol endurance**, you can prove to yourself in your own radio.

The stamina, the ability to stand up that men like Jim Warner are glad to praise, is built right into every Tung-Sol tube that leaves our plant—an inevitable result of precision methods that in many respects are unique in the industry.

Next time you need radio tubes, equip with Tung-Sols. Compare their performance and their lasting power with any tube you've ever used, and you'll find out why radio fans from coast to coast call Tung-Sol the "Long-Life Tube!"



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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN the trouble in Cuba began—with the coup against de Cespedes—there was a flurry of excitement in Washington. American lives must be protected. Ships must be sent. But where were the ships?

Well, the ships, as it happened, were mostly on the West Coast. There were only a few venerable keels and one modern cruiser immediately available. Get them under way. Get them manned—with naval reservists if necessary—and head them for Cuba.

The center of this excitement was the operations room of the Navy Building. And there, as you might have expected, was a Collier's reporter. Mr. William G. Shepherd was watching the consternation caused by a minor crisis and thinking about possible future tests to which our Navy might be put. The eyes of the Navy are turned toward the East. Next week Mr. Shepherd tells you what they see.

FOR the first time in four years Ben McArthur saw a white girl. A Chinese bandit leader had selected her as his personal share of the loot of Yang Ho. Her name in Chinese meant "Farewell to Spring" and that, to McArthur, who knew his China well, meant the girl was not only a missionary but one who had taken vows. Farewell to love. And, by implication, farewell to Ben McArthur. Luckily, it's not so easy to say farewell to a man who has snatched you from the arms of a bandit. The romantic conclusion of their adventure is faithfully reported by Sidney Herschel Small.

THERE was one man whom Frances Ruger hated with a just and bitter hatred, though she had never seen him. His name was Wiley Sanford. And Wiley Sanford's conscience was troubled by a girl he had never met—Frances Ruger. Chance put them aboard the same ocean liner, and Duncan Norton-Taylor records the explosive results.

WHEN college boys began to enter the wrestling game, things turned sour for the old professionals. Newspaper men began to pry into the secrets of the sport. It finally got to be so bad that there were some reporters who could identify a wrestler by sight, no matter what name he used. In this disjointed world Herbie the Hornet and "The College Cougar" go to the mat, refereed by Stanley Paul.

RAY TUCKER, Ernest Haycox, Freling Foster, W. B. Courtney and Howard S. Reed keep at least one jump ahead of the world. Messrs. Roche and Oppenheim give you another emotional workout. And is there anything else we could do for you?

This Week

October 14, 1933

Cover by Anthony Fraioli

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THOMAS BURKE

The Hollow Man. Dull footfalls on the streets of London. Page 10

WALTER DAVENPORT

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Debs Don't Realize. He kicked her and so she got attached to him. Page 18

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How to Carry Liquor. Page 62

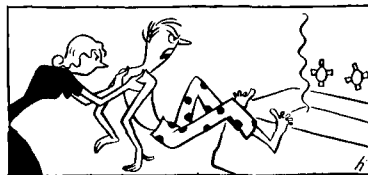
Any Week

NO NEED to tell you, of course, that Collier's is tonic not only for the soul but for the material. Yet we can't restrain ourselves from letting you know what we have done for a lady in Cleveland, Ohio. She feels "like shouting for joy" because of what happened in her home after her husband had read Marie Beynon Ray's "Water Cure."

Her husband admittedly is a highly desirable one, a citizen of proven worth, but he was not, writes she, any too enthusiastic about the bath. Saturday nights, all right. But between week-ends he insisted baths were something he could leave alone as well as take.

"I teased, argued, raved, threatened and even shamed him in front of our friends," writes the lady whom obviously we may not name, "but to no avail. He shaved every morning . . . but no bath. He had his clothes cleaned and pressed every week . . . but no bath. And now Marie Beynon Ray has done it."

"We had guests over the week-end. On Sunday morning I got up later than my husband and observed that someone had taken a bath. I took it for granted that one of the guests had indulged, but on Monday morning, seeing the same evidence, I grew suspicious. I questioned my husband. Yes, he admitted he had taken baths for three consecutive mornings, having read "Water Cure" in Collier's. He told me that he had not only read it but was considering framing it. You have saved my self-respect and probably our marriage and I can't thank you enough."



ANYWAY, things are looking up a bit in Arkansas. From Mr. W. H. Knox of Pine Bluff, we learn that last year a farmer friend of his "had a blood test and the doctors found that his blood contained 98 per cent pot likker. But he is all right now since the New Deal and is busily plowing up his cotton."

"I'M A DRY and never weaseled about it," cries Mr. Joab V. Doal of Dallas, Texas. "You opposed prohibition and never weaseled about it. Therefore, as man to man, I admit defeat and congratulate you and will go on reading you rather than the journalistic weasels who kept absolutely quiet on the subject until they began to see that prohibition was no longer popular. Keep it up. Let us continue to disagree and be friends nevertheless."

JOYFULLY, we read a card from Mrs. G. Dunn of Humbug Creek, via Yreka, California, who laments that this is "a man's world after all." Says she: "Men have been yapping of the faithless wives who skipped out when hard times slipped in. But how about the Tired Business Men who outgrew their old-fashioned wives when stocks were up and then tried to woo them back again on the memory of the delicious three squares the discarded wives could cook on less than the taxi fare to the bread line?"



OF COURSE we haven't the answer to that. But we are immediately cheered again by a swift one from Mr. Fred Bosworth of San Francisco, who rejoices that we "not only come out every Friday, but come out fighting."

MR. JOSEPH J. SLECHTA of Patchogue, New York, writes: "I am sorry, but your editorials, especially your recent ones, give me a highly localized pain and—" Tut, tut. We were reading the wrong letter. The one we thought we had is from Mr. Perry G. Wall of Tampa, Florida. Says he: "I am so impressed with the editorials you have been writing that I cannot refrain from writing this letter." That's more like it.

DR. E. M. SMOLA of New York City accuses us of carelessness in R. G. Kirk's Short Short Story, "Vacant Windows." Dr. Smola objects because (1) "The human race did not acquire souls at the late time of the *Pithecanthropus erectus*. That event dates back to the early Lemurian period. And (2) If the physician in the story had succeeded in reviving a recently dead human body (in this instance by stimulation of the autonomic nerve cells in the heart known as the Hiss Bundle) the procedure would not have reversed the evolutionary processes at all."

BUT there, there. Don't feel too badly about it. We're just as much surprised as you. What we really wanted to know was whether it was a good story or just a pageful of words. So we conclude with a cheerful little earful from Mr. A. N. Cordier of Quebec, Canada. Of "Vacant Windows" and its immediate Short Short predecessor, "Over the Hump," he cries:

"AND that's why I buy Collier's."



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**IT AVOIDS EXPENSIVE DELAYS, PREVENTS
MISUNDERSTANDINGS . . . AND GIVES
YOU DEFINITE, PROFITABLE RESULTS**

Here are 10 reasons why:

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- 3** By telephone, you can scout out those markets which are changing for the better and concentrate sales efforts there, without neglecting other territories.
- 4** In making purchases, you can not only be certain that you are getting the best prices obtainable, but that delivery dates will also be satisfactory.
- 5** You can use Long Distance to gather quickly from many points the up-to-the-minute information you need to make important decisions.
- 6** By making telephone appointments in advance, you and your representatives can be sure that the men you want to visit personally are available, and that your trip will not be wasted.
- 7** You can guard against production interruptions by using Long Distance to insure a steady flow of necessary raw materials.
- 8** A telephone conversation minimizes the possibility of misunderstandings; and very often it brings conflicting viewpoints into agreement.
- 9** Handling orders by Long Distance provides the swift service your customers appreciate so much, in these days of depleted stocks.
- 10** Many companies say a courteous Long Distance call is the best method they have discovered for collecting on delinquent accounts.

What prominent concerns say:

Pillsbury Flour Mills, Inc.: "We consider our Long Distance telephone bill one of the best investments we make."

Norge Corporation: "Today, more than ever, we frankly recognize the value of Long Distance."

Champion Coated Paper Company: "We added the telephone to our sales force, and ran our plants to capacity."

National Biscuit Company: "Long Distance is essential to intelligent buying."

Skelly Oil Company, Minneapolis division: One month's telephone sales totaled \$293,080, at a telephone selling cost of less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of 1%.

Consolidated Products Company: Yearly sales up 6%, sales costs down 10%, because of telephone selling plan.

TYPICAL STATION-TO-STATION RATES

From	To	Daytime	7	8:30
			P.M.	P.M.
Boston	Albany	\$.80	\$.70	\$.50
New Orleans	Atlanta	1.95	1.65	1.10
St. Louis	Cleveland	2.05	1.75	1.15
New York	Minneapolis	3.75	3.00	2.00
San Francisco	Chicago	6.75	5.50	4.00

Where the charge is 50 cents or more, a federal tax applies as follows: \$.50 to \$.99, tax 10 cents . . . \$1.00 to \$1.99, tax 15 cents . . . \$2.00 or more, tax 20 cents.



You'd know a GEM blindfolded

Thin skins and rough chins can never mistake the feel of the first razor to reproduce the skilled barber's nip-less, skip-less shave.

The correctly slanted bevel-end frame won't miss a corner or cranny of the face.

Tufts of stubble that escape *usual* razors, and the evasive bristles in wrinkle-clefts and nostril-con-tours can't elude its swift, close, scuffless stroke.

Dual-alignment (Gem's patented and exclusive feature) sets the edge at an angle which checks the blackest and roughest beards for 24 hours.

Gem Micromatic Blades, single and double-sided, remain keen so *much* longer that cheaper substitutes are extravagant. Made of 50% thicker surgical steel with the deep wedge-edge that *only* 4840 separate stroppings can produce.

A gold-plated, unbreakable Gem Micromatic Razor with a liberal supply of blades (handsomely boxed) for \$1.00—at *any dealer's*. Or a test outfit consisting of the same frame as sold in regular sets with a single and a double-edge blade for this coupon and a quarter.



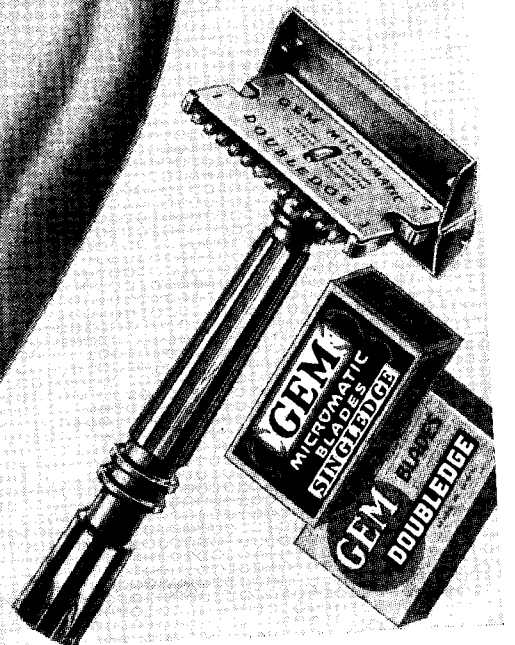
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Enclosed find 25¢ for
complete trial Gem set with
a single and a double-edge
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Gem Micromatic Razor now
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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"Nothing!" Margaret said furiously. "Is it nothing that a young woman can't step a foot on the street without being accosted by an unspeakable ruffian?"

The Parrador Bonds

By Clarence Budington Kelland

If Mr. Phineas Grainger had had a sense of humor, he might have gotten away with a fortune. But he didn't—and it was a little white pig that proved it

MARGARET ILSLEY studied the interior of the restaurant through the window. Also she studied her own reflection in the plate glass and found it quite satisfactory. It is true she wore no jewelry whatever, not even a little wrist watch, but that might have been set down as individual taste and not as a deficiency. Her tiny hat nuzzled one ear fetchingly; her coat was modish; her shoes, that most important feature of a lady's toilette, were irreproachable. Not only was she beautiful, but she gave the impression of prosperity and of class.

"Ladies," she said to herself, "must eat. So why not now?"

She finished her survey of the interior, which, fortunately, was well filled with patrons, and made her way with precise little steps to a table against the wall—a table for two—at which sat a good-looking young man of twenty-three or -four, who wore a coat obviously designed by a good tailor. Demurely she drew out the chair and seated herself. She

did not glance at her *vis-à-vis*, but did note with satisfaction that he had not yet been served. This was important. She glanced swiftly at the menu and gave a substantial order to the waiter.

When the young gentleman was served, Margaret was reassured to perceive that he had ordered an extraordinarily large luncheon. Also she was pleased to note that he ate slowly. Then her own luncheon arrived and she addressed herself to it seriously. She was thorough about it, and she finished well ahead of her table companion. Then she drank daintily from her glass of water, wiped her lips, regarded the resultant stain upon the napkin, drew out her compact, and quite calmly renewed her beauty.

Now, for the first time, she looked directly at the young man, and found him looking directly at her—and in his eyes was something very like to relief. She secured her hand-bag and opened it. Then with sudden trepidation she commenced to fumble in it. The pantomime was expres-

sive. It would have been obvious to much less observant eyes than those which watched her that she had lost her purse.

Those eyes saw her sit back in her chair, saw a little hand flutter to her lips. Quite patently, she was aghast. One saw that she was face to face with a situation utterly abysmal and unfamiliar. She had, in short, no money with which to pay for her very substantial luncheon. Then big, brown, frightened eyes turned full upon him.

He swallowed. Then he leaned forward. "I beg your pardon," he asked, "but has something gone wrong?"

"My purse," she said.

"That's bad," he said.

"But—but what shall I do? I—what will they do with me?"

THE young man smiled. It was not a wry smile, but a genuine smile of enjoyment. "And you would pick me!" he exclaimed.

"Pick you! I—I don't understand what you mean."

"Do you know," he said quite placidly, "I was horribly embarrassed when you sat down here? And I was relieved when you finished before I did. I ate very slowly."

"I noticed," she said.

"And you ate very rapidly."

"You noticed," she said.

"I ate slowly," he told her, "because I wanted you to be finished and gone before they threw me out."

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

"Tough luck for you," he said sympathetically.

"You mean," she demanded furiously, "you think I didn't lose my purse?"

"Of course you didn't."

"All right then, I didn't."

At this their eyes met, and then they both leaned back in their chairs and laughed.

"I'm keeping a list of restaurants I've been tossed out of," he said merrily. "I write down the sums owing in a little book. When I get rich I'm going around and pay them all—and tip the waiters."

"And I," she said, "have quite a list of addresses of gallant young gentlemen who have rescued a damsel in distress."

"I am sure it was a pleasure to all of them," he said politely.

"I don't suppose," she hazarded, "you have any suggestions?"

"Why, yes," he said. "You just pass your check over to me, stand up and say goodbye prettily, and walk out. I'll linger over this evil but filling pie. By the time I'm done you can be blocks and blocks away, and I'll get heaved out for both of us. No trouble, I assure you."

"My father," she said, "taught me to be a sportsman."

"Eh?"

"I don't mind doing you out of a dollar or so," she explained, "in my hour of need. But if any ejecting is to be done, I'll take my share."

"Stout fella!" he exclaimed. "But idiotic."

"I face the music too," she said firmly.

WELL, having decided that, what next?"

"You have a very intelligent forehead," she suggested, pointedly.

"It's like one of these billboard profiles of a cottage. There's nothing behind it."

"I'm sure you're too modest."

"It would be like you to say that," he said with a gracious bow. "Out of a job?"

"Let's not tell our life stories," she said. "It's more fun."

The waiter approached the table. "Finished?" he asked.

"Absolutely, I'm afraid," said the young man.

The waiter seized the dishes and, hav-

ing disposed of them, went to the desk for their checks.

"Villainous-looking fellow," the young man said.

"Low and probably degraded," she agreed.

"Oh, well!"

Then a startling thing happened. A twenty-dollar bill fluttered down from a point in the air above the young man's head and came to rest in the middle of the table! They stared at it.

"It's a good trick," said a genial voice. "I can also take guinea pigs out of pants pockets."

Margaret looked upward to see standing behind her companion, with a benevolent smile on his face, an elderly personage with an enormous, round, glistening, hairless head.

"I would suggest," said this visitant, "that you pay the waiter. After which we may, or may not, have entertaining conversation."

"I thought," Margaret Ilsley said, "angels had wings."

"Mine are demountable," said the stranger.

"Sir," said the young man, Margaret's companion, "you do this so graciously that I—we—do not revolt at accepting your charity. You are a Bayard, a Galahad."

"I am a business man. Either it is a speculation, in which case I lose, or it is an investment, by which I gain. Ah, the waiter!"

The bill disposed of their troublesome obligation, with ample change to spare. This the young man extended to the chubby stranger, who shook his head. "Wait until we have talked," he said.

"About what?" asked Margaret.

"Ins and outs, ups and downs. Always with a weather eye on the main chance—and success ahead. A taxicab awaits."

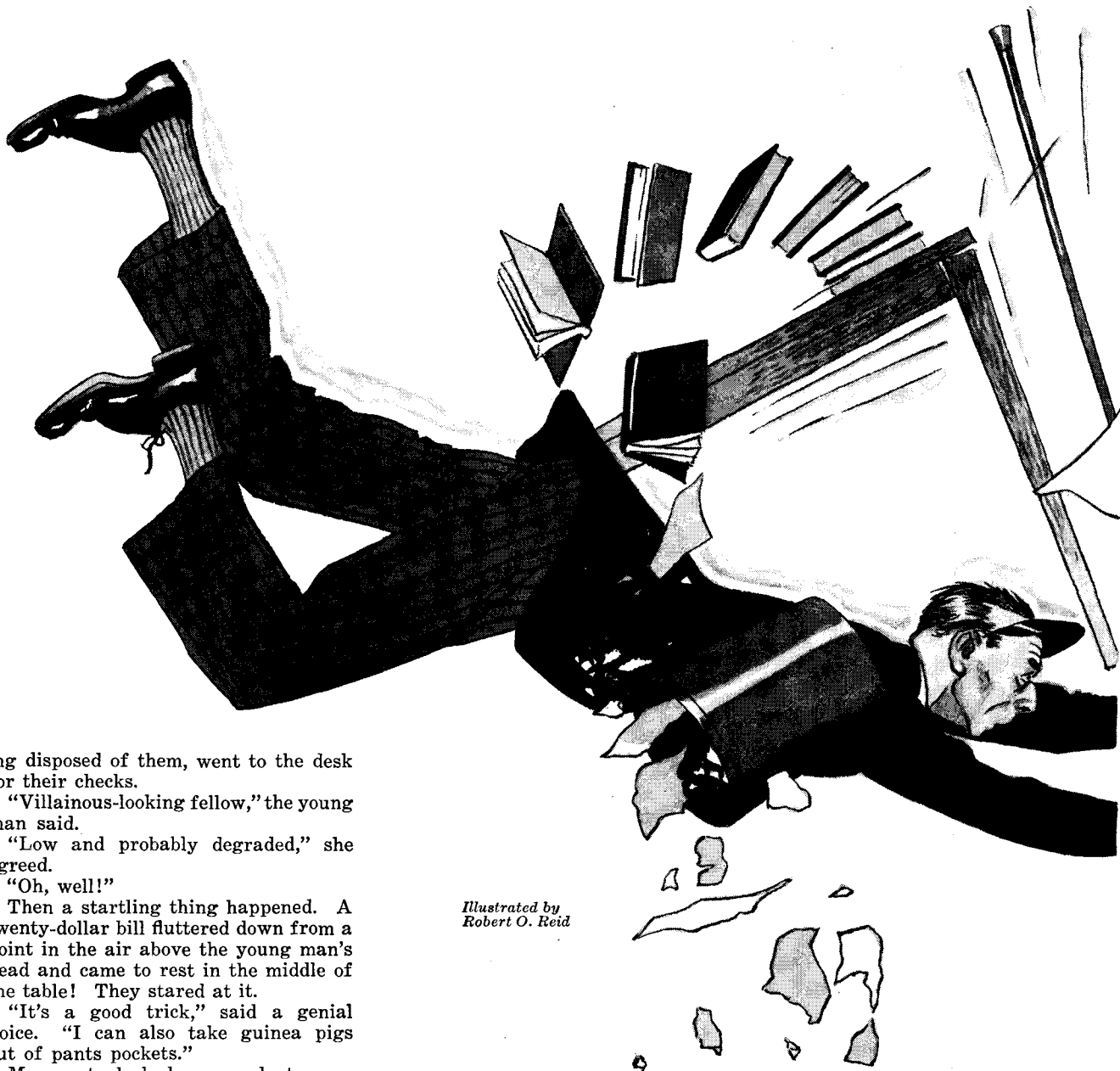
The young people looked at each other hesitantly.

"I'm for it," said he.

"The unanimous vote is in the affirmative," she replied.

The chubby gentleman waddled to the door and halted a taxi, which they en-

Illustrated by
Robert O. Reid



tered with a feeling of unaccustomed luxury.

"My name," said their host, "is Cottingham Bedd—with two d's."

"Mine," said Margaret, "is Margaret Ilsley."

"And mine," said the young man, "is Tom Plant."

"Very nice names, indeed," said Mr. Bedd.

THE taxi drew up, eventually, before an ancient red brick house in one of the Sixties, and they climbed the high steps to a door which Mr. Bedd opened with an enormous key. They entered a gloomy hall where there appeared as if by magic a butler who was almost a replica of Mr. Bedd, and who relieved them of their outer garments. Mr. Bedd led the way through an arch into a parlor which must have been furnished when Victoria was a girl, and thence into a library out of one of the more whimsical books of the late Charles Dickens.

"Pray be seated," said Mr. Bedd, "and I will come to the point if, indeed, there be a point. At present I am sixty-four years, one month and three days old."

"A charming age," said Margaret.

"It is not a charming age," said Mr. Bedd severely, "but I am trying to make it so. None of my ages have been charming." He rolled his head upward

and looked from one to the other of them like an egg endowed suddenly with curiosity. "Have you ever had any fun?" he asked.

"Heaps," said Margaret.

"Scads," said Tom.

"I never have," said Mr. Bedd, "and there is the root and center and gist of the matter. I have spent my life repairing the family fortune."

"I trust," said Tom, "that it is as good as new."

"Better," said Mr. Bedd succinctly. "I am very astute. Rather remarkably so. For instance, I have made an analysis of the various ways of having fun, now that my working days are over. About ninety per cent of these are impossible to me because of my age. Of those that remain, I selected meddling in other people's affairs as likely to afford me greatest pleasure."

"It sounds," said Margaret, "very alluring."

"SO," said Mr. Bedd, "I determined to enter that line of endeavor, if I may say so, as a recreation, an avocation, an art. When, as and if I could enlist suitable partners."

"And we are it?" asked Tom.

"You are very promising. You have certain qualities. Do you question my sanity?"

"On the contrary," said Margaret.

"Also," said Mr. Bedd with a shrewd



An intrepid male stenographer executed a flying tackle which brought down a table, seven assorted books, three human beings, a wastebasket and the pig

moved toward each other at the pace of a wedding march until only thirty feet separated them. Then they paused. Each raised his flower pot, as if in salute, three times to full arm's length above the head, and then placed it upon the sidewalk.

Having done this the pair stood a moment with downcast eyes, then slowly advanced until they met. Now the young gentleman lifted the veil of the young woman, disclosing a pale and lovely face. He kissed her upon the right cheek and upon the left. No word was exchanged. They passed each other, still walking to the rhythm of the wedding march, until the young woman arrived at the red rose and the young man arrived at the white rose. Each stooped in exact timing; each lifted a pot and, holding it shoulder high, walked slowly onward until the young woman entered the car which had disgorged the young gentleman and the young gentleman entered the car from which had appeared the young woman. The motors drove swiftly away.

The ritual was repeated on Tuesday; on Wednesday news photographers, to say nothing of newsreel men with grinding cranks, were waiting to see if it would happen again. There was also in attendance a considerable crowd who made helpful remarks. It was on Friday that a footman, with traditional waistcoat done in horizontal stripes, opened the door of the house before which the ritual culminated. He accosted the young man as he stooped to lift the white rose.

"Sir," he said, "will you and the young lady step inside?"

At this interruption both young people paused.

"The coming of the dawn," said the young man, "is the death of the night. At whose invitation?"

"Miss Amelia Parrador's, sir," responded the footman.

THE young man turned, lifted his right hand with four fingers spread and thumb bent inward. The young woman retraced her steps toward him. With no exchange of words they followed the footman through the bronze doors, and presently were ushered into a large and sunny but exotic room, before whose central window a tiny old lady sat upon a hassock looking downward at the dispersing crowd. She wore a high-necked lavender dress.

"What is the meaning," Miss Parrador demanded, "of your absurd get-up?"

"We are the reincarnation," said Tom, "of the Bridegroom and the Widow, the first destined forever to symbolize Inexperience; the second Hope Unquenched by Knowledge."

"I want it stopped," said Miss Parrador.

Before Tom could reply, a fourth individual entered the room—a stout, motherly person with round, red cheeks and onion eyes, who smiled what Tom catalogued in his mind as an indulgent smile.

"I brought them in," Miss Parrador said, an odd change in her voice—a sort of flattening of tone. "I am telling them I want it stopped."

"Then, of course, it shall be stopped," said the stout woman amiably.

"Also," said Miss Parrador almost timidly, "I wish to hear their story. Sometimes it becomes wearying to sit in this window contemplating." The little old lady looked up at the newcomer, and Margaret's odd impression was that the glance pleaded for permission.

"And why not? Why not, indeed! But it is the hour for your luncheon."

Miss Parrador sighed—almost delightedly, Margaret thought. "Could we not all have luncheon here together?"

(Continued on page 42)

gleam in his eye, "there should be both pleasure and satisfaction in it. I take it you are both unemployed?"

They nodded quick assent.

"And financially crippled?"

"Demolished," said Tom.

"I meet you at a favorable moment," said Mr. Bedd, "to offer you partnerships."

"Sold," said Tom.

"Do you not wish to talk it over privately?" asked Mr. Bedd.

"The young gentleman," said Margaret, "is a complete stranger to me. I could not think of accepting his advice without a formal introduction."

"AND you?" Mr. Bedd asked of Tom. "I haven't decided whether you are an extra fancy crook, a philanthropist, a good sport, or the proprietor of a buggy ride, but I'll go you once if I never see the back of my neck."

"Excellent," said Mr. Bedd. "You will remove immediately your belongings to this house where suitable apartments will be assigned you. You will consider it as your home." He called his factotum. "Cholmondeley," he said, "will you show these young people the

quarters I have in mind for them? And remember, Cholmondeley, they are now a part of my family, on an equal footing with myself. It is time for my nap."

"Our first adventure," said Mr. Bedd on Monday morning, "we shall identify for future reference under the title of the Parrador Bonds."

"What," asked Margaret, "are Parrador Bonds?"

"They are," said Mr. Bedd, "promises to pay by the government of the United States the sum of seven million five hundred thousand dollars in gold. I call them Parrador bonds because they are the property of an unwarrantably eccentric woman of that name who proposes, by last will and testament, to devote their proceeds to the translation of esoteric Hindu writings, and their dissemination among the working classes of the world."

"What do you want her to do with them?" asked Margaret.

"Leave them to her nephew—who is a young man of excellent manners and deportment—as any right-thinking woman should do. This nephew, I may as well tell you, has retained me to look

into this matter for him. Once upon a time I was a lawyer."

"So?" asked Miss Ilsley.

"Mr. Plant will dress as for a wedding at high noon," said Mr. Bedd. "Miss Ilsley will wear deep black, with veil. When you are so dressed we shall proceed."

As the watches of the inhabitants of the metropolis pointed to the hour of twelve, noon, East Seventy-third Street witnessed an oddity which obtruded itself and demanded the attention of a populace inured to eccentricities.

AT THREE minutes before twelve o'clock a young gentleman in silk hat, striped trousers, boutonniere and monocle alighted from a closed car at a corner of Madison Avenue. He bore in his hands a flower pot containing one red and beautiful rose. At the identical moment a young woman clad in the trappings of grief alighted from a closed car at a corner of Fifth Avenue, and she bore in her hands a flower pot from which grew a single white rose.

These individuals, each holding a flower pot shoulder high, reverently

The Hollow Man

By Thomas Burke

The gripping story of a man who returned, incompletely, from the past

HE CAME up one of the narrow streets which lead from the docks and turned into a road whose farther end was gay with the lights of London. At the end of this road he went deep into the lights of London, and sometimes into its shadows, farther and farther away from the river; and did not pause until he had reached a poor quarter near the center.

He was a tall, spare figure, wearing a black mackintosh. Below this could be seen brown dungaree trousers. A shapeless old soft hat covered his head; his face was white and sharp. In the autumn mist that filled the lighted streets as well as the dark, he seemed a wraith, and some of those who passed him looked again, not sure whether they had indeed seen a living man. One or two of them moved their shoulders, as though shrinking from something.

His legs were long, but he walked with the short, deliberate steps of a blind man, though he was not blind. His eyes were open, and he stared straight ahead; but he seemed to see nothing and to hear nothing. Neither the mournful hooting of sirens across the black water of the river nor the genial windows of the shops in the big streets near the center drew his head to right or left. He walked as if he had no destination in mind, yet constantly, at this corner or that, he turned. It seemed that an unseen hand was guiding him to a given point of whose location he was himself ignorant.

He was searching for a friend of fifteen years ago, and the unseen hand, or some dog-instinct, had led him from Africa to London, and was now leading him, along the last mile of his search, to a certain little eating-house. He did not know that he was going to the eating-house of his friend, Nameless, but he did know, from the time he left Africa, that he was journeying toward Nameless, and he now knew that he was very near to Nameless.

NAMELESS didn't know that his old friend was anywhere near him, though; had he observed conditions that evening, he might have wondered why he was sitting up an hour later than usual. He was seated in one of the pews of his prosperous little workmen's dining-room—a little gold mine, his wife's relations called it—and he was smoking and looking at nothing. He had added up the till and written the copies of the bill-of-fare for next day, and there was nothing to keep him out of bed after his fifteen hours' attention to business.

Had he been asked why he was sitting up later than usual, he would first have answered that he didn't know that he was, and would then have explained, in default of any other explanation, that it was for the purpose of having a last pipe. He was quite unaware that he was sitting up and keeping the door unlatched because a long-parted friend from Africa was seeking him and slowly approaching him, and needed his services. He was quite unaware that he had left the door unlatched at that late

hour—half past eleven—to admit pain and woe.

But, even as many bells sent dolefully across the night from their steeples their disagreement as to the point of half past eleven, pain and woe were but two streets away from him. The mackintosh and dungarees and the sharp white face were coming nearer every moment.

There was silence in the house and in the streets; a heavy silence, broken, or sometimes stressed, by the occasional night noises—motor horns, back-firing of lorries, shunting at a distant terminus. That silence seemed to envelop the house, but he did not notice it. He did not notice the bells, and he did not even notice the lagging step that approached his shop, and passed—and returned—and passed again—and halted. He was aware of nothing save that he was smoking a last pipe, and he was sitting in that state of hazy reverie which he called thinking, deaf and blind to anything not in his immediate neighborhood.

But when a hand was laid on the latch, and the latch was lifted, he did hear that, and he looked up. And he saw the door open, and got up and went to it. And there, just within the door, he came face to face with the thin figure of pain and woe.

TO KILL a fellow creature is a frightful thing. At the time the act is committed the murderer may have sound and convincing reasons—to him—for his act. But time and reflection may bring regret; even remorse; and this may live with him for many years. Examined in wakeful hours of the night or early morning, the reasons for the act may shed their cold logic, and may cease to be reasons and become mere excuses. And these naked excuses may strip the murderer and show him to himself as he is. They may begin to hunt his soul, and to run into every little corner of his mind, and every little nerve, in search of it.

And if to kill a fellow creature, and to suffer the recurrent regret for an act of heated blood, is a frightful thing, it is still more frightful to kill a fellow creature and bury his body deep in an African jungle, and then, fifteen years later, at about midnight, to see the latch of your door lifted by the hand you had stilled, and to see the man, looking much as he did fifteen years ago, walk into your home and claim your hospitality.

WHEN the man in mackintosh and dungarees walked into the dining-rooms, Nameless stood still; stared; staggered against a table; supported himself by a hand, and said, "Oh."

The other man said, "Nameless." Then they looked at each other; Nameless with head thrust forward; jaw dropped, eyes wide; the visitor



In the autumn mist he seemed a wraith

with a dull, glazed expression. If Nameless had not been the man he was—thick, bovine and sluggish—he would have flung up his arms and screamed. At that moment he felt the need of some such outlet, but he did not know how to find it. The only dramatic expression he gave to the situation was to whisper instead of speak.

Twenty emotions came to life in his head and spine, and wrestled there. But they showed themselves only in his staring eyes and his whisper. His first thought or, rather, spasm, was, "Ghosts—indigestion—nervous breakdown." His second, when he saw that the figure was substantial and real, was "impersonation." But a slight movement on the part of the visitor dismissed that. It was a little habitual movement which belonged only to that man; an unconscious twitching of the third finger of the left hand. He knew then that it was Gopak. Gopak, a little changed, but still, miraculously, thirty-two. Gopak, alive, breathing and real. No ghost. No phantom of the stomach. He was as certain of that as he was that fifteen years ago he had killed Gopak stone-dead and buried him.

The blackness of the moment was lightened by Gopak. In thin, flat tones he asked, "May I sit down? I'm tired." He sat down, and said, "So tired. So tired."

Nameless still held the table. He whispered, "Gopak. . . . Gopak. . . . But I—I killed you. I killed you in the jungle. You were dead. I know you were."

Gopak passed his hand across his face. He seemed about to cry. "I know you did. I know. That's all I can remember—about this earth. You killed me." The voice became thinner and

flatter. "And I was so comfortable. So comfortable. It was—such a rest. Such a rest as you don't know. And then they came and—disturbed me. They woke me up. And brought me back."

He sat with shoulders sagged, arms drooping, hands hanging between knees. After the first recognition he did not look at Nameless; he looked at the floor.

"Came and disturbed you?" Nameless leaned forward and whispered the words. "Woke you up? Who?"

"The Leopard Men."

"The what?"

"The Leopard Men." The watery voice said it as casually as if it were saying, "The night watchman."

"The Leopard Men." Nameless stared, and his fat face crinkled in an effort to take in the situation of a midnight visitation from a dead man, and the dead man talking nonsense. He felt his blood moving out of its course. He looked at his own hand to see if it were his own hand. He looked at the table to see if it were his table. The hand and the table were facts, and if the dead man was a fact—and he was—his story might be fact.

It seemed, anyway, as sensible as the dead man's presence. He gave a heavy sigh from the stomach. "Ah-ah! The Leopard Men. . . . Yes, I heard of them out there. Tales."

Gopak slowly wagged his head. "Not tales. They're real. If they weren't real I—wouldn't be here. Would I? I'd be at rest."

Nameless had to admit this. He had heard many tales "out there," about the Leopard Men, and had dismissed them as jungle yarns. But now, it seemed, jungle yarns had become commonplace fact in a little London dining-room.

THE watery voice went on: "They did it. I saw them. I came back in the middle of a circle of them. They killed a black man to put his life into me. They wanted a white man—for their farm. So they brought me back. You may not believe it. You wouldn't want to believe it. You wouldn't want to—see or know anything like them. And I wouldn't want any man to. But it's true. That's how I'm here."

"But I left you absolutely dead. I made every test. It was three days before I buried you. And I buried you deep."

"I know. But that wouldn't make any difference to them. It was a long time after when they came and brought me back. And I'm still dead, you know. It's only my body they brought back." The voice trailed into a thread. "And I'm so tired. So tired. I want to go back—to rest."

Sitting in his prosperous eating-house, Nameless was in the presence of an achieved miracle, but the everyday, solid appointments of the eating-house wouldn't let him fully comprehend it.

Illustrated by
C. C. Beall



Bubbles was the only member of the shop and of its customers who did not shrink from him

Foolishly, as he realized when he had spoken, he asked Gopak to explain what had happened. Asked a man who couldn't really be alive to explain how he came to be alive. It was like asking Nothing to explain Everything. Constantly, as he talked, he felt his grasp on his own mind slipping. The surprise of a sudden visitor at a late hour; the shock of the arrival of a long-dead man; and the realization that this long-dead man was not a wraith, were too much for him.

DURING the next half-hour he found himself talking to Gopak as to the Gopak he had known fifteen years ago when they were partners. Then he would be halted by the freezing knowledge that he was talking to a dead man, and that a dead man was faintly answering him. He felt that the thing couldn't really have happened, but in the interchange of talk he kept forgetting the improbable side of it and accepting it. With each recollection of the truth, his mind would clear and settle in one thought: *I've got to get rid of him. How am I going to get rid of him?*

"But how did you get here?"

"I escaped." The words came slowly and thinly, and out of the body rather than the mouth.

"How?"

"I don't—know. I don't remember anything—except our quarrel. And being at rest."

"But why come all the way here? Why didn't you stay on the coast?"

"I don't—know. But you're the only man I know. The only man I can remember."

"But how did you find me?"

"I don't know. But I had to—find

you. You're the only man—who can—help me."

"But how can I help you?"

The head turned weakly from side to side. "I don't—know. But nobody else—can."

Nameless stared through the window, looking on to the lamplit street and seeing nothing of it. The everyday being which had been his half an hour ago had been annihilated; the everyday beliefs and disbeliefs shattered and mixed together. But some shred of his old sense and his old standards remained. He must handle this situation.

"Well—what do you want to do? What are you going to do? I don't see how I can help you. And you can't stay here, obviously." A demon of perversity sent a facetious notion into his head—introducing Gopak to his wife: "This is my dead friend. . . ."

But on his last spoken remark Gopak made the effort of raising his head and staring with the glazed eyes at Nameless. "But I *must* stay here. There's nowhere else I can stay. I must stay here. That's why I came. You got to help me."

"But you can't stay here. I got no room. All occupied. Nowhere for you to sleep."

The wan voice said, "That doesn't matter. I don't sleep."

"Eh?"

"I don't sleep. I haven't slept since they brought me back. I can sit here—till you can think of some way of helping me."

"But how *can* I?" He again forgot the background of the situation, and began to get angry at the vision of a dead man sitting about the place waiting for him to think of something. "How can

I help you if you don't tell me how?"

"I don't—know. But you got to. You killed me. And I was dead—and comfortable. As it all came from you—killing me—you're responsible for me being—like this. So you got to—help me. That's why I—came to you."

"But what do you want me to do?"

"I don't—know. I can't—think. But nobody but you can help me. I had to come to you. Something brought me—straight to you. That means that you're the one—that can help me. Now I'm with you, something will—happen to help me. I feel it will. In time you'll—think of something."

NAMELESS found his legs suddenly weak. He sat down and stared with a sick scowl at the hideous and the incomprehensible. Here was a dead man in his house—a man he had murdered in a moment of black temper—and he knew in his heart that he couldn't turn the man out. For one thing, he would have been afraid to touch him; he couldn't see himself touching him. For another, faced with the miracle of the presence of a fifteen-years-dead man, he doubted whether physical force or any material agency would be effectual in moving his visitor.

His soul shivered, as all men's souls shiver at the demonstration of forces outside their mental or spiritual horizon. He had murdered this man, and often, in fifteen years, he had repented the act. If the man's appalling story were true, then he had some sort of right to turn to Nameless. Nameless recognized that, and knew that whatever happened he couldn't turn him out. His sin had literally come home to him.

The wan voice broke into his night-

mare. "You go to rest, Nameless. I'll sit here. You go to rest." He put his face down to his hands and uttered a little moan. "Oh, why can't I rest? Why can't I go back to my beautiful rest?"

NAMELESS came down early next morning with a half-hope that Gopak would not be there. But he was there, seated where Nameless had left him last night. Nameless made some tea, and showed him where he might wash. He washed listlessly, and crawled back to his seat, and listlessly drank the tea which Nameless brought to him.

To his wife and the kitchen helpers Nameless mentioned him as an old friend who had had a bit of a shock. "Shipwrecked and knocked on the head. But quite harmless, and he won't be staying long. He's waiting for admission to a home. A good pal to me in the past, and it's the least I can do to let him stay here a few days. Suffers from sleeplessness and prefers to sit up at night. Quite harmless."

But Gopak stayed more than a few days. He outstayed everybody. Even when the customers had gone Gopak was still there.

On the first morning of his visit, when the regular customers came in at mid-day, they looked at the odd, white figure sitting vacantly in the first pew; then stared; then moved away. All avoided the pew in which he sat. Nameless explained him to them, but his explanation did not seem to relieve the slight tension which settled on the dining-room. The atmosphere was not so brisk and chatty as usual. Even those who had their backs to the stranger

(Continued on page 30)

Out Comes a Blue Eagle

By Walter Davenport

THE hotel lobbies prepared you for what you had come to see and hear. They were so crowded that you had to shuffle through them; you couldn't walk. For density the throng suggested a national political convention, but that's as far as the suggestion went. There were no flags, no kindly lithographs of aspirants, no bawling slogans bidding you to support impending heroes, no bands to rally you and enliven your protesting feet, no cheering. Nothing like that.

Also, the faces you saw were different—tremendously. You noticed at once the absence of women. And instead of the vacant expectancy and slack-jawed credulity, you beheld heavy concern, apprehensiveness, and here and there

Come into the offices of General Johnson, where the NRA crashes into action. Here's where the Recovery Act shows its teeth—in a smile, to be sure, but it shows 'em. Here are the sounds of Babel—a thousand trades and industries, talking a thousand tongues. But the General speaks very briefly and very clearly. No one can misunderstand. And out of chaos comes a Blue Eagle. Mr. Davenport takes you along to breathe the air in which an economic revolution is being made flesh

dope on whose money it is in your business—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Wazoon, just a minute. Am I here to talk Socialism or am I here to talk about what it costs me to put a first-class, pre-shrunk rubber shoe lace on the market? Take me to this man Wolberg or maybe Richman and I will sit across the table and tell him—"

"Okay, Mr. Plickett, only you will have to wait. At this minute this man Wolman—you better put that name down—this man is telling the oil business where it gets off, and Richberg—listen, the first thing you got to do is get the names straight—this Richberg is laughing right in the face of the United States Steel Corporation. Get



General Johnson returns from a speech-making trip. Ed McGrady, labor adviser, carries the secretary's typewriter. Busy folks

guarded indignation. Nobody was going to tell that stout man yonder—that fellow with the Turkey-red face and the shoved-back panama—how to run his business. No, sir. If there was one thing he did it was treat his employees fair. And all he asked of any man was a fifty-fifty break. The unions could all go jump up a rope; he had been running his business— And so on until he was sidetracked by a skeptical competitor who asked, "What business?"

In the heat that is peculiarly Washington's, the hotel lobbies were more humid than the streets, for all of their electric fans and cunning ventilating schemes. Thick strata of dirty blue smoke, bellying down here and there like wet canvas, hung inert above the heads of the mob. The wind from the whirling fans died when it met them. Queues of sweating men, already tired, carrying bags and brief-cases, meandered toward

the registration desk to claim rooms reserved for them or to argue loudly with clerks for accommodations they had not thought to engage in advance. Listen, then, where am I going to sleep? Sleep? Who the hell wants to sleep? This guy—this General Johnson, who will tell you what you're going to do when he gets around to you—that guy don't sleep. If you want to sleep, why didn't you stay home? From all I hear about things in your town the place to sleep is in your office.

You noticed, too, that these crowds were not consolidated like convention throngs. Instead they were made up of little groups, each in a tight huddle discussing, now and then vehemently, their various businesses—butter and eggs, furniture, chewing gum, optical supplies, processed meats and sausage, electroplating, velvet, packaged medicines, hair and jute felt, corrugated and fiber

containers, second-hand machinery—and so on into the thousands. The great basic industries—coal, oil, railroads, timber, motor cars, steel, cotton textiles and the other giants—they were doing their preliminary debating, preparatory to the final word from the White House, in suites, in ballrooms, in convention halls.

Fascinating to watch these little groups, though. Each is attended by a lawyer, who usually stands in the center. Poor man, you have to feel a little sorry for him. Papers and charts clamped against his ribs by his upper arms, his hands full of papers out of which he is forever finding trouble picking the right one, his feet close together holding an open brief-case upright. And every one of his clients worrying at him for this graph and that production sheet, that cost accounting and this tariff analysis. "My dear Mr. Wazoon, what have you been doing all these days? If we are going to fumble around like this when we see this General Johnson—" "Listen," says Mr. Wazoon, who seems ready to throw papers, graphs, charts, brief-case and all into the air and declare a holiday, "you ain't going to see this General Johnson."

"Who ain't going to see General Johnson? Listen, if you think this industry is going to take any orders from any understrappers you—" "My dear Mr. Plickett, how

many times do I have to tell you? The code you gentlemen wrote has been turned down. All we're here for is to read the one the NRA has written for us and sign it after a little beefing."

"Who's beefing?"

"Well, I'm just telling you."

"What I want to know is, when did the government take over my business? Whose money is in this business of mine? You tell me."

"Listen, Mr. Plickett, there are several gents over there in the NRA offices who can tell you all about whose money it is. One's named Wolman—Leo Wolman, head of the Labor Advisory Board and the big shot in the National Labor Board. Another one is Richberg—Donald R. Richberg—general counsel for the NRA. And if that ain't enough, you see a bird named Ed McGrady, the labor adviser. Just don't get him sore. I'm just telling you. If you want any



Leo Wolman, above, produces new ideas. Donald Richberg passes on them legally

me right, Mr. Plickett, you ain't in Milwaukee talking to the trade."

"Don't try to tell me who I'm talking to. I'm talking to you, Mr. Wazoon, our lawyer, that's who I am talking to."

"And I'm talking to you, Mr. Plickett, chairman of the rubber shoe lace. But maybe"—this with fine sarcasm, a bit too loud—"maybe you would like to take lunch with a fellow named Roosevelt and sit across a table."

You get tired of this after a while. The hotel mob never decreases much. The little groups you saw first move out to continue their arguments elsewhere and new groups move in. Here is one that is doing no arguing at all. Just one member of it talks and then only occasionally. They are waiting for someone and it is clear that the occasional speaker doesn't think much of it.

But the man he addresses, apparently

the chairman of the group, tries to silence him by showing him a letter. He does this several times. It is a letter from a former Army officer, a General, no less, who was at West Point with General Johnson, Administrator of the NRA. The letter makes it very clear that this former classmate of General Johnson is now retired from the Army and is in a position to talk to the big Administrator as friend to friend, straight from the shoulder (the very words). And this General is offering his services as intermediary between this industry and the NRA—for a price.

A Thriving Racket

Mind you, the letter-writing former classmate of the General promises nothing, but the industry is assured that a friend at court might easily be invaluable. The lobbying General's fee will be five thousand dollars—half in advance and the other half when his

retainers from business associations. And all of them intimating—sometimes promising—that they could fix things, influence code writers, engage the friendly ear of deputy administrators, speak an influential word to the powerful labor leaders, win audiences at the White House itself. And all for modest fees.

These noble racketeers were doing quite a thriving business. To anybody with an atom of discernment or even a trace of perception, the swindle became immediately apparent the moment he entered the corridors of the NRA. The curious thing was not that these fee-flushers should find clients, but that legitimate business men, already painfully aware of racketeering in their own affairs at home, should at the first opportunity fall for new racketeers who for two or three thousand dollars promised to make a parlor game of the National Recovery Act upon the impartial administration of which depended the rescue of an entire people. Not that some of the hired intercessionists did not go the entire length of their contract. But if all that one hears in the offices of the NRA is true, it took not only a brave man to seek special favor but a tremendously durable one.

Fortunately I was in the outer office of one of General Johnson's aides when one of these chiselers' advocates was being told inside what he was. The words rang clear and blighting through the thin partition. He came out half running, wholly demoralized. In the teeming corridor outside, he pulled himself together before rejoining his clients and informed them that "everything was all right, but that they were a bit busy at the moment inside and that thing would have to wait a little while."

They got their code. It was written for them that afternoon by the aide who had ordered their fixer out of his office. And they signed. They couldn't help it. They didn't dare let it be known to the public that they had depended upon a racketeer for better terms.

Now that we're here in the corridor of the NRA, let's stay. After all, the hotels give you only the hopefulness of the new arrival come to see where he fits in this revolutionary scheme and the mingled feelings of the departing who knows now where he fits and that he had better stay fitted.

Except for the never-ending thin parade of business men and their attorneys, nothing in particular lures you toward the vast, squat Department of Commerce building wherein the NRA is being administered. An enormous thing, this new building, a mammoth monument of the Hoover régime to the ancient and rapidly decaying theory to which Mr. Hoover so devoutly subscribed. The Department of Commerce, or what remains of that colossal organization which Mr. Hoover built, drones along in the front. Its offices are drowsy. Your footsteps echo hollowly through the stone corridors. They will tell you that you are more than welcome in any of these somnolent offices. They're awfully glad to talk to any outsider who has the time—really quite pleased just now that attention should be paid to them. It seems too bad that it should be this way. These Department of Commerce offices are occupied by excellent men. Mr. Hoover

picked good men for the establishment he built so fondly. The trouble was that he didn't know that the theory under which they were operating was decadent.

But keep on going. Presently you hear the dynamic hum of many voices blending under high stone ceilings. It grows deeper, more vibrant as you approach it, not louder. You'll have a queer sensation in a moment—the rather eerie feeling of having stepped out of a tomb into a torrent of boiling life. And all you will have done is to step across a marble sill, through a great door. Perhaps, if only you knew what it was like, this would remind you of being born.

Fragments in a Design

And now that you're in it and have found your little place in this maelstrom, do all the listening and watching you can. No, that's not the first flash of a riot. It is merely that Frank

chinery of American recovery—the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Farm Credit Administration, the Home Loan Corporation, the Federal Relief Administration, the Federal Railroad Coordination, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and so on—what one knows at any given minute is just a fragment of a larger design.

If you care to get out of that jam and look around, you will be gratified to see the excellent company you're keeping. You'll think nothing of shouldering several directors of the steel corporation out of your way, only to find yourself bumping into the president of the American Federation of Labor who, in his eagerness to say a few words to Jesse H. Jones, Chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, has shunted you into the arms of a United States senator, who tells you that it's all right because he considers himself very fortunate even to be allowed inside this astonishing place. A very good-natured



Mrs. Mary H. Rumsey, an empire builder's daughter, worries about the consumer

friend, General Johnson, has acceded to the desires of the industry.

"Oh, yeah?" sneers the lawyer. "I can give you the name of the head of one of the biggest businesses in the United States who tried something like that. The head of that industry was a social friend of the President's wife. He went to her and what she told him was a violin solo compared with what Johnson said next day when they went around with the flytrap they called a code. Johnson had sat up all night writing one that sent them home counting their thumbs. Take it from me—"

But they waved the lobbying General's letter at him again and he subsided. Washington was full of such stuff—former Army officers who knew Johnson, former Navy officers who were very chummy with Franklin Roosevelt when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, former congressmen hoping for



Photographed by
Ifor Thomas,
Collier's Staff
Photographer

Two keen-eyed men see a vision. John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers, left, and William Green, president of the A. F. L.

Walker, executive secretary of President Roosevelt's Recovery Council, has come out of one of the offices and is on his way to General Johnson's. At least two hundred men would like to interview him. Some want to ask him about the steel code or the aluminum code or what Joseph B. Eastman, the railroad coordinator, is talking to Donald Richberg about. Some want to know why George Peek, Administrator of Agricultural Adjustment, is spending so much time at the White House this morning after having been with General Johnson four hours last night. Some ask him to read a code which has been rejected and to tell them whether it is of any use to take it to the courts. And some are simply asking him what he knows. He laughs at that; and with excellent reason. With the NRA and all its brothers, sisters and cousins in the huge and loosely articulated ma-

man, this senator. And an excellent and honorable legislator too.

"A splendid place for all of us senators to spend a little time," he says with a grin. "I suspected that Congress had been submerged a little. I realize that with this going on we members of Congress can hope to do no more than to provide the legislation to keep it going. But I wasn't prepared to be so thoroughly ignored. Why, I've passed a dozen men who, a year ago, would have chased me a mile to ask a tiny favor. And now they merely ask me to get out of their way. What I really dropped in for was to see whether I could get two ex-congressmen friends some sort of jobs—any sort. The size of the salary won't offend them, however small. They would have been here themselves if they had had the car fare. But this is about the first time that I have ever seen a

(Continued on page 51)

The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

A YOUNG stranger—"Mr. Tyssen," who is, he says, writing a mystery novel—takes lodgings in the village of Sandywayes, Sussex. Within a few days after his arrival, the wealthy Sam Jesson is found dead, shot through the heart. Whereupon, James Huitt, Jesson's banker, amazes the villagers by testifying that Jesson (pronounced a suicide) had died almost penniless.

Thenceforth, Tyssen's actions mystify the villagers. He goes walking, *late at night*. He plays golf brilliantly—but he wants no one to know it. He insists on questioning everyone, notably Huitt, about the tragedy. Huitt detests him. Huitt's prominent friends—Lord Milhaven, Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson and Roland Martin—regard him as an impertinent pest. To the young people, however—Sybil Cresset, Andrew Cresset's daughter; Pauline Sarson, daughter of Timothy Sarson; and Anthony, Timothy's son—he seems a likable, though eccentric, young man. . . . Lord Milhaven gives a dinner in honor of a noted financier, Sir Julian Bott. Huitt, a revolver in his pocket, is present. That same evening, Anthony Sarson and Sybil Cresset return from a dance together. In the darkness (near the bungalow of Madame de Sayal, a beautiful recluse) they encounter a motorist, who orders them to move on. They obey.

Later, however, Anthony returns, slips up to the bungalow, near which he sees a man. "Come in, *quickly!*" says a voice, and Anthony is pulled into the bungalow. Madame de Sayal confronts him. In whispers they discuss the situation. The woman gives Anthony a revolver. He notes that one cartridge has been used; then he slips out—and something—he doesn't know what—happens to him. When he regains consciousness he is again in the bungalow. Before he leaves he promises Madame de Sayal he will say nothing of his adventure.

In the village, he learns that a stranger, clad in evening clothes, has been murdered—shot through the heart. Questioned by the police, he says that, while taking a midnight stroll, he had slipped, struck his head on the ground, and lain for hours unconscious.

Inspector Penny of Scotland Yard arrives. The stranger, he learns, had been killed within a few yards of the spot where Anthony claims he had fallen. He gives orders that the young man be watched. After which, James Huitt identifies the dead man as *Sir Julian Bott!* . . . Questioned by the inspector, Madame de Sayal professes to know nothing of the crime. "Suppose," says Penny, "young Sarson was here last night—" Madame de Sayal laughs. "Why," she exclaims, "I have spoken to that man *just once!*"

VI

A BRAVE cast, Mr. Inspector," Madame de Sayal went on, "but an idea born and developed in your imagination only. The young man is without interest for me or I for him. I tell you this to save you wasting your time. As for Sir Julian Bott, I know no more what he was doing near my bungalow than you do, but I can assure you that he was not killed for love of me."

The inspector smiled happily.

"Now we are getting on, madame," he declared. "You are treating me with admirable candor and you are making my task easy. Now that I know which theories I can reject I may turn to new ones."

"If you leave me out of your fancies altogether," madame observed, "you will stand a better chance of arriving at a solution."

The inspector stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Madame," he begged, "please bear with me as well as you can. I am up against a problem, and when in my profession two extraordinary circumstances present themselves which are linked up together, you can understand that one is bound to seem pertinacious. First of all, Sir Julian Bott is discovered shot through the heart within forty feet of your bungalow. There is no side

road near. The natural premise is that he was on his way to visit you."

"An extraordinary coincidence," she admitted.

"Now for the next one, madame," he continued. "One reads of you in Paris, and if there are great dinners or festivities on hand there is always the name of madame. At Monte Carlo she is there continually dining with royalty. At Biarritz she is hunting with the duke. At Rome she is the guest of one of the great families and present at all the assemblies. Is it not a little perplexing to a comparatively ignorant person like myself, might it not be called also a curious coincidence that madame comes to simplicity like this to paint a few pictures?"

Madame's fingers stole into a lacquer cigarette box by her side. She lit a cigarette and began to smoke.

"YOU see, Inspector," she pointed out, "you are one of those people who are deceived by the newspapers. You learn only of one side of my activities. That is where you are apt to form wrong conclusions. I possess a farmhouse between Rome and Leghorn compared to which these rooms are palatial. I have stone floors, open loggias, village-made furniture, yet I dwell there in great content in the season of the wild flowers. Then there is in Hungary a little hunting box which belongs to me—wilder still, perched on the edge of a precipice miles from any form of luxury, where one can eat and drink only what the land affords. In Paris—but why should I go on? There are two instances—and this. Believe me, I am a person of simple tastes. There is nothing extraordinary in my being here."

The inspector had suddenly become a more serious person. His face was furrowed with thought.

"Madame," he admitted, "you are right. There is nothing extraordinary in a woman of your catholic tastes being here. What I find extraordinary, having a problem to solve, is this: that within forty paces of your dwelling a man who arrived in a motor-car was found murdered last night without your having heard a shot or the passing of the car. Where was he coming? Where was he going? Upon what mission was he bent? And side by side with this, the young man who has been mooning about your bungalow at odd times during the last few weeks spent last night, according to his own story, within a few yards of your house and staggered down this morning with a cock-and-bull story of having slipped while climbing a gate. Through all these different happenings madame apparently slept."

Madame rose to her feet. The inspector followed suit.

"It is the smell of the pines and a clear conscience which kept me asleep through all these excitements," she confided. "Some people fill a silk bag with the needles, you know, Inspector, and keep it on their pillow when they sleep. If ever you suffer from insomnia you should try it."



Illustrated by George Howe



"A clear conscience kept me asleep through all the excitement," she confided

"A spring mattress and a clear conscience and I need no opiates," the inspector remarked, as he took his leave.

Anthony Sarson had once more the idea, as he climbed the hill and passed out of sight among the pine trees, that he was wandering into some mysteriously enchanted land full of exciting but sinister influences. There was nothing that night, however, in the appearance of the bungalow or of the woman whom he had come to visit to encourage such ideas. The windows were flung wide open, as though to invite the light evening breeze, and Madame de Sayal was stretched at her ease outside, a wisp of green and white, in a chaise longue with a book by her side and coffee and cigarettes at her elbow. She welcomed her visitor with a smile, simply lowering her book.

"Come and sit down," she invited. "Will you have some coffee? There are cigarettes there. Tell me all the news."

"There is plenty for this quiet neighborhood," he assured her. "Yes, some coffee, please, and a cigarette if I may."

She served him herself, pushed some cigarettes toward him and carefully marking her book—it was an Italian life of one of the masters of the Renaissance—leaned back to listen.

"In the first place you know that they have identified the dead man?"

"Yes, I have heard that."

"There will be a terrible sensation, of course," he went on, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. "Julian Bott was one of those men whom the newspapers always call 'Emperors of Finance.' He was at the back of at least a dozen big companies and supposed to be a multimillionaire."

"Yes, I have heard of Julian Bott," she admitted. "I suppose most people have. I may even have met him. Of that I am not sure. Has anyone evolved any theory as to why he came to be lying dead within a few yards of my bungalow?"

"If the police have theories," Anthony replied, "they are not talking about them."

"You have been discreet?"

SHE turned her eyes and looked at him. Their cold questioning light in a way repelled him, but the little shiver which he felt was one of tangled emotions. This was the sort of woman, without a doubt, who might tamper with the wills of men.

"I have stuck to the same story," he told her. "No one absolutely believes me. The doctor has been up and examined the place where I told him that I fell, but although he is a friend I am afraid that he was incredulous. I wish you would tell me something."

"Well?"

"Who did hit me on the back of the head because I came a little too near your bungalow? Was it the man who was standing at the corner a moment before? Who was it, anyhow?"

"How should I know?" she asked listlessly. "Anyhow it was I who took care of you afterward."

"You were a good Samaritan," he admitted, "but I should like to find the person at the other end of the enterprise."

"Are you in any sort of trouble through this affair?" she asked.

"I believe," he replied, "that there are a good many people up in the village and even round here who believe that I murdered Julian Bott."

She laughed mirthlessly.

"Fancy your murdering anyone anyway!" she exclaimed. "Why, you would only have to stand up in the dock and any jury would send you home to your parents! I never saw anyone more like the golden-haired cherub at the top of his class in the Sunday school and less

like a criminal! Besides, why should they associate you with the affair?"

"Well, for one thing I didn't return home all night," he pointed out, "and came back with what they all look upon as a somewhat thin story. The only inhabited house up in this direction is yours. You are reputed to be something of an enchantress—everyone calls you '*la belle incognito*,' you know, and tosh like that—and finally there is no one else in the running. If I didn't kill him, who did?"

"Why is it so certain that he did not kill himself?" she asked.

"Because," he explained, and this time he kept his eyes fixed upon hers, "they have not found the weapon. A man cannot shoot himself through the heart and throw a revolver a long distance away afterward."

"I'm sorry if you are likely to get into trouble," she observed thoughtfully. "Still, you must remember this: If you had told them the other story—the truth as it happened—that you had received a knock-out blow in the darkness from someone whom you had never seen, and were unconscious for five or six hours afterward, that would have been just as incredible."

"I suppose it would have been," he admitted.

THERE was a brief silence. He was nervening himself to ask her a question. He got it off his chest at last.

"Did you know," he asked, "that one barrel of the revolver you lent me had been recently fired?"

"Not recently," she objected. "I believe that I did test it when I first came here. I have always kept it loaded. My maid, as I expect you know, lives in the next bungalow, but she is elderly and would be perfectly useless in the event of an alarm."

"Why did you lend it to me?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "I thought it was a natural sort of protection. Where is it now, by the way?"

"It is locked up at the present moment in a drawer in my room," he confided. "If by any chance the authorities knew where it was I should spend the night in the county police station!"

"What made you lock it up?"

"Impulse," he answered. "It was in my jacket pocket. Anyone might have seen it when I got down to the village and heard about the murder. I don't know whether I should have been any better off if I had produced it at once. I expect I should. Anyhow, I didn't."

"Why didn't you?" she reiterated.

"I suppose because I was afraid that it might get you into trouble," he admitted reluctantly.

She laughed contemptuously.

"You don't suppose I murdered Julian Bott, do you?"

"I don't know whether you did or not," he replied. "Other people might have thought so. Someone did murder him, you know. They have not found the revolver, and this one—well, there's one cartridge missing."

"That's true," she assented.

HIS words seemed to have opened up a fresh field of thought. She leaned a little farther back in her chair. There was just sufficient light in that halfway period between the passing of the afterglow of the sunset and the rising of the moon for him to marvel at the calm but exquisite placidity of her face. There was not a trace of anxiety, a foretaste of trouble to be detected anywhere in her expression. Her beautiful eyes were filled with a merely speculative light.

"So far," she remarked, "it seems as though the police have found out nothing. Do they not even know how or

(Continued on page 38)



No more cradles and lullabies. This is a hospital: only storm troopers admitted



"Heil Hitler!" Salute at the end of the school day. And be sure your knapsack's straight



Duel in Heidelberg. The doctors adjust the eye protectors; the referee looks on with his back to the camera



The fight begins. When the referee withdraws his sword, each will try to hack down the other's guard



Storm troopers in the making—on guard at the sand piles of a Berlin park



From Potsdam to Berlin with fifty pounds on their backs—the new-style marathon, called Gepackmarsch

Trained to Take it

By Quentin Reynolds

Having provided brown shirts for the elect of Germany, Adolf Hitler is now intent upon furnishing steel sinews to fill them. Duelling is back in vogue; scars are at a premium; and every boy longs to prove how much punishment he can take. Mr. Reynolds, wandering through this breeding ground of heroes, gives you a vivid picture of the latest crop of dragon's teeth



School boys return the salute of bystanders at the Brandenburger Thor



After the combat. An unbowed head; honor has been upheld



Smile if you can. Anyway the second is enjoying it

A BLOOD-RED sun rises over Koenigstuhl across the river and a lazy breeze sweeps up the Neckar and chases away the early morning heat haze. Heidelberg turns a thousand moss-dappled, bright red roofs to an azure sky. One hundred college students wearing colored caps, plus-fours and shirts open at the neck, walk across the old bridge over the Neckar, which divides the city into two parts.

They leave the bridge and turn right. They pass a gray statue of St. Nepomuk. Two of the youths gravely lift their caps and although we don't see their lips move we know they are murmuring prayers. St. Nepomuk is the patron saint of duellists.

Now they start to ascend a steep hill. They talk quietly among themselves and suddenly they break into a clearing.

They have arrived at the Hirschgasse, an old inn which nestles on the steep slope of the hill, half hidden by the foliage of pine trees. Here duels have been fought since 1640 and here today Fritz Schmidt and Karl von Gruendel are to fight with sabers—the outcome of an insult which Fritz thinks von Gruendel paid him.

For five years and a half duelling has been banned at Heidelberg, but now once again the resounding clash of saber and rapier is heard in the hills.

This is to be no mere friendly *Mensur*, with steel goggles protecting the eyes and with heavy leather pads swathing the body from chin to ankle. This is to be a fight for blood, and if an ear is sliced off, an artery opened or a skull laid bare—well, what of it? An insult must be avenged!

The duellists are attended by members of their corps, which incidentally correspond in every way to American college fraternities. They all march silently into the huge hall adjoining the inn. It is high-ceilinged, high-windowed and from its moldy rafters hang tattered and dusty-looking flags, the colors of the five oldest Heidelberg corps.

A surgeon dons a white smock while the two contestants strip to the waist. The surgeon opens a medical bag and lays instruments on a bare wooden table—a table which has served this purpose for a hundred years. He hums softly as he lays scalpels, cotton, needles, catgut, plaster and basins on the table. Bottles of iodine, mercuriochrome, chloroform, follow. The

faint aromatic odor of the hospital rises and spreads.

The two contestants are ready now. The hundred or so student spectators and the writer form a half circle around them. Seconds place heavy bandages around the necks of the duellists. This is to prevent a sword reaching the jugular vein. It is the only concession they make. The only other padding worn is a heavy leather sleeve into which the duellist puts his arm.

Schmidt and von Gruendel are given heavy sabers. The sabers have strong steel baskets close to the handle. The men face each other. Both are bronzed and the sun which streams through the open windows plays on the rippling muscles of their shoulders.

The referee, the president of another corps, is swathed with padding and his face is covered with a steel-meshed mask. He speaks briefly to the men and, although he talks quietly, his words seem to drop sharply into the hall, for everywhere else there is quiet.

The duellists step back, salute each other. The referee cries "Los!" The duel is on. My watch says 6:05. A saber *Mensur* is not the graceful, thrust, feint and parry duel of the French and Italian schools. The duellists use only overhead strokes. Each slashes downward, trying to reach the unprotected head and face of his opponent. The sabers are dull at the point but their two edges are razor-sharp. Usually these downward slashes land on the saber of the other man. When four such clashes occur a round is declared and the men rest for thirty seconds. An ordinary friendly student *Mensur* may take thirty or forty rounds. But this is no friendly affair; this is a grudge fight.

It is still quiet within the hall except for the sharp clashing of the sabers. Now and then one hears an involuntary exclamation from a student as a saber just misses a vital spot. Through the open window there comes the sound of an awakening day. An impudent bird perches on the window sill and chirps cheerfully.

Now the tension is increasing. Both men are tired. My watch says 6:45. The perspiration flows down their bodies. Again and again they almost literally throw steel at one another. Schmidt seems stronger. A dozen times his saber just misses the head of his opponent. In a *Mensur* a man must not move his head. If a blow comes he may parry it—but not duck it. If he does that his corps colors are taken from him and he is looked at with contempt.

Suddenly Schmidt, with a terrific

downward slash, breaks through von Gruendel's guard. His saber catches for a split second in the flesh on von Gruendel's chest and then comes away. Von Gruendel looks down at a thin red line on his body. It grows broader. The blood trickles slowly from the wound. Von Gruendel sneers at it as though reproaching his body for not being as strong as his spirit. The surgeon hurriedly sticks a bit of plaster over the wound—it is not serious—and the duel goes on.

Time stands still. Both men are breathing in choking gasps. They are tired. We all watch, fascinated. The blood continues to trickle down lazily from that wound. The students lean forward, tense and quiet, watching this unreal, almost unbelievable scene. It is 7:20 now. They have been duelling for seventy-five minutes. Then, as suddenly as an unexpected flash of lightning and almost as quickly, Schmidt's saber flashes down. It finds flesh above and to the side of von Gruendel's left eye. There is an involuntary "Ah!" from the watchers. A crimson cascade of blood spurts forth from the wound, seems to dance merrily in the sunlight for a moment, and then drops exhausted to von Gruendel's neck.

He sways, leans against his second for support, the referee nods to Schmidt—the duel is over. It is 7:28. They help von Gruendel to a chair in front of the surgeon's table. The surgeon hums softly. He pours iodine into that open wound. He reaches for a needle and threads it with catgut. Von Gruendel clutches the arm of his chair. His hands are white. This is hurting him. A white-coated waiter from the inn hurries in with a bottle of cognac and a glass. He pours the cognac into the glass. He offers it to von Gruendel. Von Gruendel shakes his head.

The waiter stands there a moment uncertainly, wondering what to do with the cognac.

"Please," I say, "I need that cognac. It isn't fun to watch a man being sewed up without anesthetics."

Twenty minutes later the two duellists are sitting together amiably in the inn at a much initialed table, drinking huge glasses of beer. The insult avenged, they are friends again. Both have come out of the duel with honor. The winner has shown exceptional skill. The loser has shown exceptional fortitude, ability to withstand what must have been terrific pain without flinching, and a stoicism which, in the Germany of Hitler, is considered a highly meritorious trait. Thus German youth—in 1933.

(Continued on page 44)

Photographed for Collier's
by James Abbe

Debs don't Realize

By Dwight Mitchell Wiley

*Bill Thurston danced with the girl in the coral dress.
She knew all the answers. He knows them now!*



Mario Cooper

She said: "I guess you think it's pretty wrong, all this"

BILL THURSTON looked down at the smooth blond head against his shoulder and thought how pleasing it would be to have it there from now on. The idea came to him as a complete surprise and it was pretty disconcerting, too; he hadn't any business thinking anything like that this evening and he peered down cautiously again, from six feet one, to see what caused it.

By tilting slightly he could see an eyebrow and a lot of lashes that were evidently something very special and a cool, smooth cheek. There was an ear, the kind designed to tell things in; a coral gown; the sort of arm that would be nice to have to wear around your neck a good deal of the time. A very pleasant inventory, sure; and then you added it all up and what did you have? Another smooth blond girl.

You told yourself that—just another smooth blond girl, you sap. You doped the whole thing out—and then you went right on and tingled. So she raised her head and smiled, and at the impact of those eyes Bill stood stock-still like some infatuated stucco statue. Couples caromed off his back to ricochet against still other couples, and Bill finally pried his eyes away and got his feet in motion and the dance went on.

Bill laid a course around the fringes of the ballroom to evade the stags. He was, quite suddenly, a man with one idea; the simple, forthright notion that he must retain this girl as long and as permanently as he could and even longer. Bill realized, of course, that this was practically insane. He had no business, in the first place, being at a debut party; hadn't even been invited, if you wished to quibble; certainly he hadn't meant to dance. But that part of it had been quite involuntary. He'd been standing in the stag line feeling three miles out of things when suddenly he found his eyes were following a coral dress and then that he, himself, was following his eyes and then that he had caught up with them and cut in.

THE trouble was he hadn't done this sort of thing for years. His dancing "dated" and he didn't know the answers any more. To this girl in the coral dress—to nineteen—he seemed, doubtless, practically prehistoric. She would wonder why the things they excavated didn't dance their antique dances in a museum with other excavated things. She probably was wigwagging behind his back for rescue now.

Why, Bill was twenty-seven, he was old enough to be her uncle, he was broke and now, to top it off, he had this mental trouble and the thing to do was dance her back to her own dizzy generation and forget her. But the difficulty was, she was so beautiful.

"You thought I wasn't me," she said. "You thought I was another girl. You swooped down on a coral dress and then found me inside of it and now you have a kind of 'undergoing-something' kind of look and haven't said a word."

"It's dancing makes me look like that," Bill said. "It's concentrating on my feet and if I try to talk they'll—see! Good Lord, I'm sorry!"

"Didn't hurt," she told him.

"Certainly it did," Bill said. "I ought to be against the law. We'd better stop before I maim you."

Then there was a hand upon Bill's arm and someone cutting in and Bill released her. It was time, Bill guessed. He told himself: "Go home, you clumsy animal, before you bust somebody's leg." And then, amazingly, he heard her saying: "You don't mind, Ned? It won't tear your evening up? You see I've danced for miles and miles and we had just decided to discover where the champagne lives."

THE thing called Ned began to mutter something and Bill looked at it and recognized that it was thirty callow million dollars' worth of Whittington, but it disappeared and they walked toward the supper-room and she was smiling at him and it didn't stand to reason.

Bill said: "Why did you do that?"

"I don't know," she answered. "Really I don't know. I hadn't meant to."

Bill laughed and said: "That was young Ned Whittington, wasn't it? Or don't you like to dance with him? Or is this just a gag to step his pulse up?"

"I'm not interested in poor Ned Whittington's pulse," she answered. "Anyway, I think it's elementary of you to try to make me have a reason. When girls start having reasons everything gets practical and grim and isn't any fun, and if you wanted to get rid of me I guess you did the very worst thing possible."

Bill said: "Just what was that?"

"You kicked me," she informed him.

"Brutally. And so, of course, I got attached to you."

"I'll make a note of it," Bill said.

The champagne lived in a big bowl behind a lot of customers and wasn't champagne anyway, entirely, but this was 1933, so Bill found two glasses and a place to stand and sip it where a thousand dollars' worth of orchestra made low-down, sweet, false promises that drifted to them through the gayety.

She said: "It's nice to get grown up."

"The trouble is, it's too darn' permanent," Bill said. "I got grown up once, years and years ago. I only meant to try it out and then I found I had to stay that way."

"That sounds a little cynical," she said. "I bet that's it; I bet you're cynical and have a past or something. Tell me."

"No," Bill said, "no past. Not even to look forward to." Bill looked at her and found that he was tingling again and said: "The present's pretty swell, though, right this minute."

"There!" she said, "I knew we'd have some fun."

"The trouble is I haven't any business having fun," Bill said.

"Why not?" she asked, "Aren't you supposed to romp and play?"

"That's it," Bill said, "I'm not supposed to romp. I like to, all right, but I lost my rompers. Back in 1929. So this sort of thing is out as far as I'm concerned. I haven't been to any stunt like this for years; I haven't any business being here tonight; I didn't even

(Continued on page 34)

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL



Your favorite

the moment you taste it!



Taste the Tomato Soup that won for Campbell's a world-wide fame. Let your appetite revel in its racy, sparkling goodness. And you'll instantly realize that it is in a class all by itself. An exclusive recipe which only Campbell's can offer

you. A skill, an experience in good soup-making which stand alone. Glistening soup-kitchens which are the marvel of the culinary world. No wonder Campbell's Tomato Soup has such a delicious and unequalled flavor!



She's as healthy
As can be
And loves her Campbell's
Just like me!

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
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Mock Turtle	Vermicelli-Tomato

10 cents a can

***Campbell's* Tomato Soup**

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Love and Hisses

By John B. Kennedy

Corse Payton admits—yea, boasts—that he's America's best bad actor. His sales talk, "Thirty cents; thirty cents; one cent an actor—and throw me in for the tax," still packs 'em in while many theaters are dark and dusty. Bring your own eggs

TORTURE of riveting on a topless tower of Brooklyn, the elevated screaming under a hot sun, rumbling like distant guns—and a traffic snarl of sirens, cymbals and blasting brakes: above, below and through it all an all-conquering human noise. Mr. Corse Payton, America's best bad actor, is rehearsing.

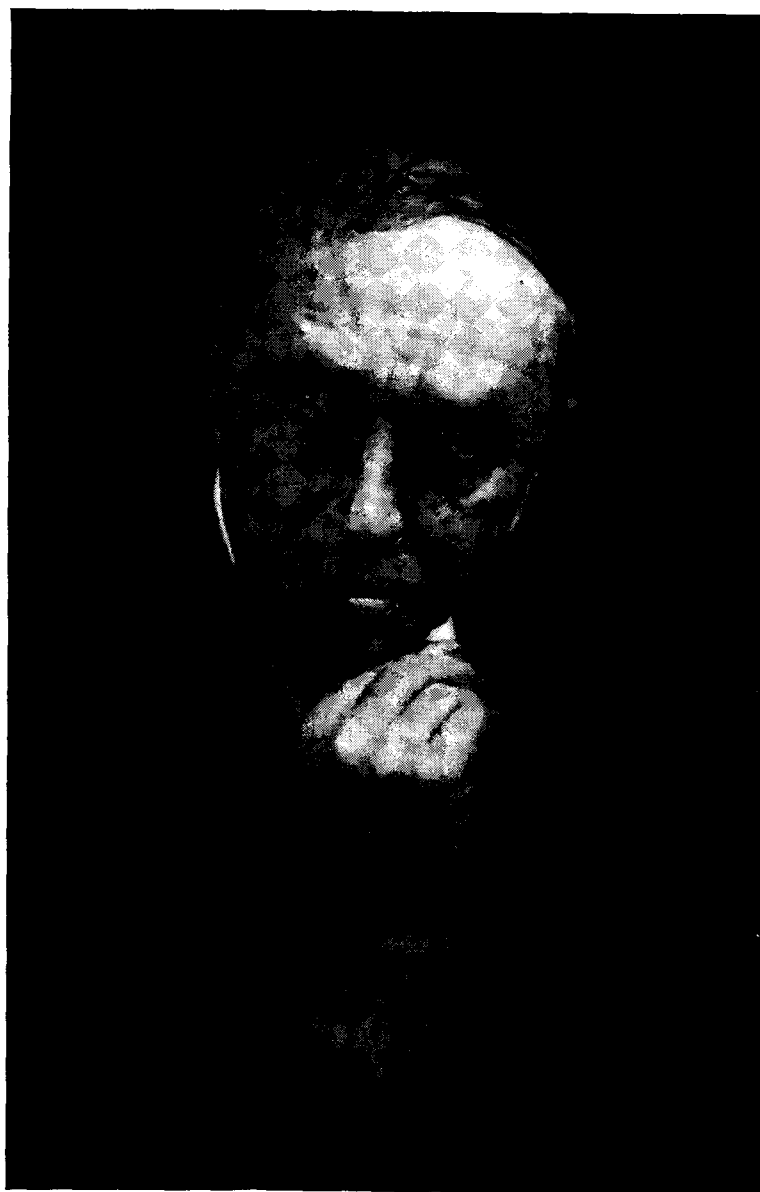
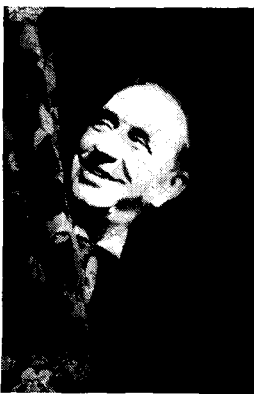
Fedora aslant, cigar amazingly balanced between twin bridgeworks, Adam's apple subtly athletic between wings of a collar stiff and stainless—he utters. It's that scene from East Lynne wherein Sir Francis Leversey tells the tear-dewed heroine that biological progression cannot cramp his style as a man-about-town interested principally in women-about-town.

"The child," says Sir Francis Leversey, "is your concern, my dear Rachel. I'm sorry—very sorry. But—"

Sir Francis Leversey, alias Corse Payton, twirls half a whisker, doffs the

fedora from a high head of thin but stubborn gray curls and strides to u. l. (stage slang for upper left). Then he exits with a satanic smile—and when Corse Payton, alias Sir Francis Leversey, smiles satanically, you don't need horns and a forked tail for the illusion. His diabolical laughter off-stage has the ominous gurgle of a gallon of moonshine emptying abruptly. Here, you say to yourself and truly, is villainy that is villainy; and while Mr. Payton rehearses wickedness, you, though a privileged onlooker, find yourself rehearsing hisses.

Effective is Mr. Payton, and that word is accolade to a showman. Forty years



Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Corse Payton originated the "egg-proof" curtain—in self-defense. And how he can improve on Shakespeare!

and more Corse Payton has been protagonist of American stock drama, stock being the institution of the spoken stage better known to the country at large than Broadway's current attractions or the infrequent and financially hazardous excursions of big names into the sticks. Long ago, in what Mr. Payton calls "the happy, pre-Hollywood era," he pitched his Thespian tent on the battlements of Brooklyn—pronounced Brookalyn by his esthetic following. Stars innumerable had a measure of apprenticeship with Mr. Payton—Mary Pickford, Bert Lytell, the Gish sisters. And there was one lad who played hooky from his own stage job every afternoon to see and hear Payton thunder on those old Brooklyn boards.

Playing with his family at an opposition theater, this boy gained an enviable distinction. In the midst of Coriolanus, one matinée, Mr. Payton tossed his toga—a bordered hotel counterpane—across his shoulder and strode to the footlights.

"I am asked to inquire," he said to the hushed audience, "if George Cohan is in the house. If so, will he please report to Keith's

Theater, as he's delaying his act."

None can tell what sprouts of genius in America's foremost popular playwright were fertilized by the glow of Corse Payton's mummery. One can tell that if sprouting genius is seeing Payton now, it can get the same kick that Cohan got. For Payton's repertoire, exhibited all over the country, contains more than three hundred plays—ranging from farce and comic opera to the grimest tragedy.

It's enjoying a rebirth—everywhere. In a year not generally deemed high in demand for black ink for bookkeepers, stock enjoyed good patronage, long runs and geographical expansion.

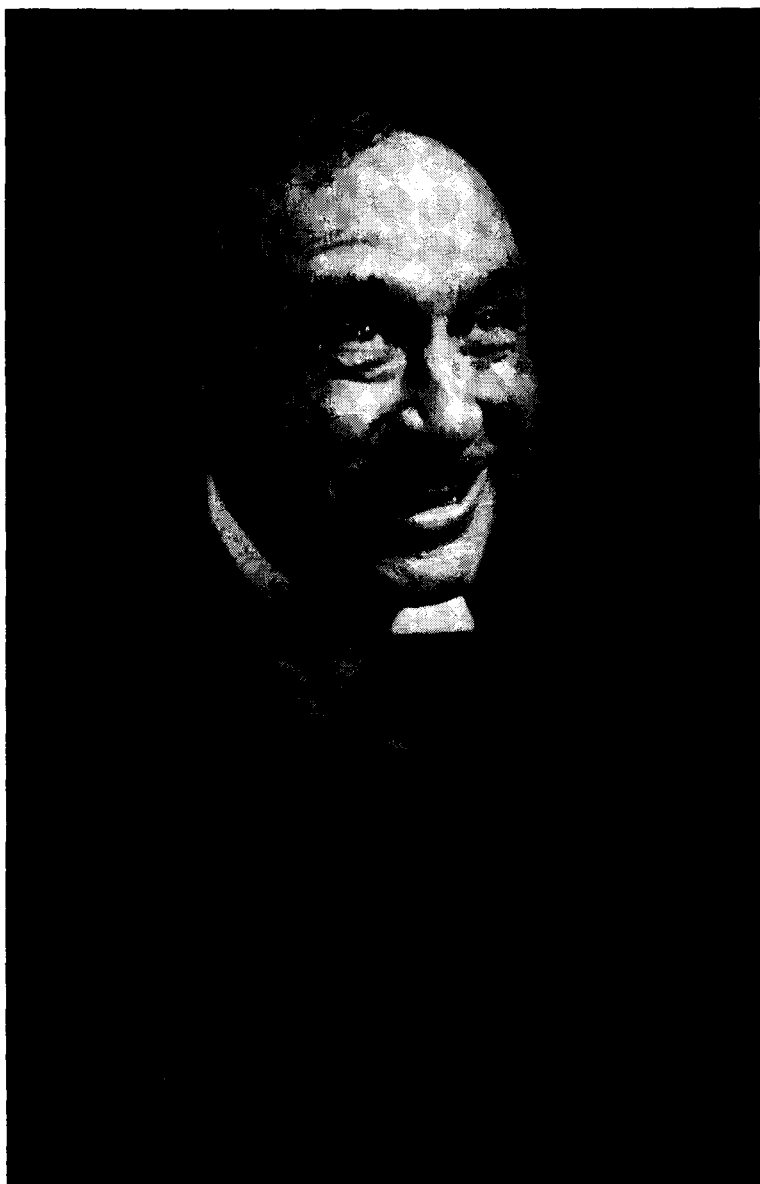
A Patriarch of Drama and Beer

"This reflowering of the folk-art of the stock theater," says Mr. Payton—who can be learned at times as well as villainous at others—"is due in large measure to the return of beer. The scorchy potions of the speakeasy brought the demand for off-color plays and undraped ladies.

"Beer is more for culture—not a kick. It is mellow. It promotes the family spirit and that, in turn, turns to the old theater and the time-surviving plays."

Starting as a protagonist of good drama and good beer, Mr. Payton is now a patriarch of both. The beer was not held in such high esteem in merrier days before the rapidly decreasing drought. But now all over the land Payton's innovation is being imitated. Broadway has its palace of the arts, with a beer garden during intermissions and a dance floor when you're bored—

(Continued on page 49)





You can't learn value on the showroom floor!

★ ★ GET OUT ON THE ROAD IN A CHRYSLER ★



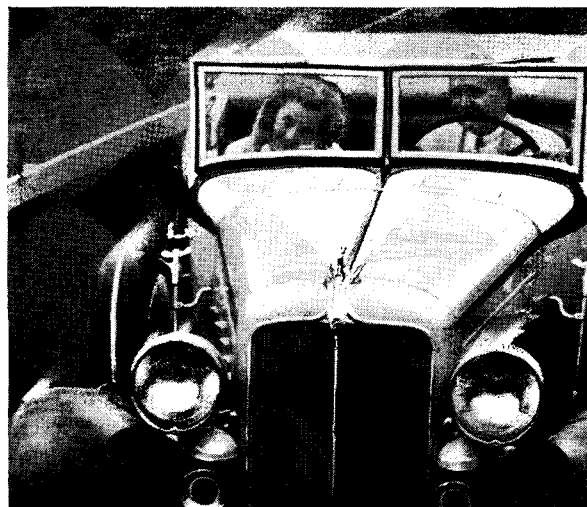
"SMACK the accelerator down . . . feel that silky-smooth response . . . no car takes off down the road with quite the flair of a Chrysler!"



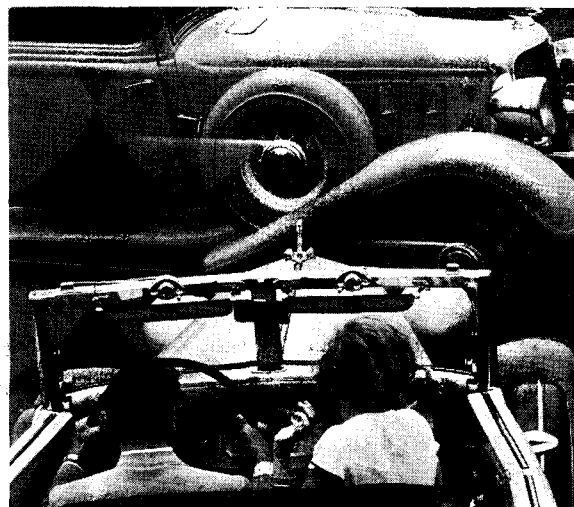
"TAKE a curve at 60 . . . There's no sickening sidesway . . . that's due to Chrysler's low center of gravity and method of body mounting."



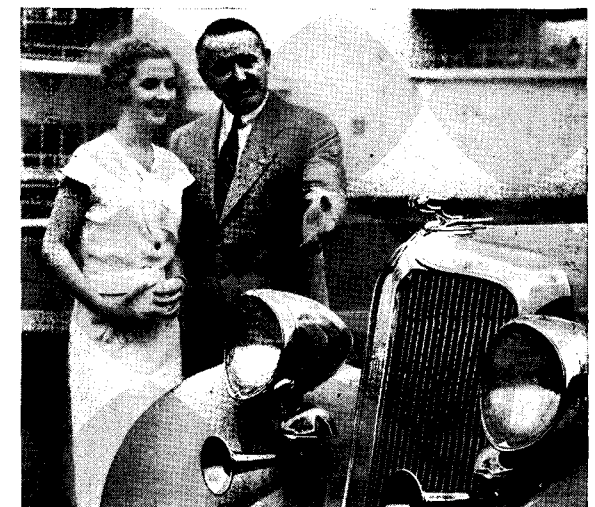
"WATCH that speedometer . . . see that needle climb . . . it'll go over 85 in this Royal Eight . . . better than 90 on the Imperial . . ."



"LISTEN for signs of effort . . . yes, listen all you like, you won't hear any . . . that's the smoothness of patented Floating Power!"



"MAKE a Polo-pony stop . . . I call it that because it's so quick and easy and smooth. There just are no other brakes like Chrysler hydraulics!"



"YES, looks count too . . . and where will you find a car as smart, as trim and luxurious as a Chrysler? Just compare for yourself."

 You buy a car to go places in. The whole question of value revolves around how it takes you. It's a matter of action, not showroom polish.

That's why we urge you to accept your local Chrysler dealer's invitation to get out on the road in a Chrysler.

Imagine a Chrysler Six Sedan at \$785! That's star-

ting enough, but when you get that big, powerful 83 horsepower job into action, you begin to get a real conception of just how amazing this value is.

The Chrysler Royal Eight Sedan . . . \$925. That price is the lowest by hundreds of dollars, at which any Chrysler Eight has ever sold. But when that car starts giving you the slickest, silkiest, fastest-stepping ride you ever had on wheels, no salesman will have to say a word. The car sells itself.

A Chrysler Imperial Sedan at \$1295. What does that mean? Well, just pick a nice spot and let 108 horsepower on Floating Power engine mountings go to work for you. See if you can find another car that will give you anything like that sensation at within a thousand dollars of the price!

You'll be a lot happier with a Chrysler. But don't take our say-so . . . we'd rather have you prove it for yourself!

CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN . . . \$785

83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types from \$745 to \$945.

ROYAL EIGHT SEDAN . . . \$925

90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, six body types from \$895 to \$1125.

IMPERIAL SEDAN . . . \$1295

108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types from \$1275 to \$1495.

All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit. (Special equipment extra).

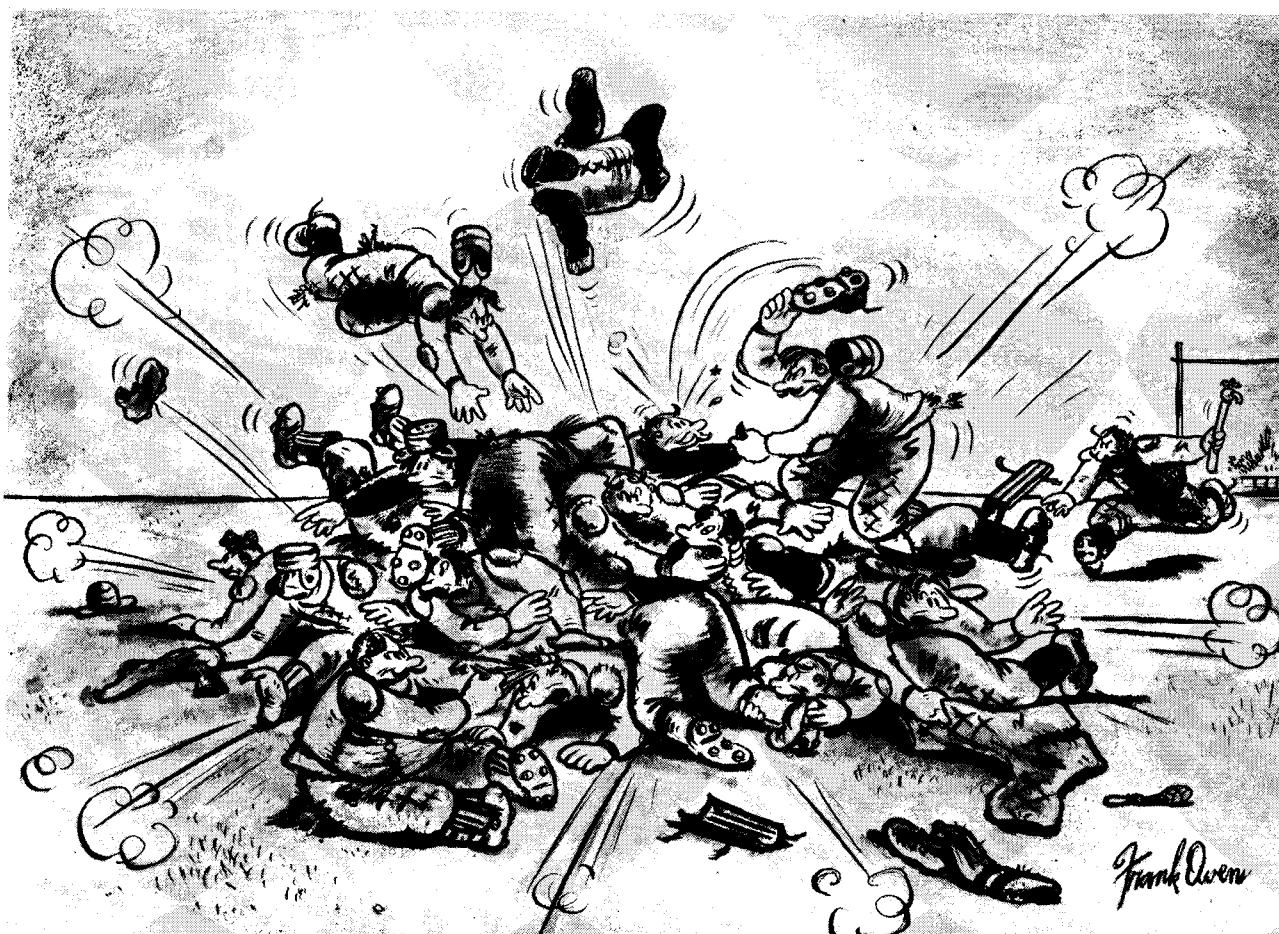
★ **CHRYSLER**

The days of polite scrimmages are over. Pro football has been turned into an earnest pursuit by the small-town heroes—young gentlemen you've never heard of who play—

For Glory and for Keeps

By Kyle Crichton

Illustrated by Frank Owen



In a line plunge, it's every man for himself and liniment for all

PROFESSIONAL football in the old days used to be on the Free Silver basis of 16 to 1—sixteen large, resounding grunts, signifying nothing, to one real earnest effort. They knew how to play football, those early pros, and they went through the motions of playing it, but they weren't playing it.

From a distance it might look like seventeen varieties of justifiable homicide but up close the boys were making inquiries as to the best place to send the laundry and practicing how to fall in postures which looked like sudden death but were as gentle and harmless as the thud of a ripe pear in a tub of butter.

And then suddenly they began to die for dear old Rutgers and make the old Yale try and act like Siwash on the afternoon of the big game with Okmulgee Normal. Naturally, a bit of this was due to economic urge, but it was caused much more by the entrance of the small-town heroes who were making their first appearance on the big time.

Patrons going up to the Polo Grounds to see the New York Giants pro football team with its "galaxy of All-America stars" were more than a trifle surprised to find that among the All-

America stars was Burnett of that great institution of athletic prowess, Emporia (Kansas) State Teachers College, Mulleneaux from the Northern State Teachers College of Arizona at Flagstaff, and the Owen boys of Phillips University, Enid, Oklahoma.

As college stars the only chance these gentlemen would have had for All-America fame would have been to rescue Mr. Grantland Rice from a burning barge or to have been born in time to play on Center College in the days when Uncle Charley Moran, the baseball umpire, was leading them in prayer. Not only would the All-America selectors not know Mr. Burnett of Emporia Teachers but they would not know of Emporia Teachers and there would be only a faint chance that they had ever heard of Kansas.

Not only were those small-town boys hard and fast and tough, but they were just about as good football players as lived in America at the moment. They were used to playing football for keeps and if they were so sissy as to take a minute or two out for rest during their collegiate careers they were likely to get a good snooting from the boys down at the drug store Saturday night after the game. Indeed the famous Ship-

wreck Kelly, who played with the Giants last year, had to ask assistance from Steve Owen, the coach, when he was sent in to substitute for Chris Cagle.

"Steve," he said apologetically, "what do you do when you go in there to report to the referee? You know I never did any substituting down home in Kentucky. They just put me in when the game started and I stayed in."

The Initiation of Chris Cagle

Professional football might have been phony in the beginning but it is the real article now. There are good judges to argue that the best game of football ever played on the American continent was the encounter between the New York Giants and the Green Bay Packers three years ago.

A crowd of 40,000 stood on its feet and howled for forty minutes while Benny Friedman threw passes to Badgro, Hap Moran of Carnegie Tech ran eighty yards through an open field, Llewellyn, the district attorney from Wisconsin, kicked and passed like a genius and the crushing power and speed of the attack and defense threw strong men into a frenzy.



A dive from the 25-yard line, and he popped up on the 10-yard marker



There's no need of a football for kicking practice on a pro team

Chris Cagle, late of West Point, picked that day to make his professional debut. Mr. Cagle, who had run through many a college team, had a habit of backing up toward his own goal line in an effort to get away from his immediate pursuers before starting on his jaunts. He was warned, quite truthfully, that if he started backing up on the Green Bay Packers not only would he end up back of his own goal line but he would be lucky if he got stopped before he reached the region of Peconic Bay on eastern Long Island.

To show that he had imbibed well of all advice given him, Mr. Cagle took the initial kick-off and, instead of circling about in his usual fashion, put his head down and catapulted himself on a straight line directly at the advancing horde of Packers. There was the sound of crunching bodies, breaking bones and general train wreck, but when it all ended Mr. Cagle was on the 40-yard line with the ball hugged tightly to his chest. En route he had suffered sundry lacerations, contusions and plain old-fashioned wallops on the dome, but these were of small moment as contrasted with the fact that he was now of the elect, a member of the professional band who play for keeps.

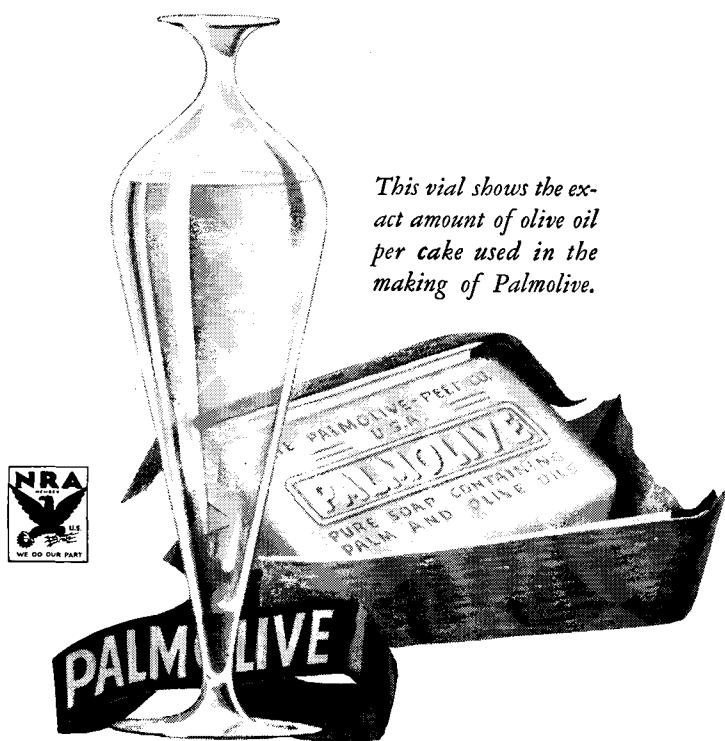
Mr. Cagle has since become so enamored of his adopted pastime that he has lately joined Mr. Shipwreck Kelly in the purchase of the Brooklyn Dodgers. The price is reported to have been \$25,000 and Mr. Cagle will undoubtedly be in there by the time this sees print, hurling his so-called red thatch in the general direction of his opponents. Mr. Cagle is fundamentally a halfback and it will be interesting enough to see just how a halfback acts when he also happens to be the owner of the club.

The surprise team of the league last
(Continued on page 56)

ROMANCE BEGINS

with that schoolgirl complexion

*A lovely skin
invites Romance*



This vial shows the exact amount of olive oil per cake used in the making of Palmolive.

YOU must take the first steps toward romance alone. Yet those steps are made easier . . . if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely skin will help you most.

Nature's own beauty aids

Won't you let Palmolive—the soap of youth—help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses gently but with a thoroughness that is necessary and wholesome.

Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Pure, safe, natural

Palmolive is nature's own green in color. No artificial color—no strong perfume. A pure soap, safe for the most sensitive skin.

Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in the romance that is every woman's right!

Palmolive . . . *the Soap of Youth*

Worth Taming

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Allan Updegraff

ASHTON—"she said. "I like your name, Ashton. It suits you—sort of strong and solid."

"Yes?" he said. "How'd you get your name, Peter? Queer name for a girl."

"Oh, the bull of the first chorus I worked in," she said, "handed it to me, and it stuck. Anyway, I've got to tell you something, Ashton—something not so good."

"Yeah?" he queried. "Hard luck story?"

"You're—encouraging!" She glanced at a girl who sprawled on the sand of the beach, not far from them, a blond girl, shapely in a green bathing suit. "It's about Blondy," she said.

"Yes?" he repeated.

"I guess I won't waste my breath—you wouldn't care—" she said. "I guess I'll go talk to Blondy." She walked away over the beach, swinging long, graceful legs and arms.

The three of them had the beach to themselves. It was a small, rustic beach, so much so that it might not have been recognized as a beach but for the red-and-yellow sign, "Carlin's Beach," adorning the woven-wire fence that shut it off from the country road. It had been made by spreading sand along one bank of a little river, widened, there, into a pool. The opposite bank rose in rock ledges shaded by pine trees. One could dive, from a suitable ledge, and there were sunny or pine-shady niches to rest in. The man named Ashton swam across the pool and reclined in a shady niche. He could see, from there, the old Carlin farmhouse, now changed into "Carlin's Tavern." "Saddle Horses for Rent" was emblazoned across the front of the old red barn. There were mountains in the background—the Catskills.

HE LOOKED sidewise at Peter and Blondy, stretched on the sand in the sun. They would have ornamented any beach from California to the Riviera. He knew their type. They constituted one of those blonde-and-brunette teams, chorines, models, live-by-your-wits-and-looks. Just now they were working as decoys at the Carlin establishment. On the beach, on horseback, at week-end dances, they were admirable decoys. He knew a good deal about them, especially about the vivacious, wildish brunette, Peter. She talked like a modern novel, her worldly wisdom would have alarmed Casanova; she had been everywhere, knew everything. It was on her account that his ten-day visit had been prolonged, now, into nearly a month. He explained that he liked the beach.

Blondy seemed to have had enough of the beach. She got up and walked toward the red-and-yellow bathhouse. Peter, however, lingered and presently swam across to the rock ledge, where she pulled herself up beside Ashton and sat down.

"I'm going to tell you," she said, "what I started to tell you over there, a little while ago. Blondy's forged a check. One of those New York smarties, out here last week-end, lost his check book, and she found it, and she just couldn't resist the opportunity. She thought he wouldn't make a fuss—but he's going to. He's going to have her arrested if she doesn't get the money



Illustrated by
Harry Morse
Meyers

"You're hard as nails right through," she said

back to him by tomorrow afternoon." "Would suggest," said Ashton, "that she get it back."

"But she can't," said Peter. "She's spent every cent—applied it on a lot of our back bills, in New York. I'm in it just as much as she is."

"And have you any plan," he asked, "for getting out?"

"Yes, I have," she said. "I want you to lend us the money. It's only half a grand. I want you to do that—for me."

He asked, "And if I do that—what will you do for me?"

She seemed to have expected a ques-

tion something like that. She said, scowling down at the water, "I hate to bargain! But—we'll talk about it. You let me have the check and we'll talk about it."

"YES, and I know," he said, "just what our talk would come to! I know you, Peter. Besides, something like this, a whole lot like this, happened to a friend of mine. Your game isn't very original. Girl had to have money, would discuss terms later. The remarkable thing is, that girl—she was the image of you, Peter. My friend had a lot of

pictures of her. That's all he got for his money—that, and a letter from her husband, threatening to kill him. Her name was Alice. She belonged to one of those blonde-brunette teams. By the way, where's your husband, Alice?"

She shot him a startled glare. He faced her with the expressionless placidity of a stone ledge. She softened, or at least took on some of his placidity. "Well, it's all off," she said. "You're too wise. I was lying—but, just between friends, I wasn't that girl. My name's not Alice, never was—and I've never been married, either."

"I often doubted," he said, "whether Alice was really married."

"Hard, aren't you?" She avoided his eyes. "Go ahead, think I'm Alice if you want to, but the truth is, I'm not Alice, and I never tried this sort of thing before. I wouldn't have tried it just now if we hadn't been down to our last cent. We only get our board and room here—no money for extras. The season's nearly over and we're up against it. That's all. I don't know why I'm bothering to tell you this—a lot you care—one reason I tried that story on you was just to see whether you were solid stone clear through. The fact is, I really liked you—you're one of the few men I ever met I could manage a little respect for."

"Don't make me laugh!" he said.

"All right—I've found out one thing I wanted to know, anyway," she said. "You're hard as nails, right through." She began to slide along the ledge toward the water. "I might have known," she said. "After all I've seen of men!"

"MUST you leave me?" he protested. "Wait a minute, Alice. You haven't given me the name and address of your husband yet. I may have a little score to settle with you and your husband—on behalf of my friend, you know." She paused, with her knees drawn up and her hands clutching them. "Or perhaps I could get some information from old Carlin?" he suggested.

She said, slowly, "Lord—and to think I thought you were hanging around because you liked me!" She added, "Got me—rather cold—haven't you?"

"Rather," he admitted.

"I just mean," she said, "if you go to Carlin, Blondy and I will have to get out of here—and we've got no place to go, nor any money to go with. You'll give me time—a little time—" her voice fogged—"to prove I'm not Alice—never had a husband—no, nor anyone who could claim to be my husband, either! I may be rough, but I'm not that rough—Oh, what's the use?"

"I guess you're rough enough," he said. "I don't like 'em too tame." He moved up beside her. "There, don't cry, Alice!" She looked as if she might cry. He patted her on the shoulder.

"But I'm not Alice!" she choked. "I'm just Peter!"

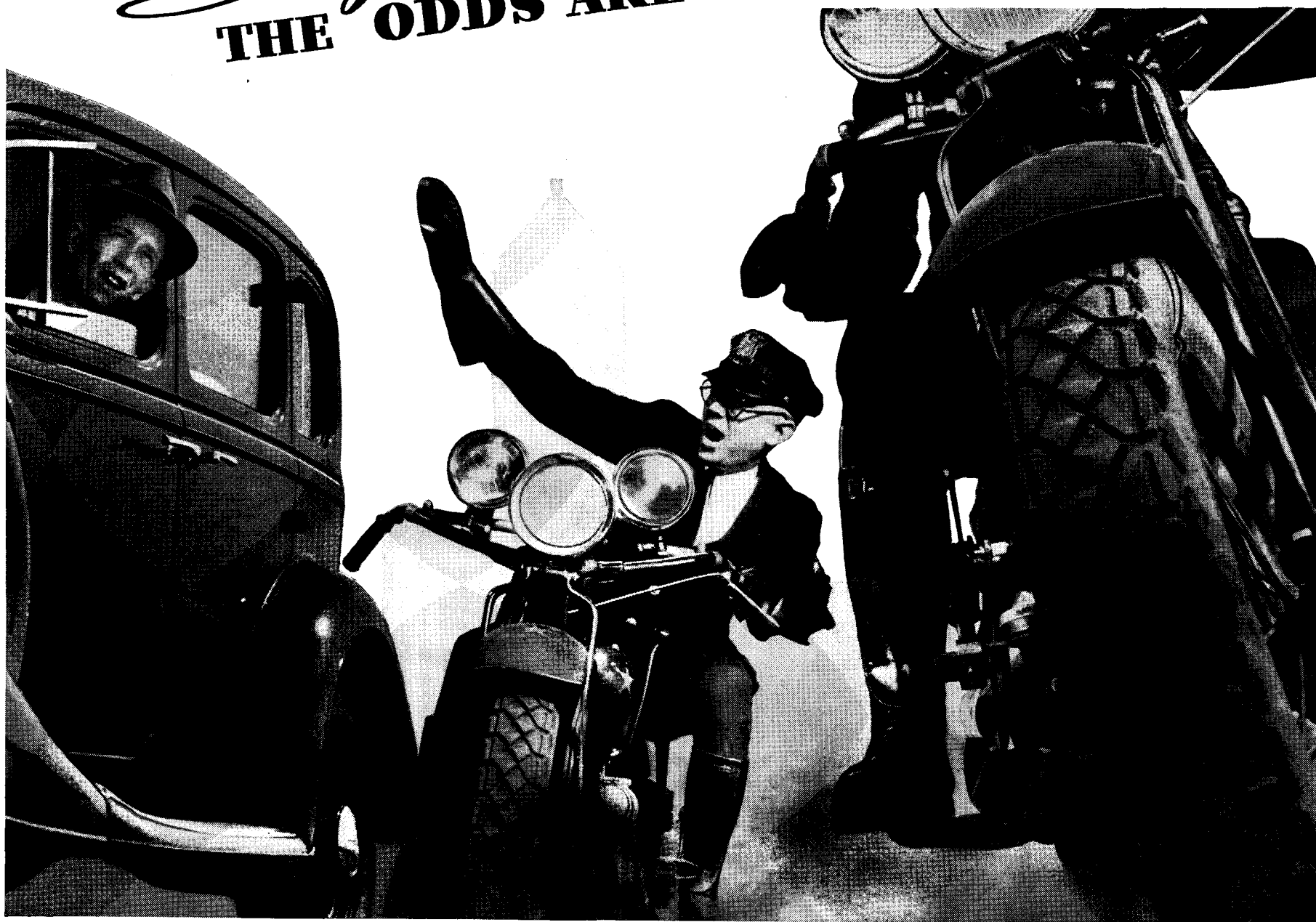
"There, I know you're not Alice—you're just a lot like her—Peter, dear," he said. "Maybe I was trying you out—a little bit as you said you were

trying me out, you know." He put his arm around her. Pure surprise may have made her allow the arm to remain, made her lift tear-wet eyes to his face. "I know you're not Alice," he said, "because my friend married Alice. They've made out as well as most married people, too. He tamed her—and she was worth taming. And I'm going to tame you—because I'm in love with you. So I think I'm going to marry you—marry you, Peter, and tame you good!"

She wilted against his shoulder, sobbing, mumbling through her sobs, "Oh, darling, that will be—nice!"

Stop that man

THE ODDS ARE AGAINST HIM



Bought a new car. Got Safety Glass in the windshield and ventilators free. Mighty glad to have this greater protection there. Forgot that a WINDOW was even closer to his face. Another window across from him. Two more on each side, back where the family rides. One in the rear. That was a serious oversight. It makes him a reckless driver. No question of it. Think of all that ordinary glass. If it breaks, pieces fly through the air. Jagged chunks. Sharp. Dangerous. Liable to cut. To leave humiliating scars. Only the windshield and ventilators in that car provide the greatest available protection against injury from flying fragments. Long odds. Too long. Especially when it costs less than \$1.50 more on each of 12 monthly payments to have L·O·F super Safety Glass ALL-AROUND, if ordered when the car is ordered. ANY ONE BUYING A NEW CAR WITHOUT MAKING SURE IT HAS SAFETY GLASS ALL-AROUND IS A RECKLESS DRIVER.

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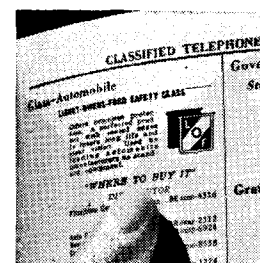
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Packard, Studebaker, Franklin, Cadillac, LaSalle, Lincoln, Ford DeLuxe, Reo-Royale Custom, Buick 80 and 90, all use L·O·F super Safety Glass ALL-AROUND and do not make an extra charge for it. Many other cars provide it free in windshields and in ventilators, when ventilators are standard equipment, but make a slight extra charge for it in windows. To be sure you get it ALL-AROUND, you must ask the salesman when you buy the car.

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Look here. The "Where to Buy It" section of your 'phone book. Ask the L·O·F Distributor the nearest place to have super Safety Glass specially fitted to your present car. You need it ALL-AROUND. Right now. For your family's sake.



Cabinet Music

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Song in the White House and close harmony at the Capitol are recognized accompaniments of the New Deal. But there've been changes in the position of the fiddles



Cordell Hull, after a slow start in the midst of tremendous difficulties, is winning the approbation of his former critics

At the outset, Secretary Dern (left) admitted he was unacquainted with army problems. But he is under the capable tutorship of General MacArthur

Encumbered with routine Department of Commerce duties, Secretary Roper (right) has not been sharply sketched in the popular imagination

Jim Farley is doing a good job of keeping politicians and office-seekers quiet while he looks after the duties of the Post Office Department



Photographed by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

notchers. There were other Democratic lights whose names blazed brighter in the public mind than some who were selected. But the doubters did not see beneath the surface or foresee the picture as it has unrolled.

Entering office with a far-reaching program, partly formulated, the President obviously wanted a Cabinet which would carry out his ideas. He was to be the big boss; he had no intention of being overshadowed as Harding was by Hughes, and Coolidge by Mellon. Mr. Roosevelt, as usual, got just what he wanted. He dominates his Cabinet.

A First-Name Administration

But his associates like it, for the domination rests lightly on them. The President has a gift for coöperation; his orders take the form of suggestions or measures already complete. He overcomes his helpmates, and even his enemies, with personal charm, and when that won't work, with extreme tact. He keeps them in good cheer and spirit by calling them by their first names—it is a first-name administration—and by joshing them interminably. He charmed Secretary Hull out of any disappointment the latter may have harbored over

ment placed them in an impossible position, although neither was responsible for that. Mr. Hull saw the President only a few times a week, while Mr. Moley slipped in side doors at the White House for private conferences almost every day. His real rôle was that of general adviser, and he had little aptitude for an office requiring diplomatic talents. It was natural even for such a long-suffering fellow as the Tennessee mountaineer to feel hurt at such a situation.

The Secretary's slumbering resentment was aggravated by his subordinate's actions at London. Still acting as a roving adviser to the President, Mr. Moley sent back messages that reflected on the ability of his associates, with the one exception of Senator Key Pittman. Some of these documents were couched in most indiscreet language when decoded and, if they did nothing else, they proved that Mr. Moley was no diplomat. Mr. Hull's friends at London and Washington—and Mr. Moley's enemies—kept the Secretary of State informed of the Moleyesque messages, and the delegation chief returned home with fire in his patient eyes.

Though Mr. Roosevelt sought to anticipate a scene—and did—by making Mr. Moley crime surveyor for the Department of Justice, the latter preferred to quit. Regardless of where the blame should fall, there is considerable regret at his decision to forsake public life, for nobody, least of all the President, underestimates his services during the campaign and in the post-inauguration period.

Internationalism in Abyeance

Secretary Hull has not been wholly uninfluenced by these happenings, and, after a slow start, is converting hair-trigger critics. He seems to realize, belatedly, that some of the things he advocates, like world reduction of tariffs, will not be feasible until the domestic program has had its innings; he is less vocal in his demand for the millennium. At first, however, his position was especially difficult. He was selected for the foreign portfolio, and sent to London before the intensely nationalistic recovery program had been steered by circumstances into its present narrow channels, and that explains his predicament abroad as well as his differences with Mr. Moley. Nevertheless, it was Mr. Hull's patience and gentleness and kindness that prevented the London Conference from blowing up so precipitately that the United States would have been assailed as the dynamiter. Moreover, his idealistic, international outlook helps to hold open the door to further frontal attacks on illogical conditions throughout the world.

That the Cabinet has stood up so well under ceaseless strain is due to the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has made smiles a part of statesmanship, a valuable ingredient in view of the pressure under which all Washington works. Every conference with the Cabinet, the Recovery Council, casual visitors and the press breaks up in an outburst of laughter over some presidential anecdote or joke, each having a pert but good-natured point to it. Mr. Roosevelt has an excellent historical background, and he digs into it generously for an apposite or entertaining story. And a sunniness of spirit has been needed in the White House as well as in the nation for some years.

Mr. Roosevelt rarely meets the dignified Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Governor of the Farm Credit Administration, without kidding him about his great appetite. "When do we eat, Henry?" is the usual Rooseveltian greeting. It dates from the time when the two

(Continued on page 55)

EVERY new administration at Washington is like a jig-saw puzzle. There are many pieces, of all sorts and sizes, that must be fitted together carefully and accurately to make a Cabinet and a government.

It takes time, even for a President, to discover where each piece belongs, and there are always some shocks and surprises after several months of trial and performance. A tiny bit that seemed relatively unimportant at first may turn out to be the key to the whole structure, and the great chunks that once seemed so statesmanlike may become nothing more than window-dressing.

So it is with the Roosevelt administration after six months of the hardest test any White House family has had in years. Characters are beginning to emerge and submerge.

When the Cabinet was named, shrewd commentators noted that it was a co-operative body of hard-working men and one woman rather than a brilliant group of statesmen. They regretted the death of Thomas J. Walsh, the original choice for Attorney-General, and the refusal of Senator Carter Glass to take the Treasury post, for these two were top-

the fact that domestic developments embarrassed the original London program.

His Cabinet knows that it can depend on him, for his eagerness to stand by his friends shows every day. He exhibited it in most dramatic form when the press thundered against Secretary Woodin after the disclosure that he was on some of Morgan's preferred lists. Whereas under other Presidents an old friend might have been sacrificed to public clamor and expediency, Mr. Woodin is safe in the Treasury for as long as he wants to stay.

The President handled the first major conflict in his household, that between Secretary Hull and Ray Moley, with extreme tact, especially in view of its inevitability. Probably Mr. Roosevelt saw it coming before others did. Had it not taken place at the London Conference, it would have occurred some other time. Aside from the fact that the erstwhile head of the Brain Trust and former Assistant Secretary of State is a nationalist in his thinking, and Mr. Hull an internationalist, Mr. Moley was quite unprofessional in his directness and abruptness, whereas his boss is slow and circuitous.

Their association in the same depart-

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is any Cleaner?**

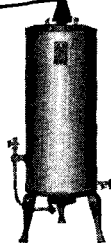


"My hot water tank *can't* be in bad condition, it was put in only a few months ago . . . less than two years." That statement was made about the tank shown at the right before it was cut open.

This "inside facts" survey was made by a group of independent engineers in a region noted for the

"Whitehead" Monel Metal Hot Water Tank (Range Boiler) rust-proof as silver, and just as beautiful.

**Guaranteed
20 years**



"Whitehead" Automatic Storage Gas Water Heaters also have tanks of Monel Metal built into them.

Every "Whitehead" Monel Metal Tank is guaranteed for 20 years. You are absolutely certain it will give you lifetime service.



purity of its city water. Not one of the tanks investigated showed any evidence outside of the corroded and diseased condition inside.

Even a layman realizes that metal in such condition is dangerously weak. Likely to let go at any moment.

In contrast, a hot water tank made of Monel Metal is practically everlasting. It will not rust . . . forms no verdigris . . . and resists every other form of metal corrosion. You *know* it is *always* as clean inside as it is outside.

The "Whitehead" Monel Metal Tank is tested up to 400 pounds hydrostatic pressure. That assures 50 to 100% greater strength than any ordinary tank. Yet the "Whitehead" is reasonably priced — and surprisingly so.

Plumbing and other dealers will gladly show you the "Whitehead" Monel Metal Hot Water Tank, and other items, too: Monel Metal Sinks, Kitchen Cabinet Tops, and ranges with Monel Metal tops.



MONEL METAL



← **INSIDE**

Actual unretouched photograph of one of the tanks cut open by engineers to discover its condition after comparatively few months' service.



↑ **OUTSIDE** — Not one of the tanks examined in this region noted for its pure water supply showed external evidence of the rust and corrosion found inside.

*Ugh!
you exclaim*

**DON'T SHOW ME
HOW DIRTY MY
HOT WATER TANK IS**

When I think how often I use hot water in the bathroom and what I use it for . . . I get positively sick!

After what you've shown me, I'd rather heat water on the stove and carry it to the bathroom than ever bathe Baby again in hot water from our present tank.

Why, I've encouraged the children to gargle with hot water right out of the

faucet. But I've put a stop to that after seeing what these tanks look like.

I thought I was practicing modern hygiene. After what I've seen I don't want a drop of water from such a source to touch my body anywhere.

You will feel the same way when you realize that your rust-inviting *corrodible* tank is no better than those investigated in this pure water section.



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Address _____

Plumber's Name _____

C-10-14-33

Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche



Jay Hyde Barnum

"She looked in here—I assure you she pointed us out," Degas said

The Story Thus Far:

TWO years after Doyle Evans leaves the American Embassy at Paris and plunges into oil to regain his lost fortune, he meets the beautiful Phyllis Benedict. The girl's story is sensational. At the age of five she disappeared from her New York home, only to be discovered seventeen years later by her fabulously wealthy father, working as Minnie Ganston in the office of an importer, Johnson Fay. But it is not the girl's romantic history that shocks Evans. Beyond all doubt he recognizes her as the companion of Big Mike Pelletiere, an American gangster he saw knifed to death in Paul Lanson's famous restaurant in Paris! Phyllis Bene-

dict gives no sign that she has ever seen Evans before.

That night in his New York apartment Evans has a visitor—a woman upon whom he is sure he has never laid eyes. "I just dropped in," she tells him harshly, "to thank you for the break you gave me in Paris the night Big Mike got the works!" Leaving Evans speechless, she departs and joins a waiting man—Johnson Fay! "Well, he swallowed it," she tells the importer. "He thinks I'm the girl from Lanson's. That gives our Phyllis a clear track to old Benedict's eighty millions."

In the meantime Evans, genuinely attracted by Phyllis Benedict's charm and beauty, sees the girl. Endeavoring to make

an appointment for the next day, Evans is told that the girl is leaving for the country immediately. . . .

Evans returns to his office, to find a Mr. Degas awaiting him. Degas, the internationally famous French detective who, as investigator of the Pelletiere killing, knew Evans had assisted the dead gangster's girl companion away from Lanson's. Degas tells Evans that Paul Lanson is now in New York, running a speakeasy; that Lanson has written him that he has seen Big Mike's girl in New York, that she is guilty of an enormous crime! Thinking of Phyllis Benedict, Evans is sick with fear when he agrees to accompany Degas to Lanson's place to learn the identity of the woman.

Two hours after Degas' departure, Evans sees the evening paper. A screaming headline greets him: **SPEAKEASY BOMBED! PAUL LANSON KILLED!** . . .

Doyle Evans reads the story. The police ascribe the killing to a gang war. But Evans, with a shudder, knows better!

IV

EVANS telephoned Degas' hotel the moment he arrived at his apartment, to learn that while Degas' baggage had arrived and a room had been assigned to the Frenchman, he had not yet registered. Evans frowned as he hung up. The Paris police official had left Evans' office a good half hour before Evans had himself started for home, and the Splendid was as near Forty-second Street as was Evans' apartment. Degas should have been at his hotel before this.

Then he smiled at his own concern. He was not the only acquaintance Degas owned in New York. The bearded little man was as friendly as a puppy—though a wise old dog—and doubtless was renewing friendships all over town. At a quarter to eight he would meet Degas, and they would then discuss this matter of Paul of Lanson's.

He looked at his watch. It was not yet five o'clock, and he was angry with himself at the fever of impatience that possessed him. He deliberately sat down in a chair and rang for Derrick.

"Beer," he said.

Derrick ostentatiously looked at the clock on the mantel over the fireplace.

"Beer, sir? Did you say beer?"

"Your hearing is acute as ever, Derrick," said Evans.

"But beer, sir. At this hour. You never drink beer in the late afternoon, sir. You have told me, many times, Mr. Doyle, that beer—"

"I know; it spoils my appetite. It gives me, in the afternoon, as you were about to remind me, Derrick, that sensation of fullness where the ribs begin to part that no man should feel before forty-five. Nevertheless, Derrick, I want beer."

"Yes, sir," said Derrick.

EVANS looked after the man as he left the room. The look of exasperation on his face gave way to good humor. Servants who remember when one was a tot in rompers must be granted certain familiarities. Beer did spoil Evans' appetite if imbibed at five, but—he wanted something to quiet his extraordinarily active nerves. A highball would stimulate them; beer was indicated.

And as he sipped the beverage which Derrick, with disapproval in his manner, placed beside him, Evans examined into the occasion for this slight attack of nerves.

Too many coincidences! He mentally recounted them.

First: Phyllis Benedict had amazingly recalled to him the girl at Lanson's. Had he been thinking of that girl at the

moment he saw Phyllis the first coincidence would be understandable. Her hair, the way she walked . . . but he had not thought of that affair Pelletiere, as Degas termed it, for months. It had become one of those misty memories that drift vaguely and formlessly in and out of the mind. No, he definitely had not been thinking of that girl when he saw Phyllis at the bazaar.

Second: The visit, last night, of the girl who claimed to have been Pelletiere's companion. It was too pat, and Degas' interpretation of the incident seemed not too far-fetched. Someone wanted Evans to think that he was mistaken if he happened to think that someone else was the Lanson's lady. Muddled, this thought, but clear enough when one pondered it.

Third: Paul of Lanson's was killed just a few hours before he would—presumably—have explained to Degas—and Evans—the meaning of his letter to the Frenchman, a letter in which he had stated that he had seen Pelletiere's companion and that she was involved in a monstrous crime.

Of course the newspapers might be right: speakeasy proprietors were being killed, as a commonplace, in all American cities. Only, once again it was too pat.

PAUL had known, that night two years ago, that there might be trouble in his restaurant. He had done his best to rid himself of Evans' presence. It was not too much to assume that, anticipating trouble, he knew the source of that trouble. He must have known Pelletiere, must have known the two South Americans. And if he had not known the woman who had made the fourth of that not too savory quartette, he nevertheless saw her that night, was able to describe her, would be able to recognize her if he saw her again. Indeed, according to his letter to Degas, he had recognized her.

He had written to Degas that she had committed a crime. Tonight he would have told that woman's identity, would have named the crime. And today was the day chosen to toss a bomb into his speakeasy.

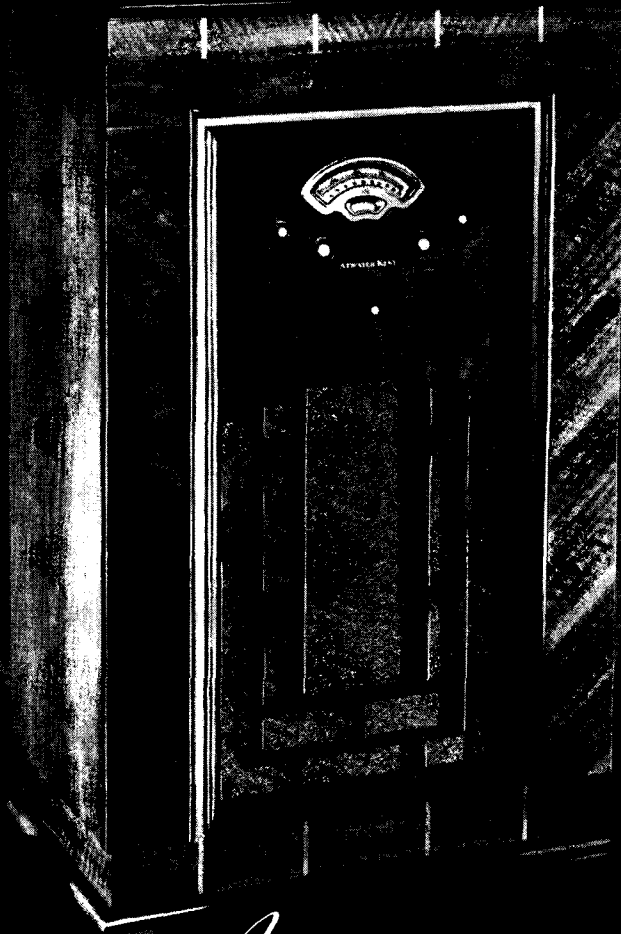
Evans shook his head. Once again he told himself it was too pat. But there were objections to any quick assumptions. Obviously, or Degas would have mentioned the facts, Paul had not told the nature of the crime nor the present name and status of the girl of Lanson's. Such discretion was typical of Paul as Evans remembered him. He was not given to loose gossip. One dined—if that was how one dined—with a lady at Lanson's in calm security that the matter would not be tossed in one's face a few hours or days later. It would be like Paul to hint in his communication to Degas that he would save specific details until he met the police official face to face.

And it would be very unlike Paul to tell anyone—even his wife if that volatile lady remained with him—that he had written to Degas. It would be most reasonable to assume that no one knew that Paul had written to Degas. Then why, on the very day of Degas' arrival, had Paul been slain, unless his killing had been part of gang warfare and its date a coincidence?

The beer quieted Evans' nerves but did little to improve his logic. He had

(Continued on page 57)

ATWATER KENT RADIO



Model 510 shown above

Announces

AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL RADIO

★ One of 23 New Models for 1934 ★

THE new Atwater Kent model 510 is said by many people to be the most beautiful radio they have ever seen. But if it were *only* the world's most beautiful radio, it could not have the Atwater Kent name plate on it. That stands for more—much more—than beauty.

It stands for the power to capture and reproduce TRUTHFULLY every sound from a broadcasting studio. It stands for the lasting quality to continue doing this through *years* of trouble-free enjoyment.

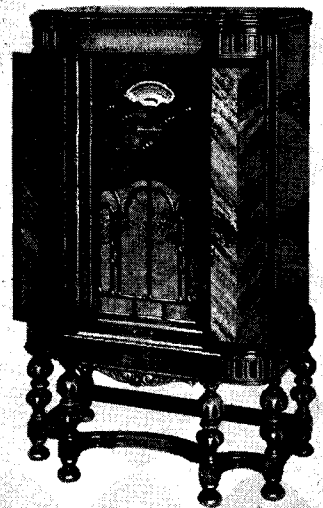
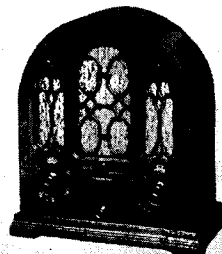
And this dependability is as true of low-priced models as of the most expensive. The complete price range of 23 models affords you a chance to buy an Atwater Kent this year at any price you wish. Remember: the only way to get a radio as good as an Atwater Kent is to get an Atwater Kent. Be sure that *dependable* name is on the radio you buy.

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO., A. Atwater Kent, President PHILADELPHIA, PA.



AT RIGHT—Model 310T. Another big Atwater Kent Radio that gives unprecedented value at its moderate price. Because Atwater Kent engineers re-designed the super-heterodyne circuit—reduced static noises to the minimum—SIMPLIFIED the manufacture—and IMPROVED quality.

BELOW—Model 165. The finest 5-tube radio ever built. Gives REAL reception and lasting dependability at low cost. Automatic volume control and police tuning.





DO YOU KNOW WHY
YOUR TEETH ARE NEVER
CLEAN? YOU NEVER
GET ALL THE
STAINS OFF



GIRL—You're very rude, toothbrush—telling me my teeth aren't clean.

TOOTHBRUSH—It's about time somebody told you. Those teeth of yours have lost you enough dates.

GIRL—Don't be common.

TOOTHBRUSH—Don't be childish! You do want to know why they aren't clean—don't you?

GIRL—Go ahead—be disagreeable.

TOOTHBRUSH—You'll thank me some day. Now answer me this—how would you get pie-juice off a pie-plate?

GIRL—I'd scour it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—Exactly! And how would you get gravy off a gravy-boat?

GIRL—I'd wash it off.

TOOTHBRUSH—That's TWO different cleansing actions. But the dental cream you're using has only one.

GIRL—What's that got to do with it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Good heavens, everything! The things you eat and drink put seven DIFFERENT kinds of stains on those lovely teeth of yours.

GIRL—Why doesn't my dentifrice get them all off?

TOOTHBRUSH—Because it has only one cleansing action—and all stains won't yield to any one action. It takes two! So your teeth get duller and duller. It's gradual discoloration.

GIRL—Can anything be done about it?

TOOTHBRUSH—Of course it can. Get Colgate's.

GIRL—Has Colgate's two cleansing actions?

TOOTHBRUSH—You bet it has. An emulsive action that dissolves some stains and washes them away—and a fine polishing action that gets rid of the rest of them.

GIRL—Will I notice any difference if I use Colgate's regularly?

TOOTHBRUSH—Honestly, I think you'll discover a lustre and beauty you never knew your teeth had.

GIRL—That settles it! I'll buy a tube of Colgate's today.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

1. Meats and other proteins
2. Cereals and other starchy foods
3. Vegetables
4. Sweets
5. Fruits
6. Beverages
7. Tobacco smoke

Colgate's removes all seven



The Hollow Man

Continued from page 11

seemed to be affected by his presence.

At the end of the first day Nameless, noticing this, told him that he had arranged a nice corner of the front room upstairs, where he could sit by the window. But Gopak feebly shook his head and sat where he was.

"No. I don't want to go. I'll stay here. I don't want to move."

And he wouldn't move. After a few more pleadings Nameless realized with dismay that his refusal was definite; that it would be futile to press him or force him; that he was going to sit in that dining-room forever. He was as weak as a child and as firm as a rock.

He continued to sit in that first pew, and the customers continued to avoid it, and to give queer glances at it. It seemed that they half recognized that he was something more than a fellow who had had a shock.

During the second week of his stay three of the regular customers were missing, and more than one of those that remained made acidly facetious suggestions to Nameless that he park his lively friend somewhere else. He made things too exciting for them; all that gayety took them off their work, and interfered with digestion. Nameless told them he would be staying only a day or so longer, but they found that this was untrue, and at the end of the second week eight of the regulars had found another place.

Each day, when the dinner hour came, Nameless tried to get Gopak to take a little walk; but always he refused. He would go out only at night, and then never more than two hundred yards from the shop. For the rest, he sat in his pew, sometimes dozing in the afternoon, at other times staring at the floor. He took his food abstractedly, and never knew whether he had had food or not. He spoke only when questioned, and the burden of his talk was, "I'm so tired. So tired."

ONE thing only seemed to arouse any light of interest in him; one thing only drew his eyes from the floor. That was the seventeen-year-old daughter of his host, who was known as Bubbles, and who helped with the waiting. And Bubbles seemed to be the only member of the shop and its customers who did not shrink from him.

She knew nothing of the truth about him, but she seemed to understand him, and the only response he ever gave to anything was to her childish sympathy. She sat and chatted foolish chatter to him—"bringing him out of himself" she called it—and sometimes he would be brought out to the extent of a watery smile. He came to recognize her step, and would look up before she entered the room. Once or twice in the evening, when the shop was empty and Nameless was sitting miserably with him, he would ask, without lifting his eyes, "Where's Bubbles?" and would be told that Bubbles had gone to the pictures or was out at a dance, and would relapse into deeper vacancy.

Nameless didn't like this. He was already visited by a curse which, in four weeks, had destroyed most of his business. Regular customers had dropped off two by two, and no new customers came to take their place. Strangers who dropped in once for a meal did not come again; they could not keep their eyes or their minds off the forbidding, white-faced figure sitting motionless in the first pew.

At mid-day, when the place had been crowded, late-comers had had to wait for a seat; it was now two-thirds empty,

only a few of the most thick-skinned remaining faithful. And on top of this there was the interest of the dead man in his daughter; an interest which seemed to be having an unpleasant effect. Nameless hadn't noticed it, but his wife had.

"Bubbles don't seem as bright and lively as she was. You noticed it lately? She's getting quiet—and a bit slack. Sits about a lot. Paler than she used to be."

"Her age, perhaps."

"No. Girls of her sort aren't affected so much as that when they're growing up. She's not one of these thin dark sort; it's usual with them. Girls like Bubbles don't have any trouble about growing up. No—it's something else. Just the last week or two I've noticed it. Off her food. Sits about doing nothing. No interest. May be nothing—just out of sorts, perhaps. . . . How much longer's that horrible friend of yours going to stay?"

THE horrible friend stayed some weeks longer—ten weeks in all—while Nameless watched his business drop to nothing and his daughter grow pale and peevish. He knew the cause of it. There was no home in all England like his; no home that had a dead man sitting in it for ten weeks. A dead man brought, after a long time, from the grave, to sit and disturb his customers and take the vitality from his daughter.

But he knew that he was entertaining a dead man and, knowing that a long-dead man was walking the earth, he could believe in any result of that fact. He could believe almost anything that he would have derided ten weeks ago. His customers had abandoned his shop, not because of the presence of a silent, white-faced man, but because of the presence of a dead-living man. Their minds might not know it, but their blood knew it. And, as his business had been destroyed, so, he believed, would his daughter be destroyed. Her blood was not warning her; her blood told her only that this was a long-ago friend of her father's, and she was drawn to him.

It was at this point that Nameless, having no work to do, began to drink. And it was well that he did so. For out of the drink came an idea, and with that idea he freed himself from the curse upon him and his house.

The shop now served scarcely half a dozen customers at mid-day. It had become ill-kempt and dusty, and the service and the food were bad. Nameless took no trouble to be civil to his few customers. Often, when he was notably under drink, he went to the trouble of being very rude to them. They talked about the decline of his business and the dustiness of the shop, and the bad food. They talked about his drinking and, of course, exaggerated it. And they talked about the queer fellow who sat there day after day and gave everybody the creeps.

A few outsiders, hearing the gossip, came to the dining-room to see the queer fellow and the always-tight proprietor; but they did not come again, and there were not enough of the curious to keep the place busy. It went down until it served scarcely two customers a day. And Nameless went down with it, into drink.

Then, one evening, out of the drink he fished an inspiration.

He took it to Gopak, who was sitting in his usual seat, hands hanging, eyes on the floor.

"Gopak—listen. You came here be-

cause I was the only man who could help you in your trouble. You listening?"

A faint "Yes" was his answer.

"Well, now. You told me I'd got to think of something. I've thought of something. Listen. You say I'm responsible for your condition and got to get you out of it, because I killed you. I did. We had a row. You made me wild. You dared me. And what with that sun and the jungle and the insects, I wasn't myself. I killed you. The moment it was done I could 'a' cut my right hand off. Because you and me were pals. I could 'a' cut my right hand off."

"I know. I felt that directly it was over. I knew you were suffering."

"Aye—I have suffered. And I'm suffering now. Well, this is what I've thought. All your present trouble comes from me killing you in that jungle and burying you. An idea came to me. Do you think it would help you—do you think it would put you back to rest if I—if I—I—killed you again?"

FOR some seconds Gopak continued to stare at the floor. Then his shoulders moved. Then, while Nameless watched every little response to his idea, the watery voice began:

"Yes. Yes. That's it. That's what I was waiting for. That's why I came here. I can see now. That's why I had to get here. Nobody else could kill me. Only you. I've got to be killed again. Yes, I see. But nobody else—would be able—to kill me. Only the man who first killed me. . . . Yes, you've found—what we're both waiting for. Anybody else could shoot me—stab me—hang me—but they couldn't kill me. Only you. That's why I managed to get here and find you." The watery voice rose to a thin strength. "That's it. And you must do it. Do it now. You don't want to, I know. But you must. You must."

His head dropped and he stared at the floor. Nameless, too, stared at the floor. He was seeing things. He had murdered a man and had escaped all punishment save that of his own mind, which had been terrible enough. But now he was going to murder him again—not in a jungle but in a city; and he saw the slow points of the result. He saw the arrest. He saw the first hearing. He saw the trial. He saw the cell. He saw the rope. He shuddered.

Then he saw the alternative—the breakdown of his life—a ruined business, poverty, the poorhouse, a daughter robbed of her health and perhaps dying, and always the curse of the dead-living man, who might follow him to the poorhouse. Better to end it all. Rid himself of the curse which Gopak had brought upon him and his family, and then rid his family of himself with a revolver. Better to follow up his idea.

He got stiffly to his feet. The hour

was late evening—half past ten—and the streets were quiet. He had pulled down the blinds and locked the door. The room was lit by one light at the farther end. He moved about uncertainly, and looked at Gopak. "Er—how would you—how shall I—"

Gopak said, "You did it with a knife. Just under the heart. You must do it that way again."

Nameless stood and looked at him for some seconds. Then with an air of resolve, he shook himself. He walked quickly to the kitchen.

Three minutes later his wife and daughter heard a crash, as though a table had been overturned. They called but got no answer. When they came down they found him sitting in one of the pews, wiping sweat from his forehead. He was white and shaking, and appeared to be recovering from a faint.

"Whatever's the matter? You all right?"

He waved them away. "Yes, I'm all right. Touch of giddiness. Smoking too much, I think."

"Or drinking. . . . Where's your friend? Out for a walk?"

"No. He's gone off. Said he wouldn't impose any longer—would go and find an infirmary." He spoke weakly and found trouble in picking words. "Didn't you hear that bang—when he shut the door?"

"I thought that was you fell down."

"No. It was him when he went. I couldn't stop him."

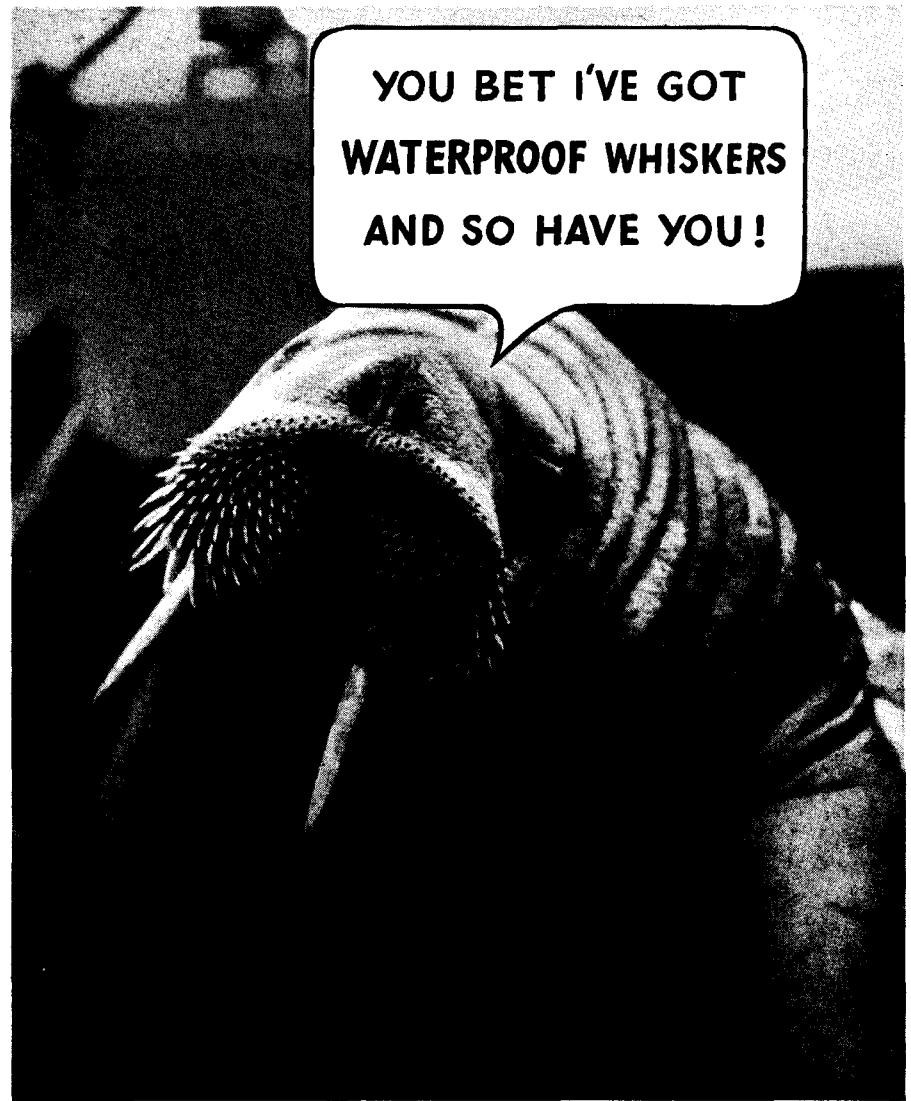
"Just as well, I think." She looked about her. "Things seem to 'a' gone wrong since he's been here."

THERE was a general air of dustiness about the place. The tablecloths were dirty, not from use but from disuse. The windows were dim. A long knife, very dusty, was lying on the table under the window. In a corner by the door leading to the kitchen, unseen by her, lay a dusty mackintosh and dungarees, which appeared to have been tossed there. But it was over by the main door, near the first pew, that the dust was thickest—a long trail of it—grayish white dust.

"Really, this place gets more and more slapdash. Why can't you attend to business? You didn't used to be like this. No wonder it's gone down, letting the place get into this state. Why don't you pull yourself together? Just look at that dust by the door. Looks as though somebody's been spilling ashes all over the place."

Nameless looked at it, and his hands shook a little. But he answered, more firmly than before, "Yes, I know. I'll have a proper cleaning-up tomorrow. I'll put it all to rights tomorrow. I been getting a bit slack."

For the first time then in ten weeks he smiled at them. A thin, haggard smile—but a smile.



... and that's why whiskers are hard to cut!

EVERY WHISKER you possess is *waterproof*. It comes into the world wrapped in a coating of oil that sheds water like a fireman's hat!

That's why whiskers are tough, hard to cut. They can't get soft until after you have stripped off that oil coating and the shave cream can get to work on the hair itself. That's where many shaving creams fall down on the job—they fail to get this oil off all your whiskers.

Waterproof whiskers cut easily with Colgate's

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is spe-

cially made to de-waterproof whiskers. Colgate chemists have designed it to do *just that*—to strip off every trace of that oil coating. Here's how it works.

Colgate's whips into small-bubble lather. Tiny bubbles crowd around each whisker . . . emulsify the oil . . . float it away. Then—this tiny bubble lather seeps around each hair . . . soaks it soft . . . helps the razor cut closely, smoothly. *If you have tough, wiry whiskers, use Colgate's . . . and get a smooth, close, lasting shave.*

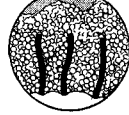
The large 35¢ tube of Colgate's is selling at 25¢, for a limited time. Take advantage of this special offer.

ORDINARY LATHER



This picture (magnified) of ordinary lather, shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get close up to the whisker and remove its oily, waterproof coating. Thus the hair remains tough, hard-to-cut.

COLGATE LATHER



This picture of Colgate lather (same magnification) shows how millions of tiny bubbles crowd around each whisker, removing the oily, waterproof coating completely. Thus the hair is softened, easy-to-cut.

COLGATE'S, Dept. 313, P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City.

Rush me that trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. I am enclosing 4¢ to cover mailing costs.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

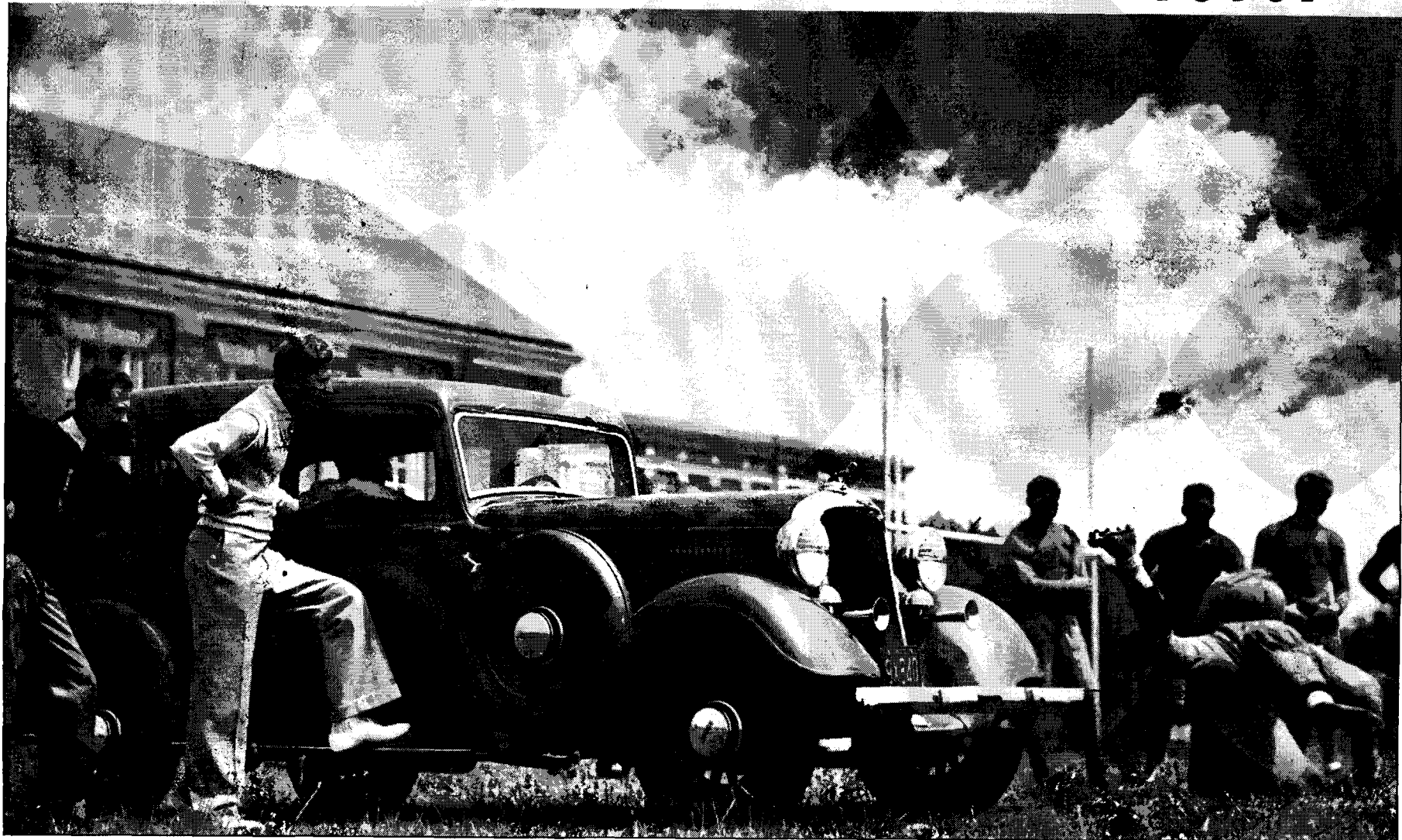


"He gets his wish!"

William Steig



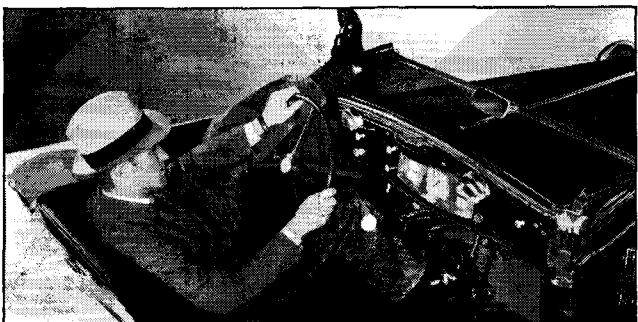
Men GO FOR THIS TOUGH RUGGED DODGE



YOUTH VOTES THIS NEW



THE RUGGED NEW DODGE taking more punishment than you could give it in years of driving. Tests like this prove Dodge can "take it"! Prove it will be an economical car to own!



FORGET YOUR LEFT FOOT. Stop, start, shift smoothly into every speed, even reverse without touching clutch. It's easy, because Dodge has Free Wheeling *plus* Automatic Clutch.

**BIG...RUGGED...FAST...BEAUTIFUL!
NO WONDER THESE BRILLIANT
DODGE CARS APPEARED ON NEARLY
EVERY COLLEGE CAMPUS
ALMOST OVERNIGHT**

If you've ever visited any of the colleges, or golfed at the smart country clubs, you must have noticed how Dodge has won the preference of young men and women everywhere. For our records show that Dodge sales are doubling, tripling, quadrupling in city after city across the nation... Increasing faster than any car you can name!

More For Your Money!

Because Dodge is ALL automobile, that's the reason! It's the car that thrills American youth. And saves Dad \$150 on upkeep alone.

Have you ever heard of a car like this? A car that is better in so many ways. Beautifully styled... with luxurious upholstery and fittings... with sensational pick-up, brilliant speed and better performance... and can "take it", too. And then to sell for only \$595!*

The big new Dodge Six laid its cards on the table and *won*. Yes, it won America on merit alone. It ended guesswork and gambling. It threw aside all mere claims and promises... And laid its cards on the table with the sensational "Show-Down" Plan. That cool, calculating plan that bared *all* the facts... exposed all the old fallacies. And stripped mechanical features of all their mystery... explained them in plain English that everyone could easily understand.

Daring? It may *seem* daring. But Dodge knew, if the people got the bare facts, the real facts... that Dodge sales would soar. And soar they did... actually doubled right across the nation in only a few weeks... as the "Show-Down" Plan made it possible for anyone to compare motor cars on a basis of actual merit and

The Big

PATENTED FLOATING POWER — 115" WHEELBASE

Women RAVE OVER ITS SMART LINES



The big, new Dodge "6" Sedan—\$675 f. o. b. factory, Detroit, special equipment extra

DODGE A WINNER AT \$595*

value! Everyone hailed it as a sporting action—a fair and square way to judge automobiles.

This rugged new Dodge Six is planned and built to save you money! All its modern, advanced engineering features have a direct bearing upon economical operation.

And in addition, Dodge offers you 7 definite points of economy. These features help to cut down gas, cut down oil, cut down running expense and upkeep cost in every way. Any Dodge dealer will be glad to give you all the details of the "Show-Down" Plan.

Saves You \$150 in Cash!

These economies will save you upwards of \$150 in actual cash! Plus what you save by the other money-saving features that are built-in to every Dodge at the factory!

And yet this big Dodge Six—for all its ruggedness; for all its smart style; for all its many thrifty features—can be bought for just a few dollars more than lowest priced cars.

See Your Dodge Dealer Today!

These are facts—not claims. Remember, you can test them—prove them—with the "Show-Down" Plan. Go to your Dodge Dealer today and see for yourself. You be the judge. Make your own comparison of various competing cars, entirely without obligation.

★ ★ ★

The big, new Dodge Six has 115-inch wheelbase. Patented Floating Power engine mountings. Improved free wheeling. Mono-Piece steel body. Double drop, X bridge type frame. Hydraulic brakes with Centrifuse drums. Shock-proof steering. Duplate safety plate glass windshield. Airwheel tires. Oilite springs with metal spring covers. All closed models wired for Dodge-Transitone radio



WHEN A CAR TIPS going 'round a corner it's top-heavy. Its so-called "center of gravity" is higher than it should be.



YOU CAN TAKE sharp curves safely in the Dodge Six ... its double-drop frame gives a low center of gravity.

NOW-GET THIS FREE "SHOW-DOWN" SCORE CARD

Ask your dealer for a copy of the free "Show-Down" score card. Take it home with you. Look it over. See the facts for yourself. It's fun to compare cars this new, easy way. And it may show you how to save money—get more for your money!



New DODGE "6"

* \$595 AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY, DETROIT



A time tested method of saving on Automobile and Compensation Insurance

IN all of the 180 years that mutual insurance has operated, there never was a time when it appealed more strongly to thoughtful buyers of insurance.

A reduction in cost where it can be done with safety, interests almost everybody these days.

Here is how mutual casualty companies have saved millions of dollars annually for policyholders. In the first place a mutual corporation has no stockholders. Policyholders, therefore, are the only group to benefit by successful operation. A legal reserve mutual company charges the same premium rate as other leading types of insurance carriers, but uses considerable care in selecting risks and works to help policyholders avoid unnecessary accidents. It is also a matter of record that



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mutual companies operate economically.

These aims and activities have reduced losses and expense, which has enabled mutual companies to return a substantial part of the premium to policyholders in dividends.

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Debs don't Realize

Continued from page 18

have an invitation. Just crawled under the tent."

"You simply had to see the spangled ladies and the funny, funny clowns?" she asked.

"I guess that's it," Bill told her. "You see, I've got a kid brother at New Haven who is on the invitation list they use to draft the stag lines, but he couldn't come tonight and so—"

"So here we are," she said. "I'm glad."

She smiled at him and Bill saw that her eyes were serious and frank and beautiful and friendly. She was beautiful and—darn it—when she looked at him like that his heart began to buzz and jiggle like a loose tube in a rented radio, and down inside of him a deep, bass, cave-man voice yelled: "Grab her! Grab her!" Then she turned her eyes off—and she must have known just when to do it—and Bill threw his stone axe down and came on back to 1933 and found it pretty melancholy.

She said, looking somewhat safer: "And the very least that you could do is say that you're glad too."

SURE, Bill thought, that's the very least that he could do. This girl was being nice to him, that's all, as she was no doubt nice to everyone. Sure; she expected him to cook a chocolate-coated conversation up to match the champagne and the music. And, instead, Bill found that he was saying: "I'm supposed to tell you that I'm glad I came and met you. Well, I'm not."

"N-not?"

"N-not," Bill said. "I thought it was a bright idea to dance with somebody, just once, to round out the evening and—"

"And it wasn't?"

"Certainly it wasn't," Bill said. "Look; there were about two hundred head of girls out there and I decided to dance with one of them. Now how do you suppose I picked on you?"

"I—I don't know," she said. "I bet you just went eeny-meeny."

"Don't be comic," Bill said. "I cut in on you because I looked them over with my big, sharp, piercing eyes and thought you were the most attractive girl here and I'm trying to be pretty mild about it. I expected just to dance a few steps with you and have someone break in and then go home. And then, the trouble was, for some weird reason you decided to be nice to me and so—"

"It—wasn't any trouble," she informed him.

"And so," Bill told her, "here we are. All right; and now what happens?"

"I don't know," she said.

"I do; I know exactly what; exactly nothing."

"I—I don't think I quite understand," she said.

Bill said: "Of course you understand. I mean I'm broke. I mean that débütantes are luxuries. I can't afford even to dance with you. I read an article somewhere that said a girl's first season in New York costs forty thousand dollars. Just to launch her! Why, they ought to break a bottle over you while lads like me stood way back in the crowd and cheered."

"I—I don't see why you can't come to parties just because—because—"

"Because I'm ruled out; that's the answer," Bill said. "And in just a minute now I'll shy off to Jersey where I belong. And I'll stay there after this."

"I don't see why," she said again. "I don't see why two people who—who seem to like each other can't be friends."

I don't see what money has to do with that, with being friends."

"Friends!" Bill said. "That's a swell idea. We'll be friends; goody, goody. Probably that's what I had in mind when I lunged up and cut in on you. Friendsy-wendys! You can send me post cards from Palm Beach and places: 'Dear Friend: Well, I got engaged again today.'"

She laughed and Bill said: "See? So that's why I'm not glad I came. I could have gone away and had a swell time being threadbare. Years and years from now I might have even practically forgotten you. And then you spoiled it all by being nice to me—I'll get these mugs filled up again unless you'd rather have me put you back in circulation."

"No," she said, "I'll wait."

She thought, when Bill had gone: "He's cute and funny and—I like him. But he hasn't any money, so he's going to shy off!"

She said, when Bill returned: "I guess you think it's pretty wrong: all this to introduce some silly girl to something silly called society."

"Oh, no, I don't," Bill told her. "It helps keep money in circulation. Look: this is your first season, isn't it? You've had a party like this or you'll have one. If your family can afford it, dandy!"

"And if they couldn't, they just wouldn't do it, would they?"

"I don't know," Bill said. "It seems that people do a lot for daughters. I know of one man who lost his money. He's got a daughter coming out this season, though, I read. Some social-crazy little mental-midget who just couldn't face life till they'd fed eight hundred people at the Grand. It cost me one swell job, too."

"Tell me," she instructed.

So it seemed Bill was an architect. He'd started with a New York firm which specialized in doing country houses. It was swell until the market got pneumonia. And after that? Well, then Bill left the New York firm and went out to Montclair where he had a little house and where there had, thus far, been no hue and cry for him.

"What's a hue?" she asked. "And what cry do you answer to?"

"To cries of Bill. Bill Thurston."

"And we're coming to the mental-midget pretty soon?"

YES, they were coming to her. Just about a year ago, a man who owned a piece of property in Montclair decided that he'd build his country house and then retire. Bill had got the job, a sixty-thousand-dollar job; design, purchase of materials and supervision of construction. It was sweet, all right. And then, when Bill was set to start, his client had informed him that they'd have to put it off. Indefinitely. Maybe some day—And then, last week, Bill read that this man's daughter was to be presented to society next month.

"So I guess that was the answer," Bill said. "Couldn't build his house because his dandy daughter had to have her début. I'd like to see her, just to say I'd seen a girl like that. She probably kept whining at the poor old coot for days until she got her way; until he'd spend his last cent just to keep her quiet. Nice girl."

"Maybe—" she began.

"No maybes about her," Bill said. "She's either just a selfish little bird-brain or she's out to marry money. Maybe the old boy is giving her a fling and praying that she'll marry money. Well, I hope she hurries up and does. Perhaps he'll build his house then and—look

here: If you should get a gross of sudden orchids followed up by fifteen frantic wires for a date, you'll know what's happened. Tell you what we'll do: I'll go and get just two more glasses of punch and then we'll drink to mercenary matrimony for the Carden girl and then—" Bill stopped and said: "I didn't mean to mention names; forget it, will you? Wait; I'll be right back."

When Bill came back, though, she was gone. A dark girl and a large red-headed youth were there and as Bill stood there with a champagne glass in each hand, foolishly, the dark girl giggled at him, audibly, and said: "A good two-fisted drinking man."

Somehow Bill knew, at once, that she would not be back. And after all, he told himself, just what did he expect? He'd cut in on a strange girl and monopolized an hour of her time; and time, to debutantes like that, was clamored for. And so she'd gone off to be nice to someone else and why in Pete's name shouldn't she? And what if she had waited for him, what then? Nothing. Just exactly nothing. Just another slice of chocolate-coated conversation till Ned Whittington or some other lad, who had a right to, came and got insistent. But she might have waited. Anyway she might have waited.

Bill thought: "Haul yourself together. What's the matter with you? Drink this stuff and go and get yourself another schooner and go home, you dope."

LATER, Bill was lingering at the entrance to the hotel, watching cars and taxis fill with furs and top hats.

Three gay couples came out and the smooth blond girl who hadn't waited for him was the gayest. She was with Ned Whittington and they all began to pile into a cab and Bill saw Ned say something to her and the other four got in and Ned called to them: "Guess we'll be exclusive. See you at Rinton's in fourteen minutes." "Sure," Bill thought. "Rinton's. Why not?"

Bill's driver took an eighty-cent route. When they got there Bill got out and gave him eighty cents and went in.

They were there already, Bill saw. They had joined some other people, there were six or seven couples. Ned and Bill's girl—certainly, his girl—were seated at the table's head. As Bill approached them Ned got up and said: "Listen, everybody, I'm about to make a speech. I've got to tell you all. I'm so darn' happy I can't quite believe it but—we seem to be engaged."

Bill heard him say that. Everybody at the table got up waving glasses. She got up too and Ned Whittington put his arm around her. There was lots of noise and some girl at the far end of the table yelled: "Why, Celia! Celia Carden! Why, you sly old darling thing!"

Bill heard that, too. He heard the words, all right. They meant that she was Celia Carden, but she couldn't be! She couldn't be the kind of girl that Celia Carden was! She was, though, she was Celia Carden; pretty soon she would be Celia Whittington and that proved it. Bill thought, "Well, that's that," and went home.

The next day, back in Montclair, Bill was pretty hopeful, even with a headache. He kept thinking all day long: "Well, pretty soon now I'll stop thinking of her." But he didn't. And the next day, bright and early, when he took a cautious look into his mind she was still there. Worse still, she seemed to have moved in and settled with an air of permanence.

If some kind friend had taken Bill aside at this point and had told him, kindly, what a fool he was, it would have done no good. Bill knew all that. He'd gripped himself by the lapel and backed

himself into a corner and he'd told himself: "Look here, that girl was Celia Carden. She's the daughter of the man who couldn't build a house because his daughter had to have a party. She's the kind of girl who sat right there and listened to you tell about it while she laughed inside. She's mean and mercenary; she is all the things you said she was; the kind of girl who could say: 'I don't give a darn about Ned Whittington's pulse,' and then, an hour later, get engaged to him. Is that clear, fool?"

Yes, it was clear, all right. But still he kept on thinking of her.

When Bill's phone rang and it was Mr. Carden, Bill was not surprised much. He kept saying: "Yes—yes—yes, that's fine—yes—one o'clock—yes, I'll be here all right—yes."

So he had got his job. Well, that would follow, naturally; no money worries in the Carden family now! Bill munched a cold pipe, thinking: "Well, you got your wish, all right. You drank a toast to matrimony for the Carden girl—so here you are! You've got your job, you'll get your money; ought to make ten thousand dollars. Probably you'll get another job, too. Probably the young Ned Whittingtons, when they're married pretty soon, will have you build a house for them. A house for Celia; Celia Carden Mercenary Whittington. So you'll have a lot of money, then; so cheer up, darn you."

Mr. Carden came at one o'clock. He was enthusiastic, beaming, and Bill had to get the blueprints out and listen to him while he beamed. The house was going to be fine, fine. Mr. Carden had forgotten how attractive and convenient this and that and those would be. A splendid house; fine.

Bill kept saying: "Yes—yes—yes, no reason why we can't break ground and start in grading this week—yes."

Bill thought: "You old coot. Pretty cocky now your dandy daughter's marrying Ned Whittington. Thirty million dollars in the family cheers you up some, doesn't it, you old coot? Daddy's little daughter put it over, didn't she? And so you're both alike and so I wish you luck and hope you choke."

Mr. Carden said: "You know my daughter never saw the plans; she was away at school last year. She wants to see them now, of course, and see the property and so we thought we'd make a week-end of it, stopping at the Inn. She should be here now."

Bill said: "Yes?" and thought: "And so I've got to stand that, have I—seeing her. All right; I'll stand it all right."

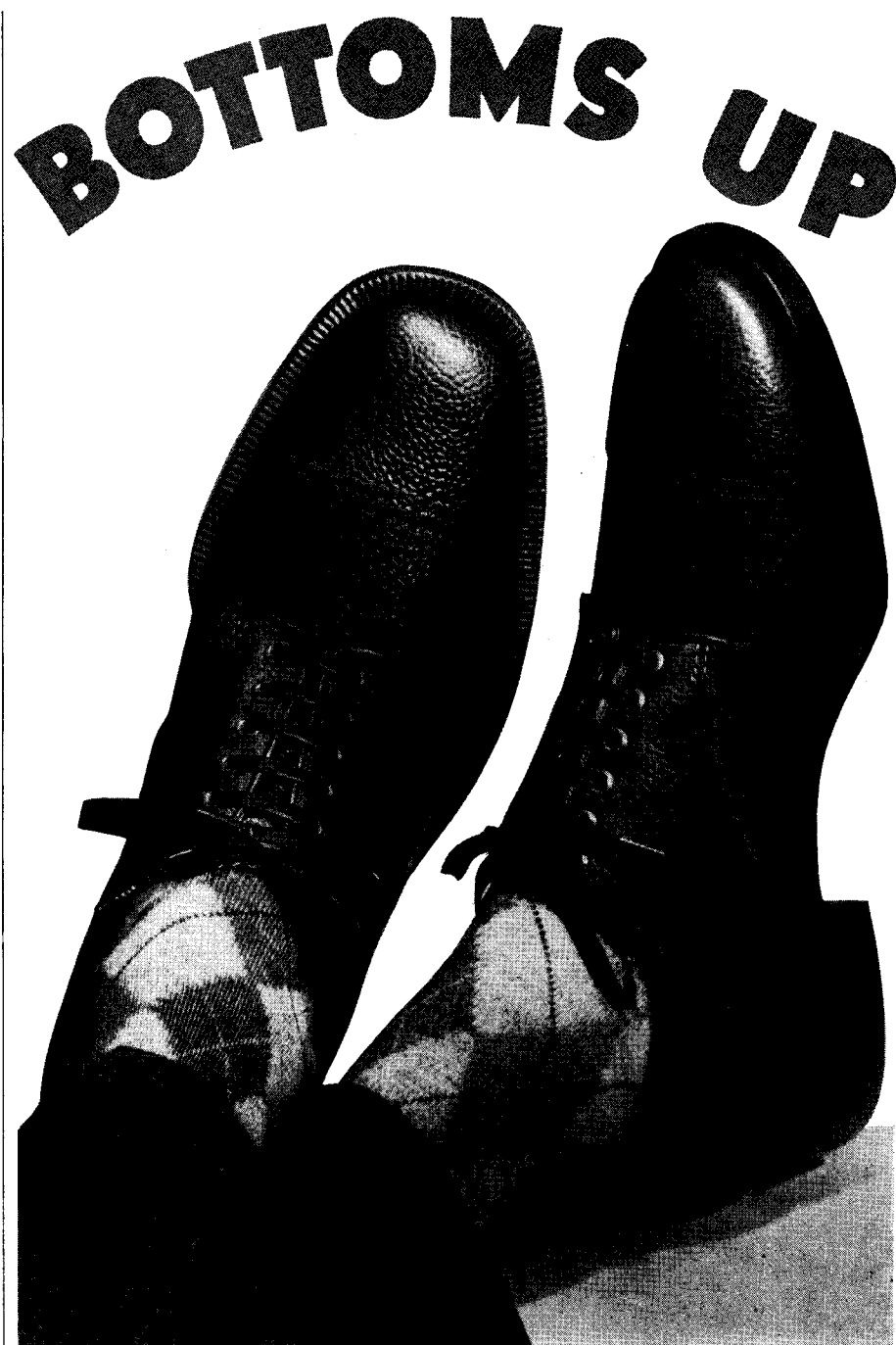
"She should be here now," Mr. Carden said again. "She just drove over to the club with young Ned Whittington. You know he has a bachelor shack out here."

Bill thought: "Now won't that be sweet, seeing them together? Well, I'll stand that, too."

THEY didn't come, though, and at two o'clock Mr. Carden decided that they must have misunderstood the plans and gone back to the Inn. He left to find them, telling Bill he would be back and Bill, alone, bent to his blueprints. He remembered how he'd sat up nights to think that house out, how he'd worked and worried with it and looked forward to its being built. Now—

Now, Bill knew, it would be pretty tough. Celia and her father probably would spend a lot of time in Montclair while the house was being built. He'd have to see her and be with her; listen to her voice and hear her laugh. He'd have to watch her with Ned Whittington and—it would be tough. Bill wouldn't have believed that you could actually and in real life feel about a girl so it would make you feel as sunk

(Continued on page 37)



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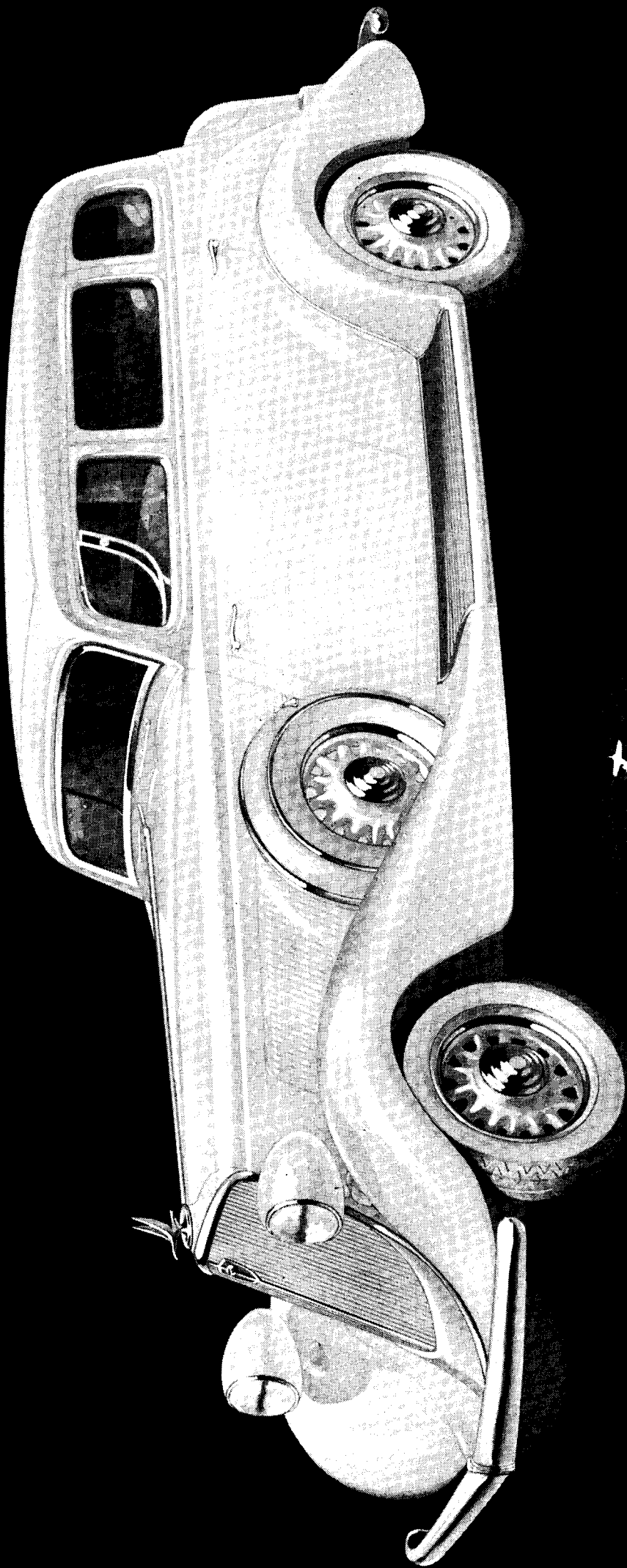
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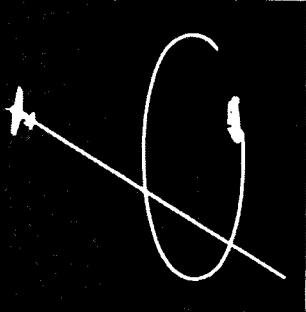
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Debs don't Realize

Continued from page 35

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as this. The trouble was the whole thing was so unexpected and so sudden and involved; so mixed up that you thought around in circles. You go to a dance and meet a girl; you get upset about her and she seems to like you but you know you can't do anything about it because you're broke. You wouldn't be broke if a certain debutante would marry money, though. And so the girl you hope will marry money gets engaged to thirty million dollars and turns out to be the girl you hoped to get engaged to if the girl who married money—

Bill thought: "Good Lord, stop it! Stop it!"

SOMEONE knocked and Bill called, "Come in." It was Celia. Celia had on furs and some kind of a tipsy trick hat but she had the same eyes with her and she used them, smiling at him, and said: "Hi."

And suddenly Bill hated her.

She said: "I'm Celia Carden and you didn't dream it, did you? Isn't Father here?"

"He's gone back to the Inn," Bill said.

"But he'll be back?"

"He said so," Bill said.

"Then I guess I'll wait." She paused and then said, "I suppose I could wait standing up if it's the custom."

"Sit down," Bill said.

She sat down, smiling brightly at him, and Bill hated her some more.

"You've got that 'undergoing-something-awful' look again," she presently observed, "and you're not dancing, now."

"That's right," Bill said, "I'm not."

"You should be, though," she stated.

"Now you've got your job you should be bounding up and down and saying goody, goody."

"Should I?" Bill asked. "All right—goody, goody. I guess I'm supposed to thank you, too. All right then, thanks."

She said, uncertainly: "I waited for the orchids and the—wires for a date."

Bill said: "Yes?" Then he looked at her and said, deliberately, "What about a date tonight?"

"Well," she said, "you ought to beg and plead a little—" Something in Bill's eyes made her pause. Bill thought: "So that's it. So you're that type, too. You don't know I know that you're engaged, and so you'd play around a little. So you're that type, too."

Celia said, a little breathlessly: "But

you don't seem to like me. You—you liked me at the dance."

Her lips, Bill saw, were quivering as if she meant it. Meant it! Girls like that went through life acting, faking, getting little ten-cent thrills by making fools of fools. "You liked me at the dance." She'd say a thing like that and look pathetic and forlorn and you'd believe she cared, to look at her. Bill laughed. Well, she had made a fool of him, too—but she'd never know it.

Bill said, slowly and distinctly: "And I thought the younger generation was sophisticated! Liked you at the dance? Of course I did. But, good Lord, honey, don't tell me you actually grabbed that line I threw you."

She said: "Oh!" Bill laughed again. He couldn't look at her while he was doing it and it was not a very pleasant sound. She said: "I guess I won't wait any longer."

Then she was gone and—Bill thought—it was quite unlikely that she'd be back—ever. That was something. And he wouldn't have to think about her any more and that was something too. Or was it? Anyway—

Mr. Carden came in. He was beaming still and said: "They told me that my daughter had come over here."

"She did," Bill said. "She didn't wait, though."

"And she didn't want to see the plans?"

"She didn't mention them," Bill said.

"Now that's strange. Why, this morning she could hardly wait about them, she was so enthusiastic." Mr. Carden paused, then said reflectively: "You'd met my daughter, hadn't you? At some dance?"

Bill said: "Yes, I had the pleasure. Shall we go out to the property?"

Mr. Carden looked at Bill and said: "H'm. H'm. Well—girls are extraordinary little creatures, aren't they? One moment they're enthusiastic about—things—and then, the next, they're unaccountable. So she didn't wait. Well—"

"I guess engaged girls are more unaccountable than the rest," Bill said.

"Engaged? But—"

Bill said: "I happened to be at Rinton's the night it happened. Perhaps congratulations aren't in order till it's been announced."

Mr. Carden said: "It was slightly too brief for announcements."

Bill's head snapped back and sudden—

(Continued on page 38)



"See, Gussie! Where'd it get you gettin' mad at me an' stompin' your foot?"

Frank Owen

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THEIR SPORT**



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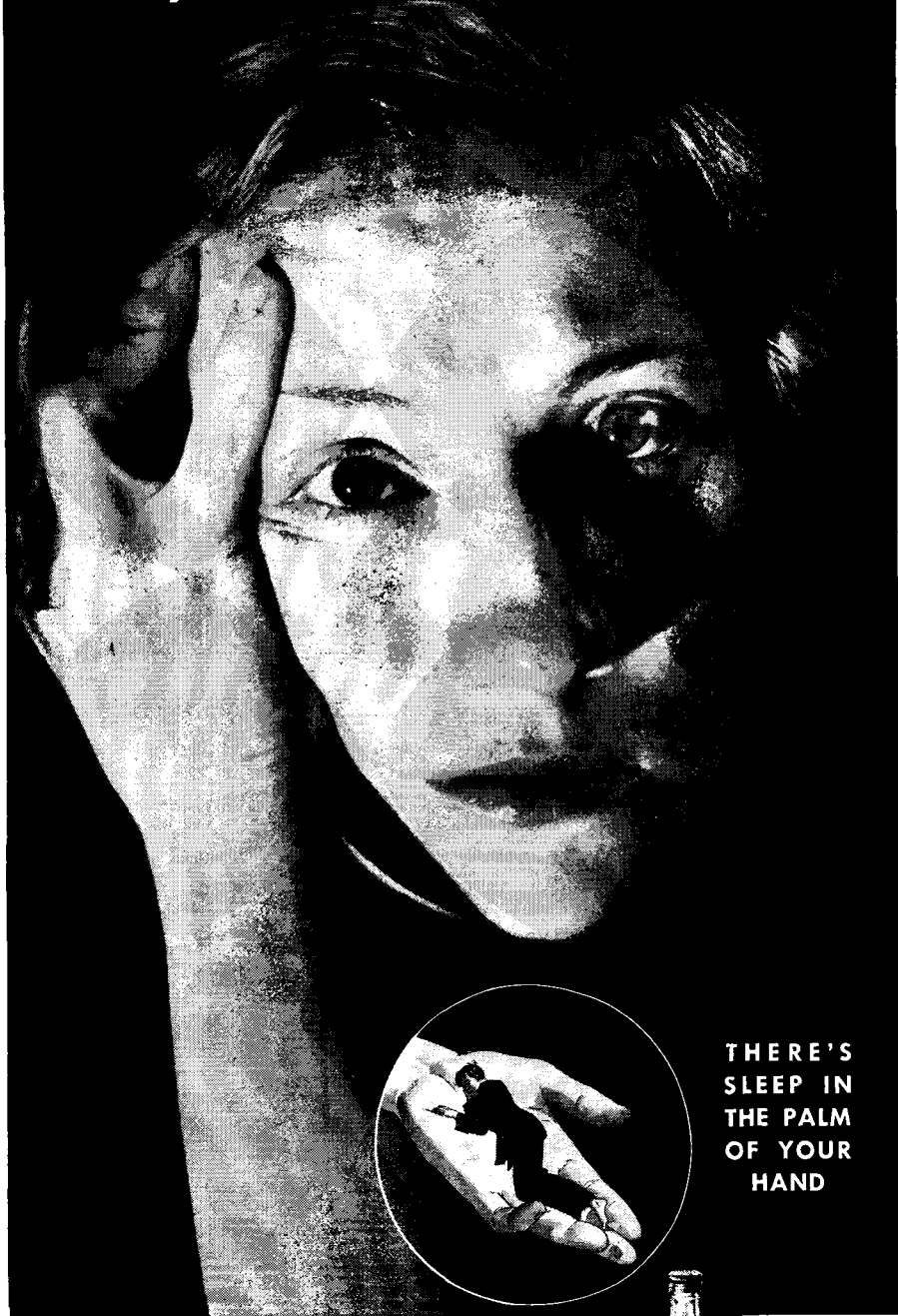


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(Continued from page 37)

ly he came awake. "What!—What!" he said.

"Too brief," repeated Mr. Carden. "In fact, that transitory troth just lasted till she got home and began to tell me how she was so very happy—and then cried about it." Mr. Carden lighted a cigar and scrutinized it while he said: "It seems some young fool—" here he paused and looked at Bill—"some young fool gave my daughter the dramatic notion that she had to sacrifice herself to save the family fortunes."

MR. CARDEN waited for a comment but Bill only gulped.

"I had thought the Carden finances were being fairly adequately managed," said Mr. Carden, "but it seems not. No, it seems that she was quite reliably informed that I was spending my last dime, heroically, to give my grasping, selfish daughter—there were tears—her début. It was quite exhausting to convince her that a loveless marriage wasn't necessary to preserve her poor old father from a bankrupt's swift conclusion and, in fact—" here Mr. Carden paused again to look at Bill quite steadily—"that I would much prefer she didn't marry anyone for any reason. So we reached a compromise—I guess it was a compromise—and she insisted that she must give up her début with the understanding that I build my house. I didn't want to build this house just now, young man, but Celia seemed to think she had some obscure reason why it was essential, so—"

Mr. Carden looked for Bill and Bill was disappearing through the door. He called "Hey!" but Bill didn't answer. Mr. Carden said, aloud: "H'm! Well, I thought so." And perhaps he sighed.

It was five miles from Bill's office to the Inn as crows fly urgently, but as Bill flew it was just six minutes, counting curves. Bill's brakes screamed in

the driveway of the Inn; he fell up steep, unnecessary steps to reach the porch; he burst in, panting slightly, and he found her in the quiet lounge. There was a nice old lady there—there usually is—engaged in tatting, but Bill glared at her and looked so wild and undependable that she dropped a stitch and fled.

Bill pointed a long arm at Celia and announced: "You're not engaged!"

She said: "N-no. But how—?"

Bill said: "I followed you that night. I tracked you to Rinton's. I heard you get engaged. I thought you were that type. I hated you."

"Oh," Celia said. "Oh. That's why you were so—so d-d-doggone mean."

Bill's voice rose to a roar of triumph: "And you're not engaged at all! Your father told me so!" He waved his arms a little wildly as the truth of this exploded in his mind afresh. "You're not engaged!" He tried to say some more but there were no words for the way he felt. He tried to look at her and all he saw was rainbows set to music. There are some things you can only wave your arms about.

And Celia said: "I g-g-g-uess I w-w-won't—won't ever get engaged if—if all you do is st-st-stand way over there and w-w-ave your arms around and y-y-yell at me."

And then Bill finally got his feet in motion.

Probably a long or short time later—no one seemed to know or care—the bleating of a motor horn began to penetrate. Bill looked out of the window and then back at the smooth blond head against his shoulder.

"Tooting at you, darling," Bill said.

"I don't care."

"It's Ned Whittington," Bill said. "Thirty million dollars, tooting at you. Probably he's been doing it for hours." Celia looked up dreamily. "You'd think he could afford a louder horn," she said.

The Man without Nerves

(Continued from page 15)

why the great Sir Julian Bott should have come at all to this corner of the country?"

"Oh, they have found out about that," he told her. "Sir Julian, it seems, was dining with Lord Milhaven, who lives at Sandywayes Court, the other side of the railway line. He went home in a hired car, as the ignition of his car went wrong."

"What about the chauffeur of the hired car?"

"They can't find him. They can't find out what garage he came from. Sir Julian seems to have telephoned himself. They are bound to find him before long, however. Every garage is being questioned and there is a radio inquiry out tonight."

"Is there any road back to London from here?" she asked.

"No direct way. It seems that Sir Julian, however, was a member of the Paradise Golf Club and had a key to their private road. It's quite a reasonable thing that he may have tried to reach the main road to London from up here."

"When is the inquest?"

"Tomorrow morning. But it will only be a formal affair. The police are asking for an adjournment."

"Why?"

"Because neither the chauffeur who drove Sir Julian nor the weapon has been found."

There was a brief silence. Suddenly Anthony rose to his feet. That short period of deceptive lights had scarcely passed, but he felt almost convinced

that he saw someone moving in the shelter of the trees.

"If you will excuse me for a moment, Madame de Sayal," he begged. "I believe that there is someone there trying to listen to our conversation."

She turned her head indifferently. Anthony strode off toward the suspected spot. Almost as he did so a figure emerged and came toward them. It was Tyssen, in his shabby gray trousers and dark blazer. He was wearing rubber-soled shoes and he had a generally furtive appearance.

"HELLO, Sarson," he observed uneasily. "I thought that was you. I wish you would introduce me to Madame de Sayal. I was just wondering whether I dare stop and ask her one or two questions."

"I do not think she would care to know you," Anthony replied promptly, "and I cannot see what the mischief you are doing skulking behind those trees."

"My dear fellow, don't use such unpleasant expressions," Tyssen enjoined, all the time edging his way a little nearer to the spot where Madame de Sayal was seated. "I was just following out a few speculations of my own. I was wondering, to tell you the truth, how far a man, after he had fired a bullet into his own heart, could throw the weapon with which he did it. afterward. I don't fancy he could have reached very far."

"I am not interested in your speculations," Anthony said shortly. "If you

cannot take a hint, Tyssen, I will speak plainly. Get out of here. I am sure Madame de Sayal does not want to talk to you."

"Who is this strange person?" the lady interposed.

Tyssen eagerly availed himself of the opportunity.

"Madame," he said, "my name is Tyssen. I am exceedingly glad to make your acquaintance. Mr. Sarson is very much down upon me lately because of my interest in local affairs. I believe that you would understand the situation much better."

"What situation are you talking about?" she asked, having firmly refused to notice the young man's outstretched hand.

"Why, it's like this," Tyssen explained. "I'm a sort of a writer. I have had one or two stories accepted for detective magazines and I am at work now upon a much more ambitious effort. I am writing a mystery story with a murder in it. Drama such as last night's is just what I want."

Madame de Sayal turned to Anthony.

"Please tell this man to go away. I think he is very rude and impertinent to come wandering around in this fashion."

"Do you hear that, Tyssen?" Sarson said firmly. "Be off at once. I don't know where you were brought up, but you ought to know better than to come and butt in upon strangers like this. Down the hill, if you please."

Tyssen sighed.

"I think you folks might be a little more sympathetic to a man with a hobby," he grumbled. "However, I don't wish to intrude. I daresay I shall know more about the facts than you will by the end of the week."

He shambled off. Madame de Sayal's eyes followed him for a short distance.

"What a terrible person," she remarked.

"MR. TYSSSEN."

"Miss Sarson?"

"Do you know you are earning the reputation in this neighborhood of being an exceedingly mysterious person?"

He paused in the act of rolling his cigarette and turned toward her. There was a somewhat indefinite smile upon his lips.

"Why?"

Pauline hesitated for a moment. They were seated in lounge chairs under the cedar tree and Pauline had been wondering just how angry Anthony would be when he came down from the hill and found her companion there.

"Well, for one thing," she said, "those four or five approaches you played in the darkness on the Paradise golf links the other evening!"

"You two are the only people who know anything about them," he remarked.

"Well, they have made you a mystery to Anthony, at any rate," she went on. "He declares that he has seen all the best golfers in the world, that he has never seen one get so far with a light iron as you and never seen a man, except Bobby Jones, who could make the ball break back on the green as you did. He doesn't believe that you are an unknown golfer, and he doesn't believe that your name is Tyssen!"

"Does he suggest any reason," the young man asked, "why I should be masquerading here under a false name?"

"None at all," she replied. "He is curious. So am I."

"I can't say I'm sorry to hear that," he declared cheerfully.

"Why?"

"I'd like you to be interested in me anyhow. I'd like you to be as interested in me as I am in you."

"Perhaps I should be," she said soft-

ly, "if only you would take me into your confidence, Mr. Tyssen. Tell me all about yourself."

"There is nothing interesting to tell," he assured her.

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

Mr. Timothy Sarson, very large and picturesque-looking in his soft-fronted evening shirt and drooping tie, stood on the threshold of the French windows, momentarily blotting out the lamplight.

"Anthony back yet, Pauline?" he inquired.

"Not yet, Father."

The latter looked with secret disapproval at the young man by his daughter's side. He had no fancy for the youth of the period who did not trouble to change their attire in the evening. On the other hand, the young man's swift rising to his feet was a mark in his favor.

"WHY don't you ask Mr. Tyssen to have a whisky-and-soda, Pauline?" he suggested.

"I am a bad hostess," she confessed.

"Won't you help yourself, Mr. Tyssen? You'll find everything on the sideboard."

"Thank you very much."

Mr. Timothy Sarson stood on one side to make room for the young man. He led him to the sideboard and himself poured out the whisky with a generous hand.

"Pre-war. It won't hurt you," he said. "Soda water at your elbow. Seen anything of Anthony this evening?"

"I left him only a short time ago."

"Was he up at the Wilderness?"

"Yes, sir. He was calling on Madame de Sayal."

Mr. Sarson frowned.

"I wish to goodness he'd keep away from that woman," he exclaimed irritably. "There's gossip enough as it is. Were you there too, then?"

"I looked in," Tyssen admitted.

"Another of the 'beautiful lady's' victims?"

"Not I," was the emphatic reply. "I was there to see if I could pick up any information about last night."

"Well, I wish to goodness you'd tell Anthony what a damned silly thing he's doing hanging about after that woman. He's out all night the night of the murder, and comes back with an idiotic story which I'll swear our friend Inspector Penny doesn't believe, for one. That fellow Julian Bott is found shot within a few yards of the woman's house and yet Anthony must go up there again, spending the evening with her. The lad's crazy!"

"It seems injudicious," Tyssen observed. "On the other hand, it wouldn't be easy for anyone who knows Anthony to believe that he had anything to do with it."

"There's no sentiment about these damned policemen," Mr. Sarson pointed out. "I know for a fact that Penny is having Anthony watched. The last place he ought to go near is the bungalow."

"So long as there is no direct evidence," Tyssen said reassuringly, "I don't suppose that it matters very much."

The young man edged away toward the open window and Mr. Sarson picked up his "Times." Pauline welcomed her visitor back. She was a very attractive-looking young woman lying back in her cool white frock in the moonlight.

"Father's worried, isn't he?" she asked, as he resumed his seat.

"Seems so," he admitted. "I don't think myself it's very wise of your brother to be up there. Madame de Sayal is bound to be a suspected person for a short time."

"Is there any mystery about her

(Continued on page 40)



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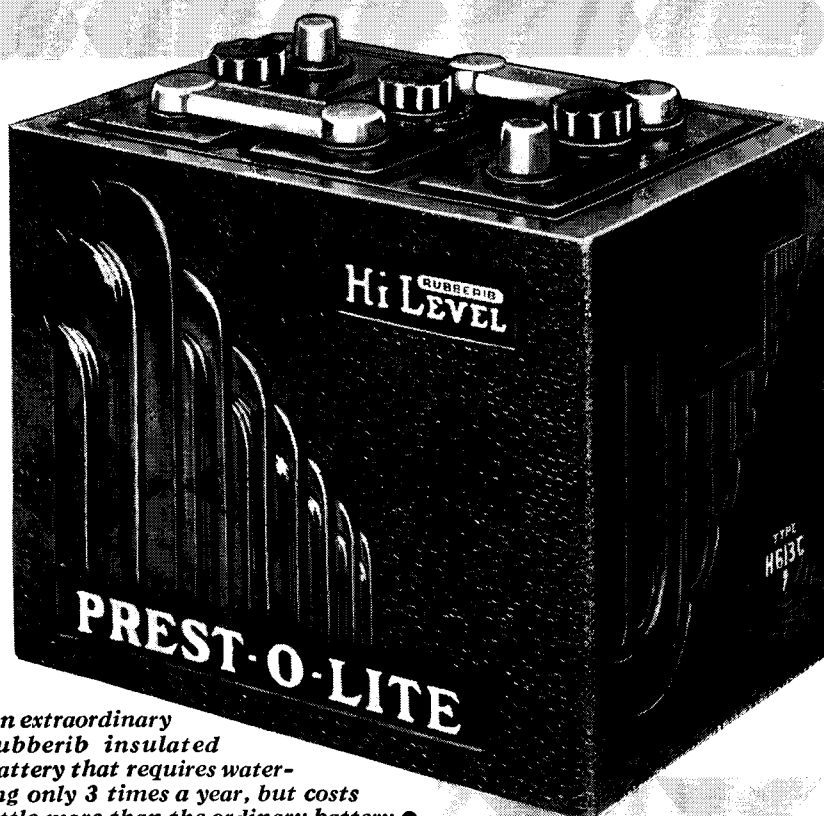
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After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
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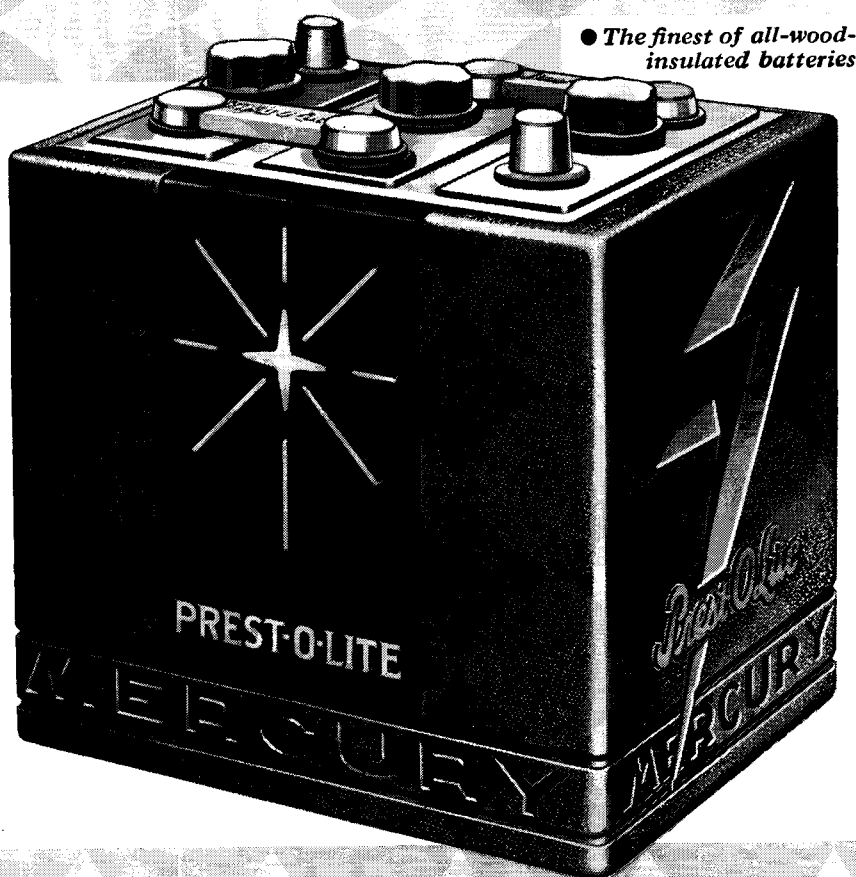
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(Continued from page 39)

really, I wonder?" Pauline speculated. "She has a foreign name and a foreign title," her companion observed. "They fit in well for my story!"

"When are you going to read me some of it?" she asked.

"Not until I get it into better shape than it is at present," he replied. "I'm beginning to see my way through. When I've found the proper ending—yes. I promise you shall be the second to hear it."

"Why not the first?" she pouted.

His lips parted in a quaint smile.

"The first has been promised for some time," he confided. "It is a different sort of affair, that, altogether."

"How thrilling! Will there be any real persons in it?"

"Most of them," he replied. "I am taking my characters from life."

They heard Anthony's swinging footsteps coming up the drive. He came nearer and recognized Tyssen with a scowl. Pauline intervened quickly.

"Tony," she suggested, "why don't you speak to Mr. Tyssen now about the golf match?"

Anthony paused and strolled toward them.

"What about turning out for the Paradise Golf Club against the 'Society,' Tyssen?" he asked. "I have been speaking to Lord Milhaven about it and he is quite willing to make you a temporary member, and so is the committee. Of course, if you should happen to do well for us and you should care to accept it, I am sure that you could have a permanent membership afterward."

"Thank you very much," was the somewhat vague reply. "I am not playing golf this season."

Anthony frowned.

"If you are spending the summer here," he said, "would it not be just as well to give us neighbors a leg up? After all, the Paradise Golf Club may be a terribly snobbish affair but most of the best players in England are members and it is a gorgeous course."

"I am sorry," Tyssen regretted, "but I just don't want to play golf this season, and that's all there is about it."

Anthony turned on his heel. He was not in the best of humors.

"Well, I call it very unsporting," he declared.

PAULINE'S own annoyance vanished as she realized her companion's distress.

"You're not angry with me, too, Miss Sarson?" the latter asked humbly.

"Well, in a way, if Anthony's right and you really are a golfer I don't think it's very kind of you," she said. "The Paradise Golf Club has a most imposing list of members, but nearly all the strong players are away this season."

"When did your brother say the match was?"

"Thursday week."

Tyssen passed one hand through his untidy mop of hair. Then he commenced rapidly to roll a cigarette.

"Which do they play first—the four-balls or the singles?"

She turned her head and looked at him wonderingly.

"I've no idea. I only know that for some reason or other both rounds are played after lunch. What difference does it make?"

He evaded the question. It struck Pauline that he was looking extraordinarily uncomfortable.

"Really," she continued, "you are becoming more of a mystery than ever. Why all this fuss about a simple golf match?"

"Because I'm a silly idiot," he answered. "If your brother still wants me to—"

"It is I who want you to now," she interrupted, smiling at him.

"All right," he consented. "I'll play. I think I'd do pretty well anything you asked me," he added.

She laughed as she rose to her feet. For a moment she took his arm and she was startled to see the transformation in him. He seemed suddenly to become a person of more dignity. She forgot his shabby clothes and irritating mannerisms. With the metamorphosis came a larger measure of caution on her part.

"I must go in now," she said quietly. "Good night. I'm glad you're playing."

Anthony, entering the house, had avoided a meeting with his father. He was filled with a sudden desire to examine once more the revolver which he had hidden away. He mounted the stairs and entered his dressing-room. He stood there listening to be sure there was no one around. Then he secured the door and, with a key which he drew from his pocket, unlocked the drawer where he had left the revolver. He lifted the little pile of shirts under which he had placed it. Then the shock came! He could have sworn to the exact spot where he had left the gun. There was no sign of it anywhere.

He flung the shirts out onto the floor, emptied the whole contents of the drawer. It took him scarcely a minute to realize the bald, horrible truth. Someone had been there before him! The revolver was gone!

MR. HUITT'S presence in the "Club Car" at Sandyways station on the following morning excited some surprise among his fellow passengers.

"Hello, Huitt!" Roland Martin exclaimed. "What are you doing here? I thought the inquest was this morning."

The bank manager explained the matter in his usual precise fashion.

"The inquest is purely a formal affair," he confided. "I was subpoenaed, but as Lord Milhaven has also identified the body the coroner has been good enough to excuse me. Lord Milhaven's identification is amply sufficient and no other evidence is to be called. The police are asking for an adjournment for a week."

"Why do they want an adjournment?" Mr. Cresset demanded, his nervous fingers playing with his gray mustache. "It all seems simple enough."

"Shows you haven't been much interested if you think that," Roland Martin declared. "I understand that as yet they haven't even traced the hired motor-car or the chauffeur whom Sir Julian rang up for. That leaves them without the slightest evidence as to how he came to be in the Wilderness at all. I haven't heard that the weapon's been discovered either, and I should think that when they go thoroughly into the matter they will have to call Madame de Sayal."

"Madame de Sayal," Timothy Sarson pointed out, "declares that she heard neither the car nor the sound of a shot. Seems odd when you think how near the whole affair was to the bungalow. I should say that they'd certainly have to call her."

"Then they have no evidence yet as to the state of his mind and how he stood financially," Martin proceeded. "If I were one of the jury I should want to know from his host, Lord Milhaven, and our friend Huitt here how he behaved at dinner-time, and I should certainly want some evidence as to the state of his affairs. Suicide may not be the popular theory, but it has to be taken into account. What is your opinion, Mr. Huitt, as to the financial position of Julian Bott's various companies?"

"I make it a rule," the bank manager replied, "not to form opinions unless I have absolute facts to go on. Even then

I generally keep them to myself unless it's a matter of advising a client. Still, I think we can all go so far as to say that there will be a very uneasy market today. A great financier like Bott, practically in the prime of life, cannot disappear suddenly from the head of his affairs without leaving a repercussion behind."

"A man usually has pretty grave reasons for committing suicide," Timothy Sarson observed.

"I don't want to be a sensationalist," Roland Martin declared, "but I don't believe it was suicide at all. I believe that Sir Julian Bott was murdered."

The thrill of the word had its usual mysterious effect. Everyone looked toward the speaker.

"First of all," Martin argued, "the police have abandoned all search for the weapon—in the immediate locality at any rate. No one can shoot himself through the heart and swallow the weapon. Then, what on earth was he doing up in the Wilderness? It's ridiculous to suppose that he didn't go there of his own free will. There must have been plenty of people about in the Wilderness when he was driven through. I should suggest that he was a friend of Madame de Sayal's and that he was shot on his way to call upon her."

"WHAT do you think, Huitt?" Timothy Sarson asked anxiously.

"I think," the bank manager pronounced, "that such matters are very much better not discussed until the police have had an opportunity of completing their inquiries."

"That's all very well academically, but one can't help discussing this particular one," Mr. Cresset objected. "If it was a case of murder, as you believe, then there's nothing for us holders of Julian Bott's stock to worry about. If it was suicide, we may be face to face with something sensational in the way of crashes. As a bank manager, Huitt, you must know what this means to your clients—after all we have been through, too."

"You were actually at the dinner the other night, weren't you, Huitt?" Roland Martin inquired.

"Lord Milhaven was kind enough to invite me," was the modest reply. "I fancy that they were anxious to have the opinion of a person in my position as regards the marketing of a great amalgamation scheme which Sir Julian had on hand. They said 'opinion,'" Mr. Huitt continued, with a thin smile at the corners of his lips, "but I think I know what they meant. They wanted to influence the investing public through men in my position who are naturally being consulted all the time."

"In plain words," Martin asked, "what do you think of the Julian Bott stock, the Windsor Trust and all the rest of it?"

"If you really want any information," Huitt replied stiffly, "drop in at the bank any time you like, Mr. Martin."

"I must say I rather approve of Huitt's point of view," Mr. Cresset intervened. "There is too much gabble in public places all the time about this sort of thing."

"Let's drop it—for the morning at any rate," Timothy Sarson suggested. "Tell us what port his lordship gave you. He's got some '87 that he bought from me that must want drinking and some '84 that would be getting a little thin."

"He did us better than that," Huitt confided. "He gave us Dow's 1870."

There was an almost reverent expression on Timothy Sarson's face.

"You were lucky fellows," he declared. "That came to him with the house. His grandfather must have laid that down."

Mr. Cresset, who cared nothing about wine, broke into the conversation.

"I say, what do you fellows think about this man who's been sent down from Scotland Yard—Inspector Penny?" he asked.

"I have had no opportunity of judging the man's capacity," Mr. Huitt observed.

"I should think he's sound," Timothy Sarson remarked. "I happen to know he's convinced it's a case of suicide."

"I hear he was up at Madame de Sayal's putting her through it," Roland Martin announced.

Timothy Sarson shook open his paper.

"Well," he said with an air of finality, "Julian Bott's death is an affair which we can consider outside our own orbit, even though it happened so close at hand. He didn't belong to our little circle and he was practically a stranger to all of us. It was simply coming so soon after poor Jesson's affair that gave us a bit of a shock. Now I hope we've finished, and that we are going back to our quiet days. I used to think sometimes coming down from town that we were fortunate enough to live in one of the quietest and most retired spots on God's earth. Just lately everything seems wrong. You can read about suicides in the newspapers all right and sometimes almost enjoy a good murder, but I'm damned if I like the shadow of crime on my own doorstep."

Mr. Huitt nodded approval.

"Your sentiments, Sarson, are entirely mine," he pronounced. "That is why I like to keep silent so far as possible when these distressing matters are referred to. I must confess that I have no taste for horrors. I like our quiet lives at the Oasis, our tennis during the summer evenings and on Saturday afternoons, our gardens and an occasional friendly chat with a neighbor. It is my idea of a complete existence for a man whose working hours are spent in the city. I agree with Mr. Sarson. I hope the fates will now leave us undisturbed. Before I take up my paper again," Mr. Huitt concluded, after a momentary pause, "it occurs to me that I may have seemed a little churlish in refusing to give advice upon a matter concerning which I naturally have special information. I will not enter into details but I may say this: I am a strong opponent of one-man finance. I do not believe in a whole string of companies and a trust being under the dictatorship, as it were, of one man. The opportunities for what I should call bogus finance are too pronounced. You will observe that I am avoiding answering direct queries as to Sir Julian's financial position. My opinion, however, as to the conditions under which he worked is at your service."

"Damn' well expressed, too," Mr. Timothy Sarson declared. "We've had heaps of examples in the past of a man trying to carry too much on his own shoulders. If there's any market I'm going to sell the few Windsor Trust shares I own."

ROLAND MARTIN laid down his newspaper and glanced out of the window. There was no denying the fact that they were being badly jolted. Apparently the brakes had been put on suddenly and the train came to a standstill in a station the name of which was almost unknown to them. Martin let down the window.

"Hellsby Halt," he exclaimed.

"I know where it is," Mr. Sarson observed, "but I never knew a train to stop here before."

A funny little station master came running officiously down the platform. He arrived outside the "Club Car."

"Any gentleman here of the name of Mr. Timothy Sarson?" he demanded.

(To be continued next week)

Grandpa's Smile



"Wal," Grandpa said, "I'll let you know,

"My health to Quaker Oats I owe.

"Upon my face came long ago

"The Smile that won't come off."

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We roast these selected oats whole. This gives even richer flavor. Then further enrich them with modern ultra violet rays. So Quaker gives you an added food value not found in other oatmeals.

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To make the richest breakfast now the quickest, we make Quick Quaker Oats. They cook done in less time than it takes to make toast or coffee. Yet give the same supreme flavor.

Quaker brings you all this wealth of flavor and nourishment. Yet costs less than half a cent a dish. In a food so important to you and yours, be sure to get the best.

QUICK QUAKER OATS

★Quaker Oats is purer, richer, better, because of the exclusive Quaker process which includes:

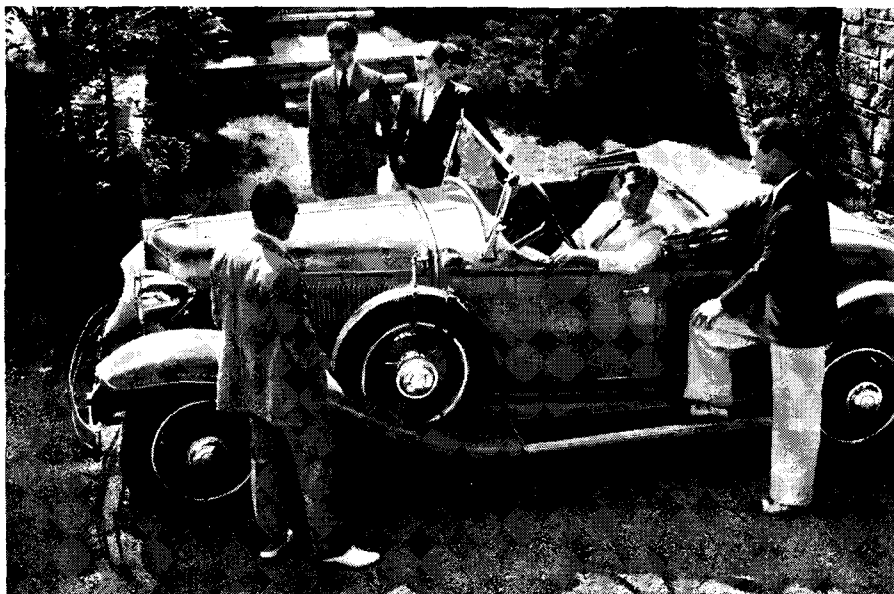
- 1—The use of choicest oats.
- 2—Better flavor due to 10 different roastings.
- 3—Purity—untouched by human hands during making.
- 4—Further enrichment by the use of modern ultra violet rays.

U. S. Patent No. 1,680,818.

"... car looks better than when it left the showroom!"



TED BLACK, famous Radio Orchestra leader, writes his first fan letter to tell his experience with this amazing new wax method for restoring and preserving car beauty.



"Although I have received thousands of 'fan' letters, I have never thought about writing one until right now.

"The other day I started out for some golf, but a sudden storm stranded me in my garage. I thought that here was a good chance to try the new Johnson's cleaning and polishing outfit I had recently bought, so I went to work on the car myself.

"I thought that the car, a 1932 CHRYSLER Roadster would be difficult on account of its color. It is a tan and brown. But it was surprisingly easy. The car looks better than it did when it left the showroom. Maybe it's because I'm proud of my work. I guess this letter will let you know how much I like your polish, and you may be sure that I will recommend it to all my friends."

Free Polishing Cloth. Your dealer has a special introductory offer—both cleaner and wax for \$1.10, with bolt of polishing cloth free. The Wax costs 35c a can, the cleaner 75c a can. See your dealer today—or mail coupon.

Try this wax method on your car! Free polishing cloth



1 When car is washed and dry, apply the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner with a soft cloth. Cleaner is a liquid, works on entirely different principle. Easy to apply, dries to a white powder, quickly removed with a cloth—taking away all dirt and dullness without scratching the surface one particle. Actually restores beauty you thought was gone forever.

2 Next, apply the new Johnson's Auto Wax. It is this remarkable wax polish that protects finish from ultra-violet sun rays, weather, dirt. Rain slides off, dirt cannot get through the wax coat. Ideal for new and old cars.

This new wax takes 1/2 usual waxing time. So easy you'll gladly do the job yourself. It is soft in the can for easy application, yet it gives the hardest wax coat for maximum protection. Saves many car washings—adds \$50 to \$200 to trade-in value.



JOHNSON'S AMAZING NEW WAX METHOD

• S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Inc., Dept. C-10, Racine, Wisconsin. Please send me a generous trial can of both the new Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage and packing charges.

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The Parrador Bonds

Continued from page 9

asked the owner of the house and the Parrador Bonds. "I do not know your names. My own is Parrador, and this is my friend, Mrs. Nixon."

"My name," said Tom, "is Plant. The name of my partner in the Seventh Circle is Miss Ilsley."

"Tell," said Miss Parrador succinctly. "It is impossible to discuss these matters with the uninitiated," said Tom. "First must come the Urgent Request; then may be granted the Enlightening Permission. All I am permitted to say is that we are seekers."

"It would not be a stratagem to gain admission to Miss Parrador's house?" suggested Mrs. Nixon with the utmost amiability.

"To what end?" asked Tom. "Miss Parrador is unapproachable; she is preoccupied; she is a very wealthy woman."

Tom nodded to Margaret. "We bid you good day," he said gravely.

"Now, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Nixon. "Come, come! Mustn't go off in a huff."

"Mrs. Nixon is merely solicitous on my behalf," said Miss Parrador in the same odd, flat voice. "I hope you will remain."

"Unlike Mrs. Nixon," said Tom gravely, "we are solicitous for all mankind. We will remain, but hidden things must not be touched upon."

"Will you direct luncheon to be served here?" Miss Parrador asked of her companion.

FORTY-FIVE minutes later Margaret Ilsley and Tom Plant rushed into Mr. Cottingham Bedd's library.

"Well, well!" exclaimed that pink and rotund old gentleman briskly.

"She asked us in. We lunched with her!"

"And?" asked Mr. Bedd. "There's a shenanigan," said Tom positively.

"In the person," supplemented Margaret, "of a kind and motherly soul named Nixon."

"Esoteric sort of individual?" asked Mr. Bedd.

"Everything else but," said Tom. "Not a mahatma in sight."

"I'm not so sure," Margaret contradicted. "Once I saw a fortune teller at Coney that could have been her double."

"You gathered?" suggested Mr. Bedd.

"That Miss Parrador is afraid of something. That Miss Parrador waits for *la* Nixon to leave the room before she talks. That *la* Nixon is a downy bird, and that when we call tomorrow, by invitation of Miss Parrador, we'd better take burglars' tools if we expect to get past Mrs. Nixon," said Tom.

Mr. Bedd nodded.

"In effect she said to us, 'Naughty, naughty, no more funny business,'" Margaret added. "So I lifted the teacup she used so maybe somebody could identify her finger-prints."

"Splendid! We have progressed," said Mr. Bedd. "First, and most important, we have focussed the attention of the city upon Miss Parrador's house. A measure of safety. It would be a rash individual who would permit to happen anything of a lethal or fraudulent character under the glare of this publicity."

"I would number patience as high among Mrs. Nixon's attributes," said Margaret.

"Very well," said Mr. Bedd. "We will now commence to build from the other end of the bridge—the one connecting Mrs. Nixon with Phineas R. Grainger."

"Who is?" asked Margaret.

"An attorney and counselor-at-law, solicitor-in-chancery, and proctor-in-admiralty," said Mr. Bedd. "A man conspicuous for his invisibility, who never appears in court, who uses and enjoys large offices thronging with clerks and assistants. A representative and handler of estates, among which is the estate of Miss Parrador."

"I gather," said Tom, "that what Phineas finds himself in need of is money—or securities of a gilt-edged nature—in a large amount."

"Such a rumor has reached me," said Mr. Bedd conservatively; then, ruminatively but with a certain pride, "it is astounding how many rumors reach me."

Mr. Bedd reached for his telephone and called the city editors of three evening papers. "If," he said to each of them, "you wish an entertaining, not to say humorous, piece for your paper, send a reporter to Phineas R. Grainger's waiting-room tomorrow at ten o'clock, A. M."

At five minutes before ten on the following morning a beautiful young lady, dressed with taste and exhibiting all the correct marks of refinement and wealth, alighted from a conservative town car at the entrance to that huge building in which Phineas R. Grainger maintained his offices. Bystanders craned their necks and stared, for this very correct young lady carried under her arm an immature pig of dazzling whiteness.

Alighting from the elevator at the fortieth floor the young woman walked up to Mr. Grainger's door, where, of the girl behind the desk, she requested an interview with the head of the firm. She had no appointment. Mr. Grainger was occupied.

"I will wait," she said, selecting a seat. She held her piglet on her lap and scratched its ear to entertain it.

Three young men entered and also seated themselves. As if this had been a signal the young lady stood the piglet on his little legs and surreptitiously pinched one of his tender hams. Astonished and grieved at this indignity, the infant uttered a piercing squeal and went away from that spot. The young lady cried out in alarm and gave chase, whereupon up leaped the three young men and all went pelting after the screaming young porker.

DOWN the corridor ran the pig with the pack at his heels and, hearing the clamor, Mr. Grainger, with irate face, opened his door at the end upon a nicely calculated moment. The pig hurled himself through and clerks and underlings, who had fallen prey to the excitement of the hour, forgot their awe of Mr. Grainger and charged in after the pig. Mr. Grainger's subdued but impressive room looked as if a whirlwind had entered it and was blowing human beings around and around as if they were chaff. Mr. Grainger, objurgating mightily, was hustled and jostled and shouldered and trod upon.

An intrepid male stenographer executed a flying tackle which brought down a table, seven assorted books, three human beings, a waste basket and the pig, which, though trapped, continued to utter its indignation.

"Who," demanded Mr. Grainger, when turmoil had resolved itself into apprehension and silence, "brought that creature in here?"

One and all, including the three reporters, looked about for the pig's mistress. She had vanished.

Mr. Grainger slammed his door, leaving his underlings to contrive a future for the piglet, and sat irately at his desk. His eyes fell upon the papers he had been studying, but a new and strange document faced him from the top.

"Be thankful," it said in neatly printed characters, "that it wasn't a rhinoceros." Then, in slightly smaller letters, "Give me a rhyme for Parrador." And, in a ruled box at the bottom of the page:

INTELLIGENCE TEST

In ten seconds strike out the words below which have to you no association with the word skulduggery: *Vixen, Mixen, Quixen, Hixen, Nixon.*

As Mr. Grainger stared at this singular document with bewildered apprehension, Margaret Ilsley was entering the library of Mr. Cottingham Bedd, where that gentleman and Tom Plant sat in a cloud of smoke of their own creating.

"It was fun!" she said. "It was splendid fun. Everybody went boom! But I don't see the practical purpose of it."

"TELL," said Tom succinctly, and she told with enthusiasm.

"A number of useful purposes were accomplished," Mr. Cottingham Bedd then said. "Mr. Grainger has been made to appear ridiculous, a thing so abhorrent to him that it will upset his mental equilibrium. He finds himself face to face with humor, which he is unable to comprehend. His mind is so neat and technical that he will be unable to cope with so unorthodox an attack."

"Perfectly ducky," said Margaret, "but how does it affect the Parrador Bonds?"

"When," said Mr. Bedd, "a meticulous mind is thrown into panic, the righteous may hope for the best. He will force the pace. And we shall grease the road for his foot to slip."

"He can't steal the bonds," objected Margaret.

"Miss Parrador can give them to him," said Mr. Bedd. "It is Mrs. Nixon will see to that. Now I understand the Occult Research Foundation. I smelled it in the beginning, but now I taste it."

"It hasn't come up before," said Tom.

"Six months ago, briefly, after Miss Parrador moved her nephew out of the house," said Mr. Bedd, "she legally established this foundation for the study of Eastern philosophies—and endowed it sparingly. A hundred thousand dollars. But with proper provision for the receipt of additional gifts and benefactions. The fund is to be invested and administered by three trustees, namely, Miss Parrador, Phineas Grainger and a young man whom I take to be a superior office boy of the lawyer's. By a concurrent will Miss Parrador leaves her fortune to this foundation—a precautionary measure."

"I am abreast of you," said Tom, "but how does that pry Mr. Grainger out of the cleft stick?"

"Suppose Miss Parrador makes a gift of millions to this foundation," suggested Mr. Bedd.

"Even then," objected Margaret.

"As active trustee, or managing director, that money will be in his hands for investment. Legally. You cannot," said Mr. Bedd, "put a gentleman in the penitentiary for bad judgment in investments."

"There is still a fly in the amber," said Margaret. "Miss Parrador hasn't given the money."

"I gather from your visit of yesterday that Miss Parrador is, in effect, a prisoner. Also she is afraid. Efficient measures are being taken to compel her to make the donation."

"Blackmail?"

"Possibly. Fear of some sort. She will give because she is compelled to give."

"The bonds are in a deposit box," said Tom. "Before they can be given Miss Parrador must get them out. You have to go in person after things in deposit boxes."

"A visit by Miss Parrador to her bank will be our alarm clock," said Mr. Bedd. "A fact of which I shall be apprised instantly."

Cholmondeley, the butler, materialized in the doorway.

"Mr. Ogden Parrador is calling, sir," he said.

"Show him in," directed Mr. Bedd, and in a moment a young man, whose resemblance to his aunt was apparent instantly, entered the room.

"You asked me to call at this hour, Mr. Bedd," he said.

"Precisely. My confrères, Miss Ilsley and Mr. Plant—Mr. Parrador," he introduced. "Be seated. Can you tell us precisely what it is that your aunt fears?"

"I do not know that she fears anything," said the young man.

"Very well. Then will you tell us exactly—if your memory serves you—what words and phrases she made use of in dispossessing you of your apartment in her home. When you first brought my attention to this affair—"

The young man considered. "She called me to the library," he said, "then, very abruptly, she told me I must leave the house at once. I asked why—what I had done to offend her. She did not reply to this but said harshly, 'Get yourself away from this house. Do not enter it again while I am alive—or after I am dead. Have no dealings with it, or anyone in it—either in person or by letter or in any manner whatsoever.' Then she said a strange thing. 'False witness against thy neighbor,' she said. And then, 'Only God can tell the convicted innocent from the convicted guilty—the law and human minds must bow to the proofs. Go at once, and quickly.' That was all. I have not seen her since."

"I should," said Mr. Bedd frowningly, "have heard those words sooner. My fault. I think it will be necessary for you young people to make your call on Miss Parrador. Probably you will not be admitted. In that case await the arrival of Mr. Grainger."

AS THEY went out to the waiting car Mr. Bedd gave them further directions and Tom Plant grinned. In a few minutes he was ringing Miss Parrador's bell, which was answered by a man servant.

"Miss Parrador is not in," he said, and closed the door firmly in their faces.

"In which case," said Tom, "we lie in wait for Grainger."

For ten minutes they strolled the street, Margaret some twenty feet in advance of Tom. A taxicab stopped and Mr. Grainger alighted hastily, colliding with Margaret as he crossed the walk to Miss Parrador's entrance.

"How dare you!" Margaret exclaimed.

"I—I beg your pardon," said Mr. Grainger.

"How dare you?" repeated Margaret.

"What's this? What's going on?" demanded Tom, stepping promptly to the spot.

"Nothing," said Grainger. "Nothing."

"Nothing!" Margaret said furiously. "Is it nothing that a young woman can't

(Continued on page 44)

IS THIS WHAT YOUR RADIO DOES TO MUSIC?



DOES your radio set reduce the soulful swell of an organ to the tinkle-tinkle of a hurdy gurdy? Do you remain loyal to your old radio set at a sacrifice of the real fun and entertainment on the air?

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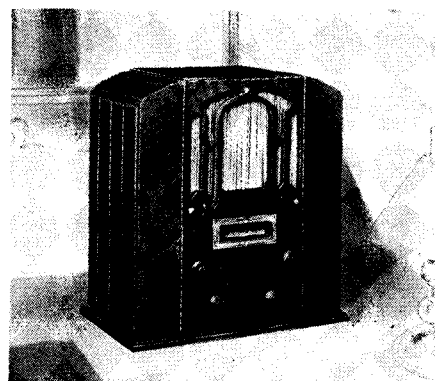
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Prove these advantages for yourself. Compare Vicks Voratone — with the gargle and mouth-wash you've been using...

Compare the STRENGTH

Diluted with equal parts of water, Voratone is powerful enough to meet approved standards of antiseptic strength. Yet, full-strength, it is pleasant to the taste and perfectly safe for daily use.

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Used night and morning, Voratone gently stimulates healthful activity of the membranes of mouth and throat, aiding Nature's own defense against infection. When the invasion of bacteria has already led to irritation, as in sore throat, it soothes and relieves the irritated tissues.

*let the PRICE be
a pleasant surprise*

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VICKS VORATONE

ANTISEPTIC • GARGLE • MOUTH-WASH



(Continued from page 43)
step a foot on the street without being accosted by an unspeakable ruffian!"

"I did not," said Grainger.

"I saw you," said Tom. "I heard you. For two cents I'd— No, swatting you wouldn't do the trick. What you need is a lesson. I'll see he doesn't get away, miss, if you'll step to the corner and call a policeman. It's high time some of these antique mashers got what's coming to them."

"But I didn't! I tell you I didn't! You—you're making a scene. You're attracting attention. I—I am a respectable citizen, a lawyer. The young woman is mistaken!"

"I'll hold him," said Tom.

"I beg of you," said Mr. Grainger, now in a state of mind. "It's all a mistake. People are looking at us. A crowd will be gathering."

"You should have thought of that," said Tom.

"But I can convince you. I—won't you step inside where we won't attract all this attention?"

"I see no point in it," said Margaret severely.

"Well," Tom said judiciously, "it's only fair to give the old bird a chance. But the fact of the matter is, I saw you do it."

GRAINGER rang the bell almost frantically and, when the servant answered, pushed him aside and thrust Tom and Margaret through the door. They did not pause but walked to the stairs and commenced to climb to the second floor.

"Here! Here!" called Mr. Grainger, pattering after them in alarm; but they did not seem to hear. They reached the hall above and turned toward that room where Miss Parrador had received them the day before. The little old lady was seated as usual before the window. Mrs. Nixon stood solidly in the middle of the rug.

"How," she demanded, "did you get in?"

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed Margaret delightedly. "Smiling Katie! When did you get out? Oh, Katie..." Her voice became fainter, trailed away into a murmur. "I—I feel so queer..." She tottered toward a chair into which she dropped with closed eyes. Her shoulders twitched and suddenly she stiffened and her eyes opened in an unseeing stare.

"I see a teacup," she said in a strained, toneless voice. "Katie—something about Smiling Katie. The teacup—it had finger-prints on it. Finger-

prints! That's how the police found out that Smiling Katie was—"

"What's this? What's this?" demanded Mr. Grainger harshly.

"State's evidence," Margaret went on. "Oh! Oh! Someone must warn Katie. It's all about stacks and stacks of papers—engraved papers like money. And somebody must warn Katie that the man—the lawyer—will turn State's evidence. He's frightened. He'll leave Katie holding the bag."

There was silence in the room. Mrs. Nixon, not smiling now, stared with narrowed eyes at Grainger; and Grainger manifested by many signs that he was far from being nonchalant.

"They know it all," Margaret said. "There's a little old lady." She paused and caught her breath. "Where is the young man? He lived with the old lady. It wasn't Katie that made the plan, it was the lawyer. They frightened the old lady and she sent the young man away. It was because Katie told her she must give them the—bonds—the papers are bonds; or else the old lady would be dead and they would prove it was the young man gave her the poison."

"They made her believe they could do it. But nobody had any evidence against the lawyer. Not until something happened. It was a pig. I don't understand the pig. But they couldn't connect the lawyer with the plan until he came with a bagful of papers for the old lady to sign. The pig made him hurry, and the papers in his big bag prove he was in the plot." She sat erect and her eyes widened. "But he'll turn State's evidence and Katie will hold the bag... And they're coming—coming—coming... They're almost here!" Her voice quivered and diminished until it became a murmur.

"Rat!" said Smiling Katie, not smiling at all.

Grainger swung rapidly toward the stairs, brief case clutched in his two hands, but Tom interposed himself.

"Better wait, old son. Visitors coming to see you. Just deposit that brief case with me while we listen for the doorbell."

And then the doorbell rang. There was a slight scuffle and several feet sounded in the entry below. They ascended the stairs, two large men and a slight, bespectacled gentleman from the district attorney's office. Mr. Cottingham Bedd and young Parrador brought up the rear.

"Well, well, Katie," said one of the officers jovially. "We've missed you. And you've picked up a gentleman

friend. Just step along with us and we'll entertain the both of you."

"He brought the documents?" asked the man from the D. A.'s office.

"And here they are," said Tom, handing over the bag.

"In which case we'll adjourn downtown. You'll be following us?"

"Immediately," said Mr. Cottingham Bedd. He turned to Miss Parrador as the party left the room.

"The matter," he said, "has ended in a highly satisfactory manner. You, madame, are free from an irksome situation. I have enjoyed myself exceedingly—and these young people will be distinctly benefited when you have paid the bill I am about to render for services, via your nephew. It is modest, considering the amount involved. Ten thousand dollars plus necessary expenses."

"Give me," said Miss Parrador in her imperative manner, "my check book."

THAT evening Mr. Cottingham Bedd purred like a contented cat as he sat in his library with Margaret Ilsley and Tom Plant. "Life," he said, "is charming."

"I find that three meals a day add to its charm," said Margaret.

"Would you wish the association to continue?" asked the old gentleman.

"Yes," said Tom emphatically.

"And you, Miss Ilsley?"

"If," said Margaret, "it can be conducted on an impersonal plane."

"Please explain."

"In the way of business," said Margaret, "Mr. Plant was required to kiss me publicly a number of times. The first kiss was strictly business. The second slightly less so. The third evinced a distinct personal interest in the process. I have no objection to the mechanical kiss of business. For the other sort I prefer to choose time, place and partner."

Mr. Bedd regarded Tom severely.

"I'm surprised!" he said.

"Are you?" asked Tom.

"No," said Mr. Bedd.

"Miss Ilsley," said Tom, "they can't put a man in jail for hoping."

"Hereafter," said Margaret, "attend to your hoping after office hours."

"At least," said Tom, "that's a concession."

"If it be a concession," said Margaret, "make the most of it."

"Watch me," said young Mr. Plant, and he beamed upon Cottingham Bedd, who made a gesture with one eye that in a less dignified personage would have been a wink.

Trained to Take it

Continued from page 17

Thus Heidelberg—in the reign of Hitler. Germany must be a nation of warriors and German youth, hearing and approving the sentiment, is training itself.

The Heidelberg of the past fourteen years is gone. Heidelberg is no longer a liberal seat of culture. It is an annex to the National Socialist school of political thought. Literature? Goethe? Science? Art? Beethoven? Schopenhauer? How will they help to make Germany a nation of warriors? Duelling—ah! That is the ultimate. Thus the students reason and that is why the Hirschgasse is filled every morning with students who hack at each other with two-edged swords.

Duelling at Heidelberg is actually no more important than football at Leland Stanford or boxing at Yale. It is important only because it is a reflection and a manifestation of the spirit which is sweeping through Germany, carrying

German youth with it. Hitler has convinced Germany that the self-respect she lost when her representatives signed the Treaty of Versailles can be regained only through a strong, vigorous foreign and domestic policy.

Youth in Accord

Germany is not a country of old men. Hitler has appealed to the youth of Germany, which is perhaps ninety per cent in accord with his policies. There has been too much moaning, talking and wringing of hands during the past fourteen years, German youth believes. And now Hitler has come breathing words of action. He has spoken their own unuttered, unformed thoughts. So it is that the military spirit rides through the land.

It is difficult to live in Germany for a month without becoming convinced of

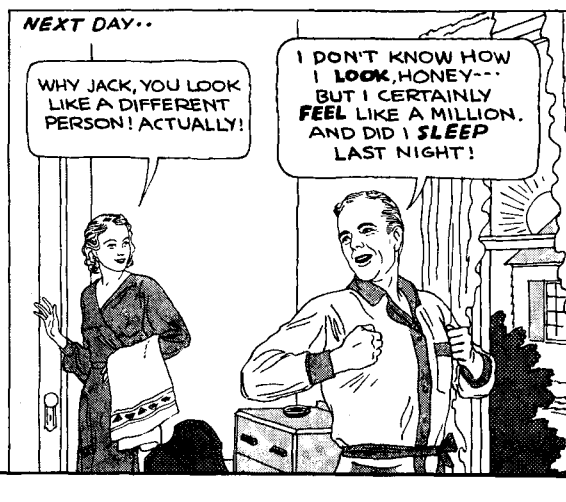
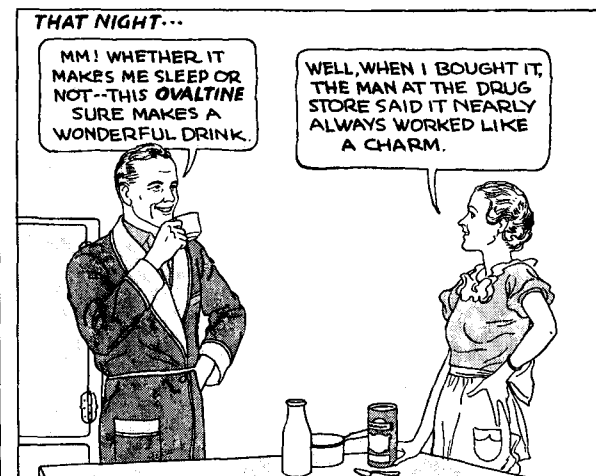
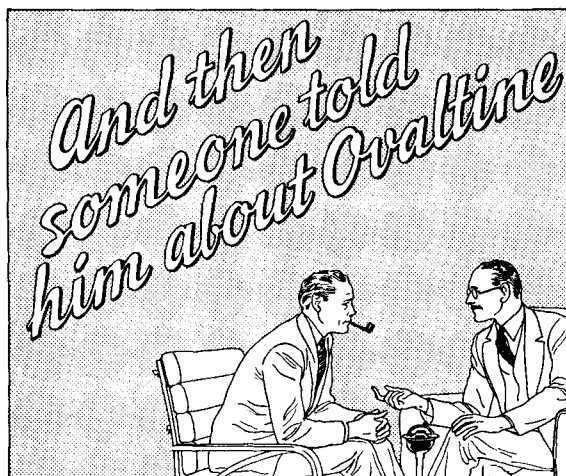
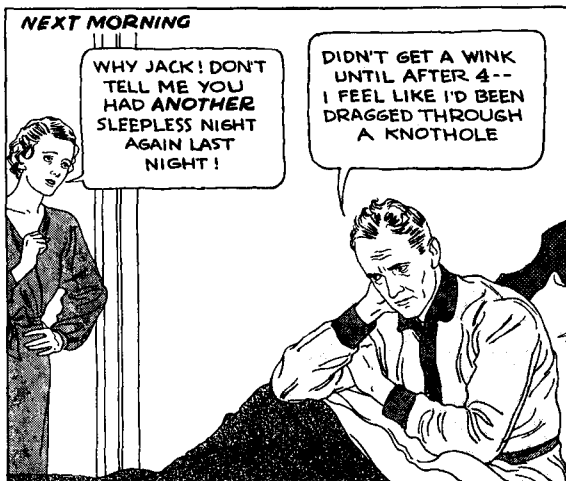
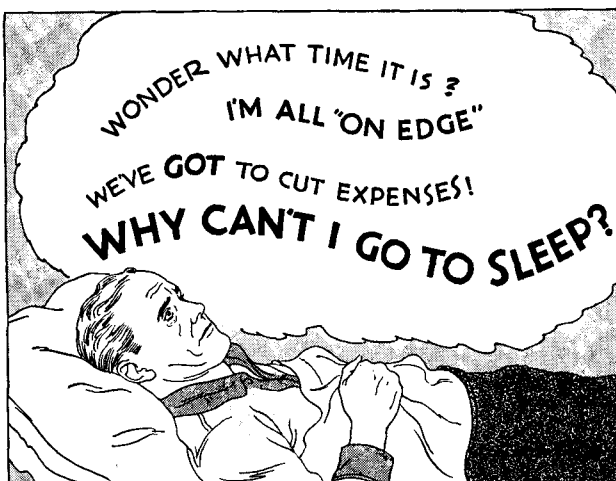
this. Ride out of Berlin and into the valley of the Rhine. Ride in an open car with a uniformed Nazi officer sitting beside you. Small swastika flags fly from the fenders of the car.

We flash through small towns and roar through the narrow winding streets of cities which were old when Martin Luther was young. Pedestrians see our swastika-decked car, their heels come together and they flash out their arms in the Nazi salute.

We slow down now as a schoolhouse looms ahead. It is the noon hour and groups of youngsters are marching out of the building. They do not burst forth impetuously as American schoolboys would. They do not straggle out in small groups. They march out—literally march out—keeping perfect time, their small arms swinging rhythmically as though to the martial music of an

(Continued on page 47)

GOODBYE TO NIGHT-TIME TOSSING



All-Night Sleep..

All-Day Energy Next Day.. This Natural, Drugless Way

Try It Tonight! See For Yourself How Much More Quickly You Fall Asleep—How Much Fresher You Feel In Mind And Body Tomorrow

NOW—say goodbye to night-time tossing. Get your eight hours of sound, restful sleep tonight and every night!

For science has found a remarkable way to help you fall asleep almost as soon as you go to bed. No drugs are used. No medicines employed. Just a delicious food-drink you take a few minutes before retiring—then fall asleep as naturally as a child.

This remarkable food-drink is called Ovaltine—and acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness—entirely without drugs.

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and “conditioning” the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides—in easily digested form—the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissue while you sleep. And, at the same time, greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

See For Yourself

But don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Try it and see for yourself how much more quickly you fall asleep—how much more soundly you rest.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it before going to bed tonight. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months—and feel far fresher next day.

NOTE: Thousands of nervous people are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.



998-A

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A Full 28-ounce Bottle only 20c . . . Plus 5c Bottle Deposit

Slightly higher in a few places where freight rates do not permit return of bottles

Trained to Take it

Continued from page 44

unseen band. They see our car and in their childish treble they shout the conventional greeting, "Heil Hitler!" Looking back through the dust we see them swinging down the road, still marching. These are youngsters of nine and ten.

Now we are in rural Germany. We pass groups of youngsters marching down the roads. They are dressed in brown uniforms, close copies of the storm-trooper dress. They are organized into clubs which are much like our own Boy Scout organizations. We pass one group of perhaps fifty lads.

They have no band but two of their members are playing harmonicas, and the rest are singing "Horst Wessel Lied," the official Nazi anthem and a stirring marching song. Two years ago these lads might have been out fishing, playing football or wandering across the fields. But now? Now they are part of the new Germany. They, too, have been imbued with a touch of this new military spirit which is abroad in the land, and they feel that they must express themselves somehow in military fashion.

And so they march. The twig is being bent.

Nationalism in the Nursery

The youngsters wear brown uniforms which are as much like the regular storm-troop uniforms as they can be made. They wear small cardboard "dickies" which strap on over their ordinary clothes and which present soldier-like appearances to their mates. They wear swastika arm-bands, and when Christmas comes they ask for the tinsel cuirasses and spiked helmets which they see in the department-store windows. Small drums and bugles have replaced the hoops, the tops and the mechanical toys of more peaceful days, and the one ambition which every youngster seems to have is to grow up to be a storm trooper, like his elder brother.

And little Gretchen? Gretchen makes her mother buy her a nurse's uniform, and dressed in this she administers solicitously to her dolls—not the fluffy, wide-eyed dolls of another era, but stern-looking boy dolls, dressed in the uniform of the Nazi storm trooper.

Leave the youngsters to their military play. Leave them to their marching and their war games. Look at their fathers and their big brothers. Has this spirit touched them?

It might be thought that the memory of the last war would still be so poignant and so sharp in the memories of the war veterans that they, above all, would escape the hysteria which seems to have gripped the country. Almost every man in Germany between the ages of thirty-three and sixty is a war veteran.

On Unter den Linden, the beautiful tree-shaded Main Street of Berlin, there is a war exhibition called The Front. All day long a steady stream of eager men passes through the portals of this building to see the remarkably lifelike reconstruction of trench and dugout on view. I have watched them and have noticed that the main body of those so anxious to see the exhibition is composed of men who must have been in the service during the war. These veterans come and bring their children.

With eager and reminiscent eyes they devour the sight of the dimly lighted trench, complete with firing steps, field telephones, machine guns, dugouts and barbed wire. It is such a faithful reproduction that one forgets that it is

only papier-mâché and that the crowded, brightly lighted Unter den Linden is but fifty yards away.

The veterans wander about the building for hours, talking about the "good old days." They are anxious to be reminded of their victories and defeats. It was a glorious game and once again the deadly virus of the war germ is creeping into their blood.

Germany protests that it does not want war. Hitler's famous speech in the Reichstag on May 17 breathed forth conciliatory phrases and since then he has reiterated those sentiments. But he does want Germany to be a Spartan-like nation, able to take care of itself; a nation of strong men—strong men, for instance, like Ludwig Diehls.

Now Ludwig Diehls is perhaps the most hated man in Germany. He is the head of the German Cheka—the Prussian secret political police. In this capacity he has been responsible for the arrest and incarceration in concentration camps of more than 18,000 political prisoners. Diehls is thirty-three, slim, his face scarred with honorable duelling marks, and he has eyes that are as cold as death. In a war, he would be an ace. A thousand men in Germany would consider themselves deified if they could kill Diehls. Diehls walks about the streets of Berlin alone, unarmed and unaccompanied by a bodyguard.

He was in his office one day. The phone rang. It was Lieutenant Ernst Bruckner, Hitler's adjutant.

"There is a group of Nationalists demonstrating in front of the Chancellor's office," Bruckner said. "The Chancellor doesn't like it. Have it stopped and arrest them."

Diehls hesitated. As head of the Prussian police he was technically under the command of Captain Herman Goering, Prime Minister of Prussia.

"Perhaps I had better telephone Minister Goering," he said. "This seems to be a major political move and would it not be better if I received the order direct from Captain Goering?"

"One moment, Herr Diehls," Bruckner said. A new voice spoke into the phone.

"Diehls, arrest those demonstrators!" it snapped. The voice belonged to Hitler.

A Disappointed Fighter

Diehls took a few of his plain-clothes men with him and in five minutes was at the scene of the trouble. Two hundred agitated members of the Nationalistic Front, a semi-military organization belonging to the Nationalist Party, headed by Alfred Hugenberg, were voicing their protests against the Hitler régime.

Now a great many of these men were former Socialists and Communists who were driven into the Nationalist Party by the enforced collapse of their own. Communists in Germany are not the lukewarm, parlor-pink type one sees in America. They are not the blatant, loud-mouthed Union Square type of long-haired orator who runs away at the frown of a New York cop. They are, on the other hand, idealists, sincere, quite willing to die or to kill for their ideals. They are just as sincere in their own way as the Nazis are in theirs. Many of them are cultured gentlemen who, had the balance swung toward their party, would now be world figures instead of hunted creatures.

Diehls, unarmed, slouch hat pulled over one eye, walked up to their leader.

"Fall into line and follow that policeman," he said curtly.

There was silence for a moment. The slim Diehls lit a cigarette and waited. Would they go peacefully or would they fight? Knowing Diehls, I am sure he was disappointed when they decided to go peacefully. It was those cold eyes of his, probably.

They followed the uniformed policeman down the broad Unter den Linden. It was a humiliating experience. They marched to the Alexander Polizei Praesidium, which roughly corresponds to New York police headquarters. The next day they were on their way to concentration camps.

Two days later, Diehls was in his office when a Baron von Flotow was announced.

"I am acting for Herr von Prittwitz," the baron said stiffly. "He is anxious to meet you—the weapons to be pistols."

Von Prittwitz is a relative of the former ambassador to the United States.

Diehls concealed his surprise, bowed politely and said, "Of course I will be delighted to meet Herr von Prittwitz whenever it is convenient for him. But—if you will pardon my asking—in what manner have I insulted Herr von Prittwitz? I do not recall any incident."

"When you arrested him two days ago," Baron von Flotow said, "you did not observe the code due from one corps member to another."

Prospective Opponents in Jail

Diehls told the story a few days later at a *Bierabend* in the house of Dr. Ernst Hanfstaengl, Hitler's adviser on English and American affairs. *Bierabende* are popular in Berlin. The host serves beer and huge quantities of cold cuts and salads. Later there is champagne. This was a typical gathering of diplomats, stage and film stars, writers, and what newspaper men in Berlin call "men around Hitler."

All listened with amusement to Diehls' story.

"In addition," Diehls added with a look of mock gloom on his face, "four others have challenged me to saber duels. I really expect to be quite busy from now on."

"And when does your first engagement take place?" someone asked.

Diehls frowned ruefully. "My own student corps—the Rhenania—constantly asks me that. The challenges all have to go through the corps. I must reply—alas!—that although I am ready, my opponents are at the present in no position to meet me. They're all unfortunately in concentration camps. But we will fight when they are released."

There was a howl of laughter from the dinner-jacketed men. It was an amusing jest. Here was Diehls, who dearly loved a fight—any kind of fight—unable to meet his prospective opponents because they were in jail. The fact that any of those duels might, and probably would, end fatally was never given a thought.

I asked Diehls a stupid question—it was more of a verbal reflection than a question: "But Diehls, suppose you are killed?"

He looked amazed and it was obvious that this was the first time he had even considered that possibility. "What of it?" he laughed. "That would be fate." "You seem to look forward to these duels, Diehls."

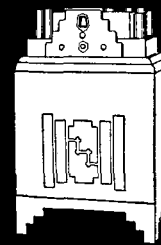
"Ah," and a look of anticipation shone out of his cold eyes, "there is no greater feeling of satisfaction than that of cutting your man down in a fair fight!"

In Sparta, men worshiped the lad

(Continued on page 48)

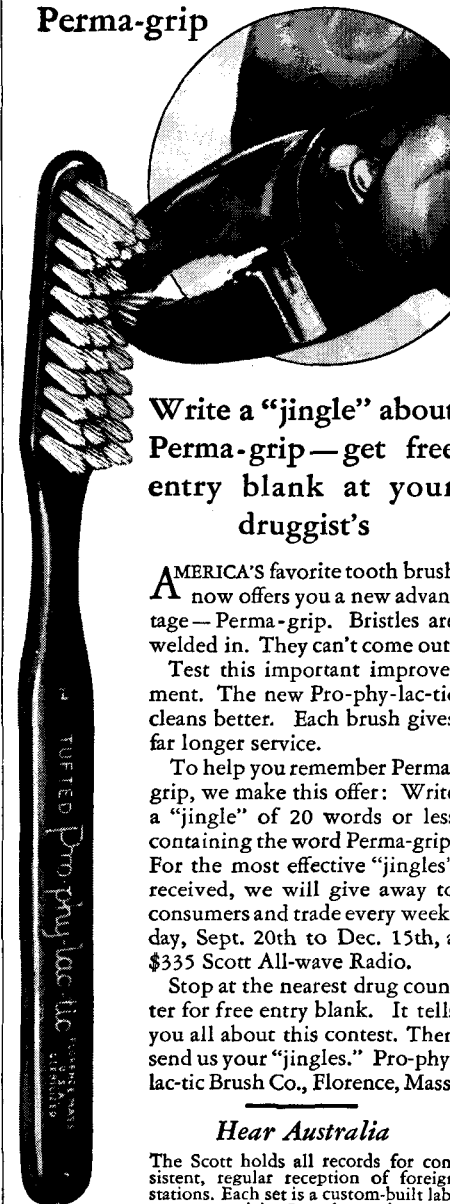
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AMERICA'S favorite tooth brush now offers you a new advantage—Perma-grip. Bristles are welded in. They can't come out! Test this important improvement. The new Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans better. Each brush gives far longer service.

To help you remember Perma-grip, we make this offer: Write a "jingle" of 20 words or less containing the word Perma-grip. For the most effective "jingles" received, we will give away to consumers and trade every weekday, Sept. 20th to Dec. 15th, a \$335 Scott All-wave Radio.

Stop at the nearest drug counter for free entry blank. It tells you all about this contest. Then send us your "jingles." Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

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The Scott holds all records for consistent, regular reception of foreign stations. Each set is a custom-built laboratory model. Superheterodyne—12 tubes. World-wide range 15 to 550 meters—all short and long wave stations. Receiver (except tubes) guaranteed by manufacturer for 5 years.

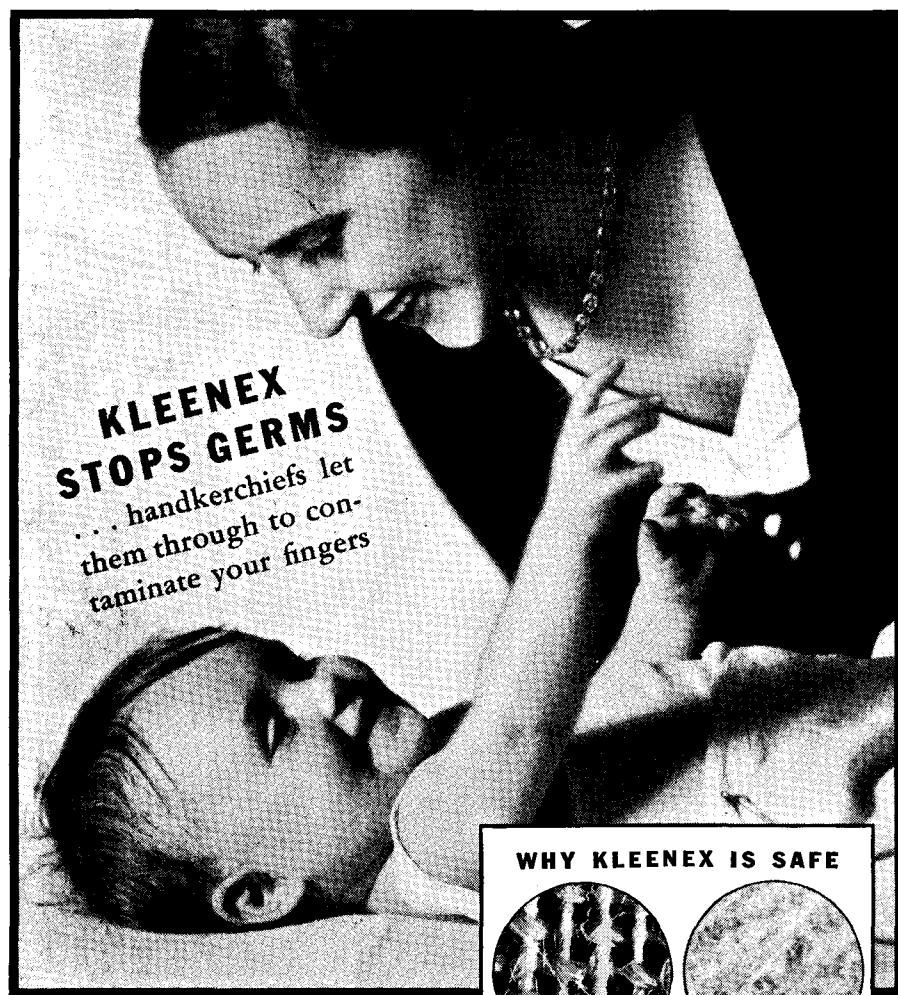
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This offer open only to residents of U. S. A.
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Canada.

Hands off that child!

if you've touched a cold-filled handkerchief



KEEP it out of the children's way—the hand that holds the handkerchief when you blow your nose. Don't let them touch anything it has touched. It is dangerous. It leaves a trail of infection wherever it happens to rest!

Through countless tiny openings in cotton or linen weave, germs pass as through a sieve. Surrounded by mucus, they stick to fingers. Hands touch door-knobs, chair backs, toys. Everywhere, germs are deposited, germs proved by scientific test to be still alive, active and infectious after half an hour or more.

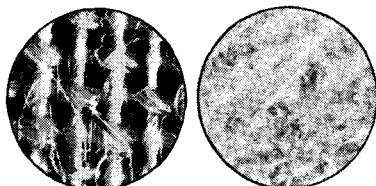
Stop this menace

No one would willingly let his hands become such a menace to his family. Therefore, during colds, put aside handkerchiefs and use only Kleenex!

Kleenex is far closer in texture than the finest of woven materials. Its powerfully absorbent fibres retain mucus, hold germs fast until the tissue is destroyed. It keeps fingers clean, hands safe.

You use a fresh Kleenex tissue every time, clean and dry, soft and soothing to

WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE



See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show Kleenex leaves approximately 1/1000 as many germs on your fingers as handkerchiefs do. That's why hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief, while Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

inflamed membranes—infinitely more comfortable than rough, cold-soaked handkerchiefs that rub noses raw!

Pay no more than 25 cents

Gone is the unsanitary practice of constantly carrying back to your infected nose germs it has once expelled! Gone the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs. Costs less than laundering handkerchiefs. And the patented pull-out box assures economy—hands, when taking tissues, can't contaminate or mess up other sheets.

Regular package or roll, only 25c; also extra-size tissues, smartly edged 'Kerfs, and the new handy Pocket Packet. At drug, dry goods, department stores.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

(Continued from page 47)

who allowed a fox to gnaw at his vitals. In Germany—listen to the story of Heinrich Dittmar, a young storm trooper from Saxony.

Dittmar was entered in the annual 2,000-kilometer, around-Germany race. It was held only a few weeks ago. Both automobiles and motorcycles lined up at the start to begin the long grind that was to start and finish at Baden-Baden.

The race neared its finish. Automobiles and motorcycles, manned by weary drivers, roared into Leipzig, sixty miles from Berlin. Dittmar, on a motorcycle, was near the head of the procession. Whirling into Leipzig at seventy miles an hour his machine struck a wet patch of road, skidded and hurled Dittmar fifty feet into a ditch. He was picked up unconscious—his right arm broken and his body a mass of cuts and bruises.

The next morning, bandaged heavily, suffering horrible pain, Dittmar appeared at the starting line. Physicians and race officials pleaded with him to retire. He insisted upon going on.

The next objective was Berlin. The grandstands of the Avus, the Berlin speedway, were crowded. Dittmar came roaring into view well up with the leaders. He was driving with one hand. His right arm was strapped to his chest. His face was etched with lines of pain. Suddenly the crowd was horrified to see his machine slow down, wobble uncertainly, and then topple over. Dittmar had collapsed. Nature had conquered him. This time they took him to the hospital and kept him there.

The next day the newspapers carried editorials praising the young storm trooper. This was what the Nazis were aiming for—complete, virile manhood which would not compromise with pain or broken limbs and which, if beaten, would be beaten only by the forces of nature. Today young Dittmar is a national hero.

No other incident so typifies the new Germany. We may say that the boy showed very little sense in continuing—but one can't help but admire his spirit.

Boxing, but No Boxers

A few days after this, another incident occurred which also reflected the new Germany. Max Schmeling, former heavyweight champion of the world, was married in a Berlin registry office. Less than a dozen spectators were present and the event received but scant notice in the papers. Germany is not interested in professional boxers. Boxing, yes—Hitler has exhorted the storm troopers to make boxing a regular part of their training, but it is merely a means toward producing healthy bodies, not an end in itself.

Healthy bodies—and healthy minds—that is the aim of the Third Reich. On July 25, last, the famous sterilization laws were passed. They go into effect on January 1. The laws provide for the sterilization of all men found unfit to have children. In the category of diseases which would automatically prevent a man from marrying and which would result in sterilization these are included: St. Vitus' dance, epilepsy, habitual drunkenness (chronic alcoholism), mental diseases, hereditary deafness and blindness, and hereditary venereal diseases.

A man suffering from any of these can be haled before a court by his parent, his guardian or his attending physician, and if the court, after hearing the reports of specially appointed physicians, decides that the man is unfit to have progeny, sterilization will take place.

Health is a fetish in Germany. One must keep healthy not because of any benefit which the individual will derive

—but because the aim of every man should be to serve the state, and the healthier a man is, the better he can serve. Dissipation, self-indulgence—these are virtually unknown in the Germany of Hitler.

There is a German word, *Stuben-hocker*. Literally it means, a man who stays indoors. A more liberal and more accurate translation of the word can be found in the word "grind," given by American college students to their mates who neglect all college activities except study. The government has decided that it wants no "grinds" in Germany.

Now, before a prospective lawyer or doctor enters the university, he must spend six months in *Arbeitsdienst* in a working camp. Here he labors like a Trojan, toiling in the fields under a broiling sun, forcing aching muscles to the unaccustomed task of chopping wood. He works side by side with unemployed men of all walks of life.

Good Germans All

He learns things here that his medical or law school will never teach him. He learns, if he has not learned it already, that his first service is to the state. For six months he has lived under military discipline. He has marched and drilled with his mates. He has sung the martial songs of the party, and these songs will ring in his ears for all time. Perhaps some day they will call him to war and he will be ready.

In every walk of life one notices the new spirit. On the bank of the River Spree there is a group of open-air beer gardens called the *Zelten*. Here German Berlin gathers on Saturday night to sip its coffee and drink its beer. Once Berlin smiled and nodded and swayed to the waltz music of Strauss and Lehar. Once Berlin danced gayly there.

Now military bands, dressed in the blue and red dress uniforms of the peace-time army, perform. At the largest of the beer gardens, a huge place seating two thousand, there are two bands. One is an ordinary dance orchestra which plays American, English and what there is left of German dance music. The other is a military band.

When the tall straight leader of the military band raises his baton there is absolute quiet. The band plays "Alten Kamaraden;" "The Marine Song;" "Stolz Weht die Flagge;" "Ich bin ein guter Preusse;" the Prussian national anthem; and the Nazi songs, "Maerische Heide," and the popular "Als die goldene Abendsonne." They are all stirring martial tunes. Once the "Horst Wessel March" was played here too, but now that that song has attained the dignity of being virtually the German national anthem, replacing even "Deutschland ueber Alles," it is no longer played in amusement places.

Once they played the music of Ralph Erwin, Walter Jurmann, Fritz Rotter, Armin Robinson and other Berlin composers, but now they have all left for Switzerland or France and the dust gathers on their sheet music. They made the mistake of having been born Jewish. So the jazz band plays (badly) strictly Aryan music, and the crowd listens apathetically. Jazz music, frivolous, appealing to that part of the nature which has been suppressed in the Third Reich, has no place in Germany. There is very little laughter in Germany.

It is a country, too, of flags. The cotton mills during the first five months of 1933 ran far behind in meeting the demand for swastika flags and for the black, white and red standards of the imperial Reich. They fly from almost every building in Germany. It is again a reflection of the German spirit.

Thus Germany—in the year 1933. Is it so different from Germany in 1914?

Love and Hisses

Continued from page 20

and Shakespeare, Ibsen, Owen Davis, Dion Boucicault and all the old reliables of drama and melodrama on draught.

"It's the eternally old that's eternally new," Mr. Payton observes. "I remember—"

Before Mr. Payton remembers anything let us remember who Mr. Payton is. Consulting the Who's Who that isn't—meaning the biographies that get into dispute if not into print—this is an authoritative entry:

Payton, Corse: b. Marshalltown, Iowa, circa 1865. Acted everywhere in everything from medicine shows to grand opera. Hung up record of more mileage in travel and more wordage in parts than any other American player. Awarded degree A. B. B. A.—America's Best Bad Actor—in 1910 and has been justifying the award ever since.

Mr. Payton, as autobiographer, will tell you this and very much more. He combines pantomime with rhetoric in conversation—as refreshing a blend off-stage as his style and substance are stenciled when on the stage.

He has a trick of alternating his right hand from the top of his vest like a tragedian, to the back of his neck, like somebody assaulted by a malicious mosquito. It appears he got it in the neck, or on it, when first he ventured before footlights in his brother's company at the age of fifteen.

His brother was named Constitution Payton; and if you think his own name of Corse is phony, recall that a Union general of the Civil War was John M. Corse of Iowa, under whom Payton's father served.

Young Corse was an Indian in a border drama, wriggling on his belly to attack a log fort—at that moment when the occupants of the fort were serene in false security, unaware of what was to happen in the next act. The curtain of course, was dropped—a roll curtain, released by a stage hand with a rope. It dropped on the Indian wriggling nearest the gaslight—Corse Payton. He bears that slight scar of histrionic initiation on the back of an otherwise proud and unyoked neck.

In his mid-twenties, after having earned a balanced amount of praise and of blame for his art, Corse Payton married a lady of the theater named Etta Reid.

His wife was an excellent actress. Corse shrewdly hoped to pair it with her and achieve the fame and box-office popularity of traditional stage couples—the Sothorns, the Bensons, the Posts. Something interfered. Perhaps it was Corse.

"You are not," said Maurice Costello, father of the glamorous and gilded Costello girls, "a good actor, Corse. But," he added, "never let go of that name—Corse Payton. With that name nobody else will ever get your mail."

A Thirty-Year Run

Payton discovered from the public what Costello told him—that he was not a good actor. Instead of jumping from the then new and gleaming Brooklyn Bridge, he capitalized his defects. He made his first curtain speech—the first of ten thousand made since then—and announced he was a bad actor, but blessed with good audiences.

He was nervous in that speech—and although he has made speeches beyond the range of computation, he still is nervous when he makes one. But no power on earth, in heaven or in the waters under the earth has yet been discovered that can stop Corse Payton from

making a speech. His hands fly and flow wildly, like imbecile birds. He chirps, then thunders, and always mentions the price it costs to see him and how much you save by waiting to see Corse Payton in stock, instead of somebody else on Broadway in the same play.

"My theater," he told audiences in the first proud days when he had abandoned ideas of Frohman management—the blue-ribbon of stardom—and had established himself at the Payton Lee Stock theater in Brooklyn for a run of thirty years, "my theater is the hub of the popular drama. Here I give you plays ancient and modern with a competent cast of thirty actors—count 'em, left to right! Thirty cents admission. Thirty actors for thirty cents, a cent an actor; and you can throw me in as a premium." Recently he has amended that traditional gag to "throw me in for the tax."

Doubling in Brass Knuckles

He surprised himself with the profitability of old-fashioned stock next door to the most sophisticated show business in the world. Corse Payton discovered that the public delights in discovery. He and his stock became a fad—precursor to many fads, like the Hoboken revivals on the beer coast of Bohemia and the renaissance of Virginia City in the West.

The carriage trade went to the Payton stock on Saturday to see what they deemed hoi polloi at their most intellectual diversion. The trade Mr. Payton enjoyed on weekdays was the rougher boys who carried themselves in but were booted out when they got too rough.

Mr. Payton, himself of athletic build, had actors who could double as bouncers. If the boys became too boisterous and descended to fruit throwing, husky gents, not playing in that particular scene, were planted in the audience to pounce on the offenders and usher them from their seats.

During that touching climax in A Tale of Two Cities, when Sidney Carton, the aristocrat, stepping from the tumbril to the guillotine, makes his magnificent speech—Mr. Payton will not stop if you've heard that one—"It is a far, far better thing," etc., during this pre-execution farewell, audience and stage were utterly silent, save for the uttering Mr. Payton. A gruff voice suddenly spoke from the balcony:

"Is there a doctor in the house?" the voice demanded.

Mr. Payton, alias Sidney Carton, paused in his recital of "a far, far better thing."

"There is always a doctor in the house," he said solemnly.

"Then get him to chloroform you and make it painless!" the bravo retorted.

Athlete-actors fell on him and he was cast into outer darkness, but not without recourse. When the curtain parade started—that is, the intermission trooping of the actors before the asbestos, a barrage of vegetables assailed the cast. There were also eggs in abundance—tossed omelets of inelegant odor.

The papers printed something about this. A less resilient temperament might have taken umbrage—but Mr. Corse Payton is a success in his sphere because long ago he realized that umbrage was an impediment. He turned newspaper and public censure to the wipe-out of a laugh when, before the

(Continued on page 50)



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It has a Globe Battery.
I'll drive right over."

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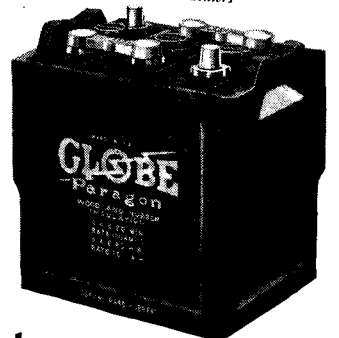
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(Continued from page 49)
next night's performance, the audience saw a new label painted on his asbestos. Instead of the reassuring “Fire-Proof Curtain” the word “Fire” had been crossed out to be replaced by the realistic “Egg-Proof Curtain.”

Stock companies have been to the theater what minor league clubs have been to organized baseball—farms for young talent and refuges for old.

“They all come out of stock and return to it,” says Payton, adding: “I have the distinction of being all stock, nothing but stock.”

When his theater in Brooklyn was dismantled he took the old Academy of Music, a Manhattan landmark that had an indulgent landlord. He let Payton in on a percentage basis. Payton blazoned his theatrical menu far and wide. He even welcomed the critics, originating a gag line that has been attributed, in turn, to every stage-writing wit, from Benchley to Woolcott—that he welcomed the first-string reviewers to stone the first cast.

Horse Play

It was during a stock run at the Academy that he introduced borderland plays again to New York. Corse Payton appeared on horseback just once. He was a Civil War general, but he made the mistake of not having a Civil War horse. His mount stood patiently under him while he harangued his troops to go to the relief of a beleaguered force. But a fire-gong clanged somewhere. The horse's ears flapped back—and away it went with its unwilling general out of the scenery entrance, leaving the speech and the play unfinished.

His prop man should have known better than to hire an old fire horse. Disconcerting, but in no wise provocative of the professional choler that marked Mr. Payton's reaction to the frivolous wit who, reporting the incident for an afternoon paper, said that the horse showed more sense than Payton's audience.

The drama was in for a great deal of nourishment from Mr. Payton when fire spoiled his lease of the Academy. He traveled again—tried his luck on Broadway; but the trial was quickly adjourned.

Back to stock, and back to Brooklyn and his far-flung suburbs—with beer to brighten the melodrama and dancing as a sideline. He gives the audience instruction in technique, dance tech-

nique. He even sings—an old Spanish War song that he must have been brave or reckless to sing in those glamorous days of the hot time in the old town tonight; for the words reflect on that celebrated fighting unit, the Seventh New York Regiment:

*“At banquet they're all right,
But I wonder can they fight—
When Uncle Sam sends them after
Spain?”*

“The American theater,” says Mr. Payton—after telling you much more about himself than it's possible to print—than it's even possible to read, “has survived the movies. It is definitely on its way back, and the stock plan is its incubator.

“Movies,” he sneers. “First we despised them, we of the legitimate theater. Then they despised us. Now it is our turn again.”

Some of his actors were ranting East Lynne against a scenic background cut and distorted more to resemble West Hoboken. The audience laughed at the comic relief, hissed the villains. It was hard to tell whether they were taking it straight or kidding. Certainly the actors had no spirit of burlesque. They were superbly noisy; even the heroine died at the top of her breath, on a folding bed.

“The movies tried to seduce me once,” said Mr. Payton.

“In those days I ran around in my red devil—the first motor-car seen on the streets of Brooklyn. Skeptics have demanded that I produce a car license to prove this. We didn't have car licenses in those days.

“The movie persons sent a young man to see me. His idea of art was a ‘chase’ picture. They had a vulgar scene in which a policeman chased me. Imagine! I ran the red devil through a park where there was a lake. Unfortunately, I couldn't stop the car. It may be in the lake yet. I know I lost my top hat—and any ambition I ever cherished to enter the movies.

“True, they've tempted me. But money's the cheapest thing in life. I like plays, plays, plays—and people. The girls and boys who play hooky from school to pay dimes to see my matinées. The young couples who come to giggle at the old-time melodramas, and the older folks who find refreshment and pleasant reminiscences at them—that is my life, that is my art.

“Yes, yes. I'm America's best bad actor—and proud of it.”



“Me push Papa in lake!”

William Steig

Out Comes a Blue Eagle

Continued from page 13

government agency where political influence, if that's what you want to call my part in this job hunt, has nothing whatever to do with getting a position. It's wonderful. I'm for it. Goodby. Drop in and see me sometime when Congress is in session. We'll have a chance to talk without having our ribs cracked."

It is very good that you and the senator have parted with some dignity. A moment longer and you'd have been shoved out of the way by a flying wedge of newspaper reporters who saw Dr. Alexander Sachs, the economist, who was presiding over the bituminous coal code conferences, enter the big door down the corridor. He has what seem to be several portfolios under his arm and running interference for him are four or five lesser economists—all young men, very bright-looking, terribly in earnest, astonishingly neat. None wears a hat, all except one are blond and wear gold-rimmed spectacles. One of them, I am told, has discovered something he calls the experimental latitudes of consumer dependability. It has something to do with producer radiation, but you are warned not to worry.

Capital vs. Labor, Return Engagement

Dr. Sachs is all amiability. He talks willingly but nobody seems to harvest much emotion from what he says. You gather, however, that there are a number of things about soft coal that aren't to be had with pick and shovel. The lack of oneness, so to speak, among the mine operators regarding union labor.

It doesn't take you long to realize that at the base of all this dickering and bargaining over the codes—the fundamental reason why the codes, great and small, are not written and accepted offhand—is the battle between union labor and the employer. It's the interminable, the immemorial fight between the demand of labor to organize as it sees fit under such leadership and rule as it may choose to adopt, and the open shop.

The act—this National Recovery Act—is quite specific in this. Labor may make all the clamor it likes about the shorter working week and the minimum wage, but beneath it all it sees in this act the opportunity it has sought for decades—the closed shop. Thus organized labor thinks, but not all labor. And organized labor is doing plenty of thinking lest it be caught in a trap of its own unconscious making. Let's see:

The NRA has it, in the most controversial section of the document, that the workers shall have "the right to organize and bargain collectively through representation of their own choosing." Note that. It would be well to ponder it a little. The section goes on: "Employees shall be free from the interference, restraint or coercion of employers of labor in the designation of such representatives." That may easily be a blow at what are called company unions—unions formed within and with the assistance of private industries and having no affiliation with any of the general unions. Another paragraph would slay the hateful Yellow Dog—the contract over which public men have fought to their political deaths. It has it that "no employee and no one seeking employment shall be required as a condition of employment to join any company union or refrain from joining, organizing or assisting in a labor organization of his own choosing."

Think of anything like that section being written into the laws of America where, they used to tell us, the voice of

the people could not be heard for the roar of the machines they manned. Perhaps some of the subdued roar that flows down these stone corridors is the moan of the ghosts of the Aldriches, the Platts, the Cannons, the Penroses and the Hannas of an era gratefully gone.

But watch this crowd. You may never have another chance like this. The man at our side as we push along has seen three revolutions, bloody ones, in Mexico, Russia and Germany. Now he is seeing another. But this one has the speed of Captain Hawk's airplane as compared with the trundle of a child's go-cart. In Germany, Russia and Mexico, our companion says, they were too busy killing people to make much speed.

You'd think that the various heads of the unions would be working in beautiful harmony here. Well, they are as one in demanding that Section 7 be written into each code without change, without softening. But each of these union heads works in his own way to win all for his own people. And it is silly to place too much confidence in their protests that there is no jealousy between them. Most of them see the shadow of something they don't like.

As the National Recovery Act is but the first step in the march of the new order, so may Section 7 be the beginning of a new alignment of labor. The horizontal union may vanish and in its place may rise the more efficient vertical union—all labor in one tall column under one management and leadership. How simple. Rising here in majestic column is labor. A little apart rises capital, the employers, in a similar pillar. And across their tops, linking them and coordinating them under laws that favor neither but protect both, lies government. How simple.

Between these two mighty pillars? Why, the consumer, of course. Curious how we've forgotten the consumer in this excitement. But the poor old consumer is so accustomed to being the last one out that in all this uproar he hasn't had the spirit to raise his voice high enough to reach our ears. But we shall come back to him.

Shadow of Things to Come

It may be that you think this all a dream, this shadow of the vertical union that frightens some of labor's current leaders. And you may hold up your white hands in real horror at the thought. It was the old I. W. W. hope, the old Wobbly creed. It was the war cry of the wild-eyed and often epileptic labor skates of the O. B. U. movement, the One Big Union. Emma Goldman, Aleck Berkman and the likes of them, back in the borning days of the century, used to blather about it. But spend a little time in Washington, remain here a while in the corridors of the NRA, and it will dawn upon you that the Berkman, the Goldman and the rest of them were just a bit juvenile, a trifle elementary. We've got away beyond philosophies like theirs and are going much farther along a straighter road than they ever dreamed of. Among the various things we must quit doing, you see, is kidding ourselves.

These corridors in the Department of Commerce building contain, among all the other enlivening sights and sounds, men and women who are bemoaning all this change. Listen to them pray for a return of "the good old days" and predict their own answer to their own prayer. They're wrong. We're

(Continued on page 52)

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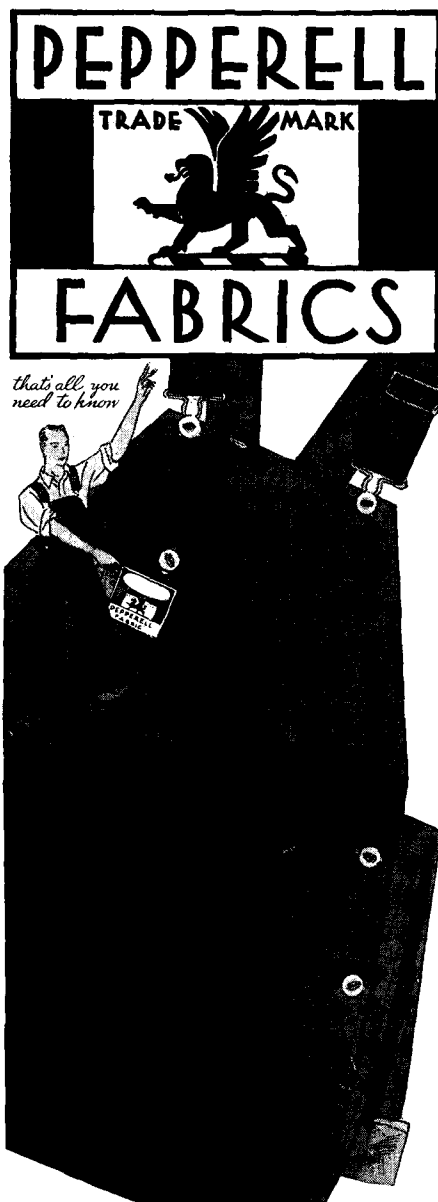
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VALENTINE & COMPANY, 386 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

What every WORKER'S WIFE will tell you

"Overalls of Pepperell Fabric have the same long-wearing, iron-like durability I have come to expect from every cotton article bearing the Pepperell name, and I ought to know. I have bought them all—sheets, blankets, children's clothes, prints for myself—and lots of other cotton things."

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(Continued from page 51)

never going back. And the old days weren't good. The reign of the Caesars is no more distant nor beyond recall than the régime of McKinley.

But we're off the track. It is hard to cling to a single thought here in these teeming halls. You are shuffling along under a terrific barrage of theory, fear, prediction, warning, exhortation and prophecy. No wonder we are setting it down staccato. Here we talk to a Communist. Rather he talks to us. There is no talking back to him because he's off for a new audience after a few husky warnings. He is a little narrow man, with eyes that never blink. All this, he says, waving his arms like a windmill, is Fascism. Here's the spirit of Mussolini, of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, of Hitler. How the man hates Hitler. Yes, we're headed straight for Fascism and dictated castor-oil nationalism. All this is the subterfuge of the bosses, the employer, of capital. And how he hates capital. Proof? Why, certainly. Who is General Johnson? There's proof for the most witless. Out of the Army, by Barney Baruch. The little man spits.

And after him you are taken aside by another who is an avowed Fascist. He has only one hand. By heaven, he cries, raising his good right arm stiffly to forty-five degrees, let us administer this National Recovery Act without altering a word or softening a syllable. Let us make them take it and like it. Give them their choice—sign or be damned. Let there be sternness. Trample dissent and crucify dissidents. We're at a dark crossroad. Yonder lies Communism, Bolshevik rule, Leninism, the dictatorship of the proletariat. And opposite is law and order enforced by might, by single strength. To hell with these sniveling radicals. Let there be iron in the law. Herd them into their places and make it dreadful for him who objects. Up with Mussolini. Power to Hitler. That's the way out for America. Our Fascist cursed his pipe for going out.

Things like that prevent us here in the corridors of the NRA from pursuing an even course. That's what makes us lose sight of these embattled labor leaders for the moment. Of course their selfishness is matched to the ultimate fiber by the selfishness of the employer. Labor is in sight of its main chance at last. After many years, labor scents official sanction and security. But the makers of motor cars, the pumpers of oil, the forgers of steel, the operators of the mines and railroads have a right to demand that the law recognize their philosophies and protect their rights. They too have come a long way since the days of Debs and Mother Jones. They are not the Bourbons that their fathers were.

Who Thought of the NRA?

This NRA did not emerge from the pens of union labor or the mouths of professional radicals; it was the inspiration of men whom we call capitalists, who had the intelligence to realize that the world has come to the end of a cycle, that new codes and new alignments were necessary to the preservation of the only rules we can depend upon for a just exchange between man and his neighbor.

So we're not going to have that vertical union yet. Men and manners do not change that fast overnight. Therefore we're arbitrating that Section 7. This National Recovery Act is not perfect. There will be inequities. But fundamentally it is healthy and the details will not bother us. The act gives the President the power to modify, to interpret, to adjust. The unions protest, but not too much. They are content now to hold what they have won

and to rejoice that at last there is an administration which invites them to cooperate with it against the employer who breaks his word, the chiseler.

You can't take a dozen steps without learning that there is chiseling. Yonder you'll find a long suite of offices where the deftest of postal clerks, lent by Postmaster-General Jim Farley, are sorting and regimenting the endless flood of letters of complaints of chiseling. The permanent organization of the NRA will attend to them—we hope. But we shall read a few.

Here's one in a scrawl that blooms with sincerity and truth. In Georgia the owners of a cotton textile mill have signed the code but seek to sneak out from under. Rather than raise the pay of its women workers from seven dollars a week to thirteen, it has fired them all, telling them to apply anew for their places in the morning. But when they return they return as apprentices, as learners, at four dollars a week. Of course they will operate the same looms and do the same work, but when they return they will be apprentices. And the code doesn't grant thirteen dollars a week to apprentices.

Here's another, concerning a restaurant chain. It used to pay waitresses seven dollars a week (they made three or four dollars more with tips) and give them their meals for something like fifteen cents a day. But now they have raised the waitresses' pay to thirteen dollars, as agreed to when the code was signed. That's fine. But they have also changed the price of the food the girls eat. They deduct a dollar a day for the waitresses' meals now which brings the girls back to seven a week. Nice people.

Alphabetically Speaking

If we had the time we'd read more. We have to make better progress than this, so let's hurry on. After a time you get used to the alphabetical jargon you hear. But at first you're completely lost in all these glib references to the A. A. A. (the Agricultural Adjustment Administration), the T. V. A. (the Tennessee Valley Authority), the H. O. L. C. (the Home Owners Loan Corporation), the P. W. A. (the Public Works Administration), the F. E. R. A. (the Federal Emergency Relief Administration). All bright young brothers and sisters of the NRA. And day by day they draw closer in the great drive toward the light. But here they all talk their own language, each boasts of its

own importance in the general scheme.

We shall stop here a moment because a woman is speaking to a group of men who listen with considerable respect because, we learn, she is an organizer for the Consumers League in Chicago, to say nothing of being a lecturer at the university and an orator who doesn't find it necessary to raise her voice to hold an audience. Even the clothes she wears seem intellectual. Of course it's not important, but she has a very luxuriant mole on her chin.

She is pleading for the forgotten men and women. And we thought that was all over. Her complaint is that the NRA specifically shuts out from its protection persons in professional occupations, agricultural labor, domestic servants, persons buying goods and selling them independently and persons selling solely on commission.

Old Friends Meet

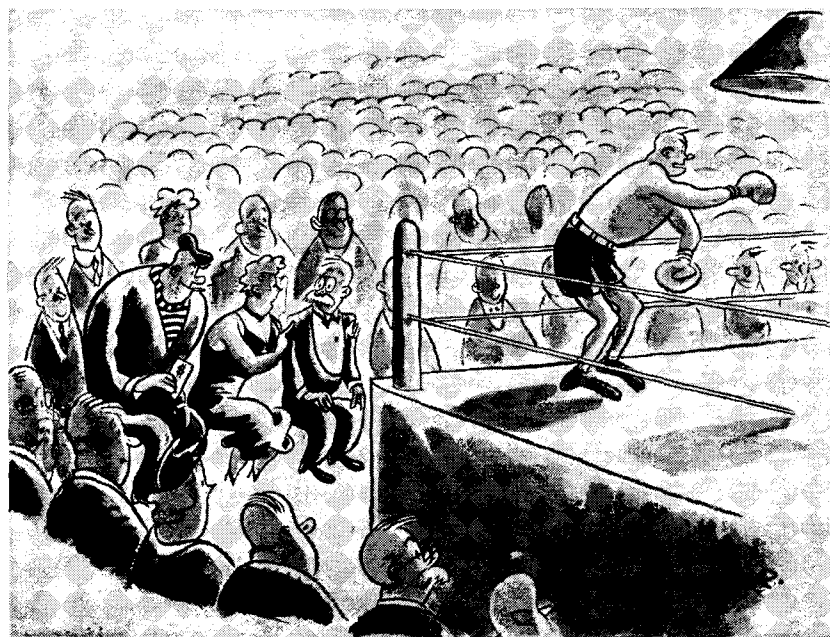
Of course her audience finds answers for her. They contend that all this is taken care of in the interpretation of Section 6 of the NRA. She sniffs at that. What of the domestic servant working fourteen hours a day for five dollars a week? What is going to protect her? Heaven? Nonsense. And she doesn't believe that the Agricultural Adjustment Administration will take care of the farm laborer. And as for that term "Professional" she wouldn't give a snap of her properly manicured fingers.

She had just come from the Department of Labor, where she and Secretary Perkins had talked it all over. She was now on her way to tell General Johnson. Mrs. Roosevelt already knew. She and the President's wife had lunched together. Baaah! Professional services. Executives. What rot!

She is interrupted, not with a question or protest, but by a woman who seemed to have bought her clothes in the same store and to have bought precisely the same things. The newcomer flew at the woman from Chicago, going through a double line of men like Joe Savoldi.

"Darling," she screamed, "think of meeting you here! How splendid! Why, I haven't seen you since the Sacco-Vanzetti protest. Ple-ee-ease, my dear."

We feel like lingering here. But down the corridor a bit there is quite a commotion because that amazingly capable woman, Mrs. Mary Harriman Rumsey, Chairman of the Consumers Advisory Board of the NRA, has been



"May I have ten bucks out of my next week's budget money, Henry? I want to lay a bet with this gentleman"

Fred Neher

The best defense you can offer against stuffy indoor living



is an inward condition of good resistance

There's no denying that winter puts a special tax on your vitality. The difficulty of regulating the temperature indoors, the risk of exposure to bad weather every time you're out is bound to make you susceptible to winter ills.

But you can't avoid them by *outward* precautions alone. You must also have strong *inner* forces. It's vitally important, at this hazardous time of year, to build up your resistance!

Many people have come to this new point of view. They realize the good judgment in improving their physical condition *while they are well* instead of trying to build up *after* winter ills overtake them.

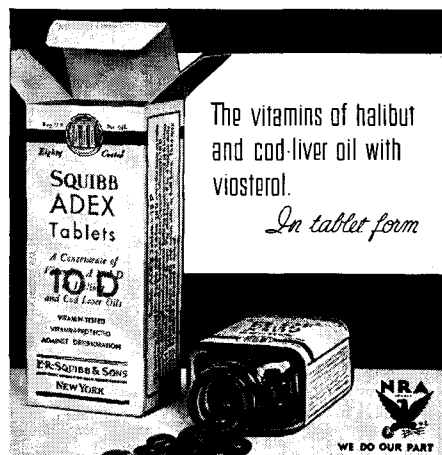
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cornered by a crowd that has lurked at her door for hours, loaded with questions.

She's the daughter of Harriman, the railroad wizard, the American Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder. Like the daughter of Mark Hanna, who logically enough went in for politics, Mrs. Rumsey inherited many of the traits which made her father dominant.

She and Professor William F. Ogburn of the University of Chicago couldn't get along at all. He was a member of her board until he resigned because he did not believe that the consumer in whose interests the board is supposed to operate was being protected. At least he could not see that Mrs. Rumsey's method of succoring the consumer was going to bring about the relief the consumer was going to require when the inevitable rise in the cost of living followed the compulsory rise in wages. The two rises would not keep an even pace in the existing set-up, he claimed. The consumer, particularly the white-collar worker who may not look to unions for protection, was going to get it where he wore that collar. Mrs. Rumsey proceeded in her own way. And Professor Ogburn resigned.

Whose method and whose contentions will stand proof is something for the future to say, but it is perfectly true that in all this hubbub and scamper the consumer has had the least public sympathy lavished upon him. Too bad, too, because, after all, the consumer will have the last word. And if all this reasoning by the New Deal economists has anything to it, the American consumer is now more important than ever to the recovery of America. These latter-day economists, for example—these lads with the pomaded hair and the astonishingly neat linen suits and gold-rimmed spectacles, the ones that hover devotedly around Dr. Wolman, Dr. Sachs, Mr. Richberg and so on—assure you that America was never so far from Europe as it is today. Economically as politically, they say, America is being forced to turn her back on Europe. America knows when she's rebuffed. From now on we'll turn our faces south and east for export trade as well as import. There is South America and the Far East. And there's Russia. Let Central and Western Europe sulk, repudiate, balk and quibble. We shall turn to our more natural commercial allies. Well, well, well.

The Consumer's Innings

Of course all this will take time. Meanwhile we shall stifle production, depress it to meet domestic requirements. We shall be growing up again, stretching out again just as we did back in the nineties when, for the first time, we began to be a large figure in international trade. And in this interim the domestic consumer will be all-important.

Naturally you and I, being mere eyes and ears to absorb what we see and hear in these corridors of bloodless revolution, have no reply to make to all this, although we are glad to accept the leaflets they offer us so that we may know what the Englishman Keynes has to say on the subject. But we don't need the word of any economist to appreciate how greatly important the American consumer is to the success of the NRA and all that will follow it. And we aren't so stupid as to fail to see reason in Professor Ogburn's warning that the NRA might collapse unless the consumer is protected adequately against sharp and undue price increases.

The consumer isn't a class apart as Professor Ogburn's reasoning would lead the unthinking to believe. But don't let us leap to our own conclusions nor presume to reason for others.

Let's take in the general discussion here in this group at Mrs. Rumsey's office. You may have noticed that this is quite a different crowd from those we've seen. To put it briefly, the code writers bargain, the labor fellows barter, the economists (these corridors are choked with them) go about looking and talking superiorly. They also utter paralyzing combinations of words such as the termini of middle resistances, the trends of forced adherences and invested hour coefficients. These you and I ignore, hoping it will be all right.

But somehow we feel a trifle at our ease here with the consumer crowd. It makes us think of those first-of-the-month bills for electricity and tomato juice. Here we hear that General Johnson, along with Mrs. Rumsey, believes that the consumer is being taken care of and that he is getting ample consideration. They don't think that you can settle the consumer's troubles by writing price-pegging clauses into the NRA. The government has tried price-pegging, only to find that nature wouldn't or couldn't read the law. The government still has some of the wheat, and so on, it bought to stabilize prices. Not so good really.

It is all very well, we gather, for General Johnson (be patient, we're going to meet him in a moment) to shake an official finger at merchants, warning them not to kite prices and look for undue profits at the expense of the consumer. There isn't much that he can do about it.

The Eagle's Talons

If a subscriber to a code violates that code, he may after due warning be deprived of his Blue Eagle and subsequently to the right to manufacture or to sell or to go on with his business. He may, if he is not to be trusted, be what we may call specially licensed. In other words, placed on a sort of probation. If he persists in chiseling, in disregarding his pledge of hours and wages, working conditions and age, he may have his doors shut by the government.

We shall see how this works in the weeks to come. These codes, the so-called permanent codes under which the possessors of the Blue Eagle operate, are limited to two years of life. In that time the New Deal, or the new economic and social life, if you choose, will have had such a running start and will have become so rooted in our national fabric that no administration, be it ever so conservative, will dare to turn back.

So the thing to do, as we gather here in this group of consumers, who all talk at once and in terms of sugar by the pound, apples by the peck, beef by the pound, shoes by the pair and candy by the box—the thing to do is to consolidate rather than organize. Mind you, General Johnson is vigorously against boycotts. The Supreme Court's annals are full of boycott precedents. Very unlawful things, boycotts.

Nevertheless throughout the country go the Blue Eagle's sponsors, walking from house to house getting housewives and their husbands to sign their names beneath the wings of the Blue Eagle. This is no boycott drive. Not at all. We who have spent several days in these NRA corridors understand how the government feels about such tactics. So all we who sign the pledge under the Blue Eagle are supposed to do is to patronize those stores and those merchants who operate under the Blue Eagle. That's not boycotting, you see. All that we do is to ignore those stores and those merchants who are not flying the eagle. Naturally, no intelligent merchant or shopkeeper would want to be

(Continued on page 54)

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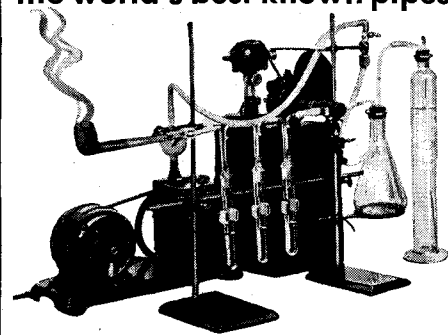
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mouth wash and gar-
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(Continued from page 53)

without his Blue Eagle in such circumstances, so the whole problem works out nicely. The government has left all that to the states and the local communities. Which leaves the government free to tut-tut boycotting.

However all this may be, we're pretty lucky people—you and I. We are not only beholding the first steps of a modern revolution but we are eyewitnesses. None of our fathers has seen anything like this, and our children will merely see a continuation, a perfection. These, my friend, are days to be alive in. What's that? A photographer's flashlight. Somebody's in for trouble. They forbade flashlights in this crowded corridor some days ago. They had to. It got to be pretty much of a nuisance because, among others and perhaps the most persistent of them all, the movie stars were using these corridors for new backgrounds for fan photographs.

But here is what we've been waiting for. The General is about to hold his press conference. Here's our chance to see the Administrator of the NRA in action. Down two flights and we're in a room where more than a hundred newspaper reporters have gathered. It looks more like a hundred and fifty. Not that it matters. What you are going to see will explain in large degree the success of the Administrator of the NRA.

I have seen a great many conferences of this sort in a great many places. But I can't recall anything like the demonstration we're about to witness. And I've asked a few veterans who have seen more than I and they assure me their memories produce nothing to match it. Anyway here comes the General, flanked by a court stenographer and his amazingly shrewd young secretary. A blunt man with blunt manners, blunt features and bluntly built. And powerfully built. In the army we used to say of a man of his physique that he was built like a war.

A Realist at Work

But here is what I'm speaking of. The moment General Johnson enters the room, the reporters rise and, with a spontaneity that thrills you, they applaud him. There is something of the fight-crowd flavor to the ovation. You have thoughts of Dempsey entering the ring. There is understanding between these reporters and the Dempsey fans. This man, the General, is a fighter with a job to do and the hell with the name of his opponent. And who doesn't love the breed?

He has been called an idealist because of the fervor he puts into this revolutionary job of his. He doesn't look it, he doesn't act it. Maybe he is given to altitudinous dreams, but the chances are that he is more the hard-boiled realist. Have that as you choose, however. The applause has subsided and General Hugh Samuel Johnson of Fort Scott, Kansas, West Point and New York City, is squatted at the table facing his audience. His hair is tousled, his eyes bagged with weariness. His heavy forearms are resting on the table, his thick, hairy hands clasped. He sits hunched over after the manner of a man who has spent his life listening. An inch of cigarette smolders in the corner of his mouth. In a moment he will light a fresh one with the glow of the old. Or perhaps his secretary will light it. He doesn't seem to notice, just as long as there's a cigarette there.

He is fifty-one years old but, tired, he looks older. With the exception perhaps of Sunday nights, he gets to bed about two in the morning. Thus far, four hours' sleep a night seems to do. He usually leaves his offices after midnight. But the questioning and the answering is beginning. What is the status of the soft-coal hearings? The

General looks up quickly, grins widely, and replies: "Did you ever play poker?" And that settles that.

Far back in the crowd a low voice drones an involved question. "Speak up, speak up, man," shouts the General. "I'm so used to having people yell at me that I'm whisper proof."

"Where women do the same work as men," begins a terribly earnest looking woman, "what—"

"Fifty-fifty, sister. Same work, same wages. Next."

"If a Blue Eagle is taken away from a holder can it ever be restored?"

"No."

"Is there any truth to the rumor that you're on your way out?"

"Haven't heard it. Still, I may get a break."

While he answers he draws arrows on the pad in front of him. He varies that by writing his favorite expletive—Hell. Before he is through he has covered several pages with arrows and Hell. A direct personality. He makes you wonder what a less powerful personality, a temporizer, a politician, might have done with his job. There seems to be no doubt about his being the mainspring of the NRA organization. His twelve deputies, all of whom he picked himself, are pallid beside him. He usually has to finish what they start. And what a finisher!

The Making of an Administrator

Experience has equipped him nobly for his job. He was graduated from West Point in 1903. He studied law at the University of California. And it is said of him that he practiced law very much as he rode a horse as a cavalry officer, preferring straight charges to subterfuges. He helped to write and then administered the Draft Law in 1917, served through the war in the Judge Advocate's Department and resigned his commission in 1919. He was a Brigadier General.

Directly after resigning he became vice president, general counsel and assistant general manager of the Moline Plow Company and organizer and chairman of the board of the Moline Implement Company. In 1927 he became associated with Bernard M. Baruch in New York City and it was Mr. Baruch who recommended him to President Roosevelt for his current job. He didn't accept for the money it fetches him. He gets six thousand a year or thereabout—less than the government was ready to pay.

"When do you suppose you'll be ready

to turn this job over to what they call the permanent organization?" he is asked.

"When we've written all the codes," he replies, grinning again. "I have a living to make."

Perhaps one of the reasons why his audiences are so fond of him is that he likes them. He would like to write, although he won't talk much of the two books he wrote while in the Army. One was Williams of West Point. The other, Williams on Service. He professes to be grateful that there are things he can do better than write.

Cosmos out of Chaos

The conference ends with a barrage of questions and answers concerning the automobile, the railroad, the lumber, oil and coal codes. He is asked whether relations with the oil industry are friendly.

"Have I any friends?" he asks.

"Yeah," drawls a voice in the rear. "Several."

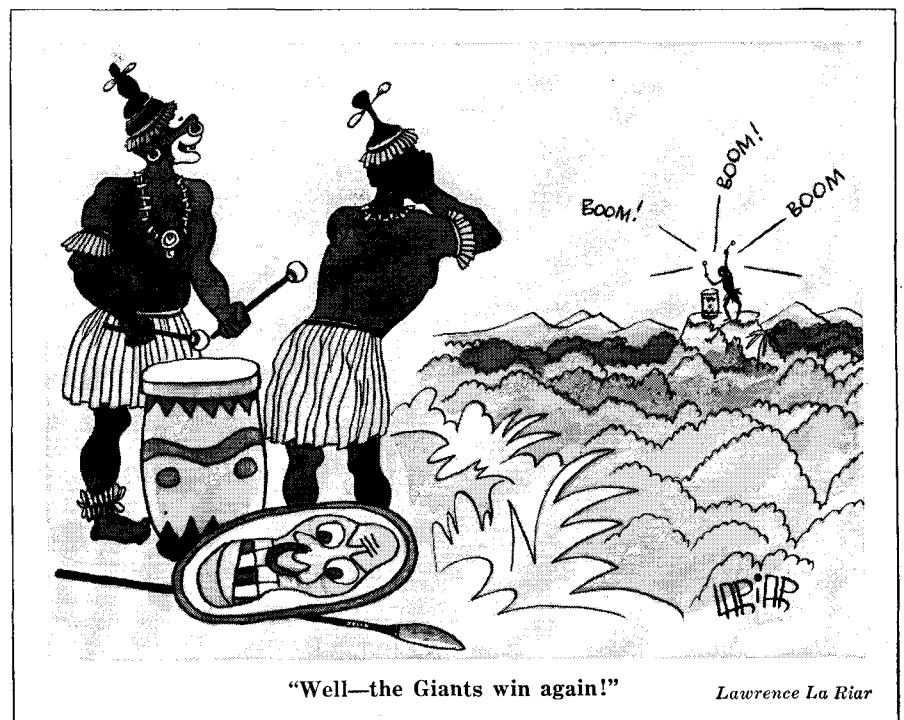
"Okay. That's all. Let's go."

We follow the crowd to the jammed corridor where, although it is seven o'clock, the same drone of exciting life is to be heard. The NRA organization continues right on through the night. The corridors are still thronged with corporation magnates, labor leaders, economists, experts in a thousand and one things, reporters—clergymen come, they tell you, for inspiration for their next Sunday sermon—secret service men, heads and committees of civic clubs, chambers of commerce, leagues of all conceivable sort, radio announcers and lecturers assuring all who will listen that they could put the thing across.

Supply the rest yourself. Anything from push-cart peddlers to steel barons, from piano tuners to railroad presidents. They mill up and down and through the corridors looking for somebody they seldom seem to find. They argue and confer. If so and so doesn't happen, then goodbye America. Whether it happens or not America can stand it. And so on.

The real work is being done in the bare inner offices into which the crowd seldom looks. And presently one of these offices opens and one of the deputy administrators comes out accompanied by the General. The crowd surges toward them, asking whether an agreement has been reached. The General grins widely and nods his head. Another code has been signed.

And there you are. Out comes a Blue Eagle.



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Cabinet Music

Continued from page 26

inspected the New York Barge Canal, and Henry climbed aboard the boat with a slab of meat under each arm to make sure that he wouldn't go hungry. The secretariat carries on patiently and efficiently for long hours because of the President's exemplary reminders that all work and no play make even the White House a dull, uninspiring place. When the President presented Easter hats to his three secretaries, and Marvin H. McIntyre's fitted too loosely because Steve Early and Louie Howe had grabbed off the tidier bonnets, the President consoled Mac's friends with the remark: "Oh, Mac will grow into his."

"God Save MacArthur"

The President has made the White House a place of song. Even the White House quartet, which consists of Mac and three newspaper correspondents, still yodel and practice My Home on the Range because of encouragement from the top. The President sits patiently through their performance when he has them to dinner now and then, and he may get them on the key yet.

After seven months of this work and play the Cabinet and near-Cabinet have begun to shake down—or up. Several have definitely emerged as stars, while the others still stand in the wings. Secretary Ickes and General Hugh S. Johnson, although comparatively unknown before March 4th, have stepped out in front as the really big men. Miss Perkins, rushing breathlessly from conference to coal field confessionals, ranks high up, and is disabusing most minds of the suspicion that women are necessarily inferior to men in handling public affairs.

Like Mr. Ickes, Secretary Wallace has grown with responsibility. Shy and sensitive when he first came to the capital, he has changed into a daring, forceful, decisive figure; he shows up well at Cabinet meetings. These three are also bearing up best under a pressure that allows only a desk lunch of milk and sandwiches, and a few hours of sleep each night. In his field Jim Farley is doing a good job of keeping the politicians quiet, though at bay, while he looks after the duties of the Post Office Department.

Although absent for a long spell due to illness and overwork, Mr. Woodin's appointment of able, non-political assistants like Dean Acheson and Jimmie Warburg has kept the Treasury running smoothly. The response to recent bond issues testifies to confidence in the public credit. Contrary to the general opinion, Mr. Woodin does not cling to his job after the usual manner of wealthy men who enjoy their first taste of Washington life. His inner life of art and music, I imagine, means as much to him as problems involving closed banks and banking reform.

Mr. Roper, of course, stands within the whirling of the mechanism, but he is such a political old-timer around the capital that nobody expected wonders from him, and he furnished no surprises. He is so encumbered with routine Department of Commerce duties that he has not been sharply sketched in the popular imagination. He is a placid, agreeable fellow, always giving the impression that he is slightly dismayed and puzzled by all the stir General Johnson makes only a few floors down.

Mr. Dern suffers because he admitted at the outset that he was unacquainted with Army problems, though willing to learn. Nobody except his snappy tutor and drill-master, Chief of Staff Douglas

MacArthur, takes much interest in the Army right now, anyway; whether the soldiers go forth to battle on horses or on a motorized basis does not affect prices or wages. General MacArthur, who does not think that peace ought to interfere with war—witness his heroic handling of the bonus seekers' eviction—runs things so well and so completely that Secretary Dern was able to attend a Governors' conference in California at the same time that Harry H. Woodring, Assistant Secretary, sailed for an extended European honeymoon. So it's no wonder that militarists' theme song is "God save MacArthur."

Neither Mr. Swanson nor anybody else can become indispensable in the Navy portfolio so long as four men in the White House know every sailor from admirals down to chief petty officers, as do President Roosevelt and his three secretaries. Mr. Roosevelt is looking after the Navy, even to details, as he did when he was Assistant Secretary under Josephus Daniels. Mr. Swanson serves to transmit recommendations of the Navy General Board to the White House. But the aging Virginian is a "big navy" man, in entire accord with White House policies, and gets a thrill out of his job.

As for Attorney-General Cummings, he cannot expect much notice or applause. His work requires long and quiet preparation rather than ballyhoo. But he keeps in the public mind through shrewd, Yankee realization that law enforcement can be helped or handicapped by a good or bad press; his press conferences are the longest and most detailed of all. He is slow and solid rather than spectacular, and his long delay in moving against gold hoarders provoked smiles whenever the question came up. Washington likes him—he is a fatherly fellow—and defers judgment pending the time when his policies assume more aggressive shape.

Boy Wonders

With Mr. Moley gone, the two other original members of the Brain Trust—Rex Tugwell and A. A. Berle—are important figures, though with a difference. Mr. Berle spends much of his time in New York, and is almost unknown even to Washington. But he is even now preparing important legislation for submission to the next Congress, as he did during the last session. Mr. Tugwell likewise keeps out of the limelight as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, but he shapes up as one of the Administration's principal "idea" men. Five years ago he wrote a book which outlined and urged the economic realignment that has come under the National Recovery Act. He is held to be one of the chief apostles of a planned state and industry. Oddly, his literary hero is Thomas Hardy, whose philosophy of futility and fatality may be discredited by the program of these economic iconoclasts.

Budget Director Lewis Douglas, another boy wonder, has lost some of the prestige he achieved by his orders for federal savings in the Administration's first months. He had to make enemies of powerful groups, including the veterans, federal workers and some political liberals, with his arbitrary cutting. But somebody had to do it as a first step in laying a sound financial basis for subsequent expansion, and he was elected. He is to be pitied rather than blamed, for somebody has to take it on the chin in every new administration. Luckily for him, he has a tough chin.



DR. MÖLLER
the noted Danish expert
in diagnosis, says:

"He couldn't
eat without
INDIGESTION"

DR. MÖLLER (above) says, "This patient suffered from indigestion—hadn't eaten a meal in comfort for months."

"I traced his symptoms to intestinal poisoning and started him with yeast*. In a month he was a different person."... Note, at right, the clean condition of the intestines which results from eating yeast regularly!



"COMPLICATED diets have become such a fad that a much simpler means of correcting indigestion is often overlooked. I mean fresh yeast."

These are the words of Dr. Kristen J. Möller, the noted Copenhagen internal specialist and Doctor for the Govt. Gen'l Health Insurance of Denmark. He goes on:

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"It was a real effort to eat," writes Jeff M. Hall, of Sausalito, Calif., "and after a night's sleep I'd get up just as tired as ever... My doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. It got rid of the poisons clogging my system, my appetite came back and I took a new interest in work."

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For Glory and for Keeps

Continued from page 22

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NICHOLSON FILES
A FILE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

year was the Portsmouth (Ohio) club. On that team is the finest football player alive today, Dutch Clark, formerly of Colorado College. Not the University of Colorado, but Colorado College, a small institution at Colorado Springs. Clark is a tall, thin young gentleman who runs the team from quarterback, does the kicking and passing, runs the ends and bucks the line, catches the passes, runs back the punts and is deadly on drop kicks. He plays with the same remarkable relaxation which once characterized Bob Meusel, who used to get well booed as he meandered leisurely after fly balls for the New York Yankees.

On its first trip East last year, Portsmouth traveled in a bus and carried sixteen men and looked like the Y-Eddie Social Club arriving for combat with the Columbo A. C. of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. When Dutch Clark wasn't making a monkey of the Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers, young Mr. Alford of Texas Tech was attending to it. Texas Tech is located at Lubbock, Texas, and if your map is a little old you won't find it at all, because the town itself was only founded about twenty years ago.

The first mystery is how Portsmouth ever found Mr. Alford and the second is how Mr. Alford ever found his way out of Texas. And when young Mr. Alford wasn't giving Brooklyn vertigo from sailing around the ends, young Mr. Gutowsky of the University of Oklahoma was tearing the line into small, irregularly shaped fragments.

From Now On, It's Different

But the unknowns aren't always so bright. Green Bay had a man several years ago whose brain was a bit less developed than his body. He was a wonderful halfback but he couldn't remember more than one signal at a time and had a hard time with that one. After being taken out of several games because he insisted upon trampling down his backfield mates by going around right end when everybody else was going around left end, it was thought best to keep him on the bench for emergencies. His idea of how to act in an emergency was also a trifle extraordinary. Twice he was sent in late in the game to convey a message to the quarterback and twice he forgot all about it the minute he left the bench. It was then that Curly Lambeau, the coach, said a few words in a loud tone.

"Sure," agreed the young man amiably enough. "I know I shouldn't forget like that, Mr. Lambeau, but I'm cured now. It's going to be different from now on. Just put me in there again. . . . You'll see."

So the following Sunday Mr. Lambeau took him at his word and sent him in with instructions to wait until one play was run and then give the quarterback word to send the fullback through left guard. When the young man went in, he went straight to the referee.

"Say," he began immediately, "you're the referee, aren't you? Well, Curly Lambeau sent me in here to tell the quarterback to send the fullback through left guard on the second play. After we run this first play, you come round and remind me of it, will you? You don't have anything to do but toot that little whistle!"

It really is the age of the lower collegiate classes in pro football. Arnold Herber, the spectacular quarterback of the Green Bay Packers, never had the

benefit of college. If Sammy Stein, late of the New York Giants, had any necessity to emit his college yell, at the best it would be, "Hoo-ray! P. S. 148, Jersey City!" Mr. Stein it was who listed his university affiliations on the program as "Sammy Stein, College of Hard Knocks." But Mr. Stein had the proper college spirit. He played with dash and élan and, on a day at the Polo Grounds when it had rained so long it was difficult to tell where the Harlem River stopped and Mr. Harry Stevens' frankfurter concession started, Mr. Stein recovered a Chicago Bear fumble by the simple device of taking a dive from the 25-yard line and staying discreetly under water until he popped up right alongside the precious pigskin on the 10-yard marker.

Sammy Stein Keeps Busy

Even then, however, football was not enough for Mr. Stein; it didn't take up all his energies. So he launched into professional wrestling as a side line and soon worked his way up among the headliners of Jack Curley's troupe. By dint of practicing three or four hours every day with the Giants and going out to engage Jim Londos at night and coming back for another three or four hours with the Giants next day, he managed to keep occupied.

The only difference between the two sports was the setting. When Mr. Stein missed a flying tackle at the Polo Grounds, he rescued his nose from the turf and came back for more; when he missed a flying tackle at Madison Square Garden, he landed on his conk among the telegraph instruments and typewriters of the sporting writers and was pushed back up for more. When he played with the Giants Sunday afternoon and had nothing to do at night, he generally took a run through Central Park just to keep in trim.

Yes, the young men are tough. Steve Owen, in an endeavor to improve the footwork of his squad, once conceived the idea of substituting a soccer ball for a football in practice. By kicking it around, he felt that his players would get an agility of foot not obtained in the regular way. The only trouble was that no soccer ball could be found. It was then that one of his young heroes from some such institution as the Boll Weevil College for Men at Heavyheart, Arkansas, suggested eagerly:

"What do you have to have a ball for, Steve? Can't we just go out there and kick one another around?"

Ohio is the home of professional football and the teams at Massillon, Canton

and Columbus were famous even before the days of Jim Thorpe. Joe Carr of Columbus used to manage these teams and he is now president of the National Football League. It was Mr. Carr who solved the problem of football material in his day with the Columbus Panhandles by merely keeping friendly with the Nesser family. On that team were the six Nesser brothers (John, Phillip, Ted, Fred, Frank and Alfred). Being ambitious for a college career and never having had the opportunity, the Nesser boys did their best to keep in touch with learned persons by chasing various college football celebrities all over eastern Ohio. They were an earnest group, were the Nesses, and it may have been their example which shamed the All-America heroes into action.

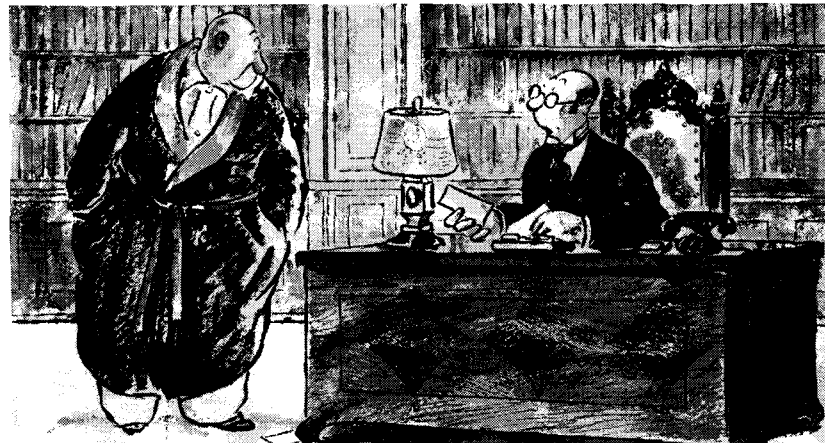
The National Football League will be made up this year of Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago (Bears), Chicago (Cardinals), Green Bay, New York (Giants), Portsmouth, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. Pro football isn't a career to be sneezed at. Benny Friedman, in his time with Tim Mara's Giants, drew down \$10,000 for a season of approximately ten weeks, and Chris Cagle was rewarded to the tune of \$7,500. The average runs around \$2,000 and there is lots of time left in a year to get over the bumps and mangles.

Old Stars in a New Sky

Of course the league is not made up entirely of unknowns. Red Grange is still on deck, Friedman is still active, Bruno Nagurski, Hinkle, Ernie Pinkert and Hank Bruder are right in their prime, and Harry Newman, the Michigan quarterback, is joining the Giants this year to give them their second great field-general from Ann Arbor. But it's a different world Mr. Newman will face. Grange has never run through the pro teams as he once galloped through Michigan's line, and Friedman admits that he learned more in three games as a pro than he did in his whole college career.

Mr. Newman will learn a lot and he will also hold up his end, and he will even be conscious that he is taking part in football as she is played. All that is to be hoped is that he will not be annoyed when, upon taking his first punt, he is stopped in his tracks by an end from such a distinguished seat of learning as the Excelsior City College of Excelsior City, Missouri.

After all, he has had his All-America chance; these young men are just getting theirs.



"There's a check for a dollar from The Evening Gazette, sir, for the bright sayings, sir"

Jay Irving

Conspiracy

Continued from page 28



No Fun if you're cold

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progressed no further in his reasoning when, at shortly after seven, his telephone rang. It was Degas who called him.

"You have seen the afternoon papers, my friend?"

"Queer it happened today, wasn't it?" Evans said.

He could almost see Degas shrug those wide and muscular shoulders.

"These things, your police tell me, happen all too frequently."

"You've seen the police?" asked Evans.

"But naturally. I saw, as I started for my hotel, the headlines of a paper, and I proceeded at once to Paul's speak-easy. It is on Fiftieth Street, not far from my hotel. And the courteous official in charge honored the badge given me by your so excellent former mayor, and—but it will keep, my friend. You will join me shortly?"

"I'll dress right away," promised Evans.

HE KEPT his word and at shortly before eight he and Degas stepped into a taxicab. They drove to a restaurant off Broadway, and not until the waiter had taken their orders and departed did Degas refer to the happening of the afternoon.

"Duck exists no more," he said sadly. "It is a strange thing to contemplate, Doyle, my friend. For thousands of years the lady duck has met the gentleman duck and they have loved and perpetuated themselves. But *duck* had no reality until Paul came upon the scene. Duck was merely a bird, a fowl, until Paul perceived its possibilities. And now—*fini*. I shall console myself, as best one may, with memories."

"You were with the police today," said Evans.

Degas looked about the restaurant, a popular place with Broadwayites who ate there before and after the theater. But now, with curtains about to rise, only a few patrons remained in the long, narrow room.

"I arrived at the address of the unfortunate Paul and encountered there an acquaintance of a former visit. Inspector Regan. My badge brought me past the officer on guard outside, and the rest was easy. The inspector was polite enough to profess delight at seeing me, and when I told him of my letter from Paul his delight was no longer a matter of courtesy."

Despite himself Evans gasped faintly. "You—you told him of that letter?"

"But of course. Why not?" countered Degas.

"Of course," conceded Evans. He put his next question with what casualness he could muster. "You—er—mentioned my visitor of last night?"

Degas shook his head slowly.

"BUT why? After all, why drag you into a notoriety that might be unpleasant? There is so much bewilderment in this affair that until it clears up a trifle I would dislike unnecessarily involving you. Also, if the killing of Paul is not what the police assume it to be, a gang fight, and if there is connection between Paul's letter to me and your midnight visitor, any relation between you and police might become known to Paul's murderers. That might not be pleasant for you. No, it is the Degas policy to keep the lips sealed until it is proved there is advantage in speech."

"Much obliged," said Evans. "You seem," he went on, as the waiter brought food and departed, "not to agree with the police."

Degas attacked the *sole*, which he pronounced excellent, and for a moment did not reply. Then he wiped his lips upon a napkin and beamed upon Evans.

"Duck exists no longer, but there are other consolations than mere memory," he said. "This sole—agree with the police? My Paul was no gangster. I mean, if the management of the speak-easy meant that Paul would face violence—Paul would move on. Paul, unfortunately, was not given at birth his fair share of physical courage. Do not mistake me. I do not slur the dead. Paul had his great gifts which balanced his weaknesses. A coward—he could cook duck. It all becomes equal, eh? For example: Paul left Paris because he found that the charming, but somewhat frail, Madame Lanson was sharing her kindnesses with another man. Some husbands would have killed the interloper. But Paul—he runs away."

He ceased speaking as the waiter brought a fillet, and for five minutes there was no more conversation. Then, his hunger satisfied, Degas took up the thread of speech again.

"I have noticed what perhaps the police of other nations have not noticed. At any rate, I shall accord it a chapter in my next volume. It is this: The police spy is almost always a coward. I mean the semi-spy, the man who has his ostensible—his real—business but spies for pleasure and what profit it may bring him. Some cowardly thing in him is gratified by giving information to the police. He never comes out into the open but does his work under shelter of anonymity. He is somewhat like the poisoned-pen letter writer, a coward."

"SO THEN, if running that speakeasy were dangerous, Paul would have left it. The first hint that his sponsors could not protect him—and Paul would have vanished. And your American gangs do not kill without first attempting a sort of blackmail. That is axiomatic. So, then, the police are wrong. Paul was killed because I arrived in New York."

He pursed his lips and nodded solemnly as he made the statement.

"Then Paul must have told someone that he wrote to you? That it?"

Degas shook his head with emphasis.

"Decidedly not, if I know my Paul, and I think I did. Let us reconstruct this matter. A girl calls on you and says she is Pelletiere's companion. Why? Because she—or those behind her—fear that you will soon see and recognize the real companion of the so lamented Mr. Pelletiere. We arrived at this conclusion this afternoon. Now we come to Paul. He has, without doubt, seen Pelletiere's companion, and has shown, in some fashion, his recognition. Then, two or three weeks later, the New York newspapers carry the statement that the great Degas—your papers are most flattering—has arrived in New York. Mind, I did not have my name on the passenger list. Else Paul might have died sooner. But a reporter boarded the ship at Quarantine. He saw me, talked to me, and I am greeted, as I get off the boat at the dock, with my picture in the afternoon paper. If I saw it, others saw it."

"The people who sent your young lady to you might well know of my acquaintance with Paul. I mean, no matter how the police protect the occasional informer, news of his activities leaks out. It would be known that I investigated Pelletiere's death. You see?"

(Continued on page 58)

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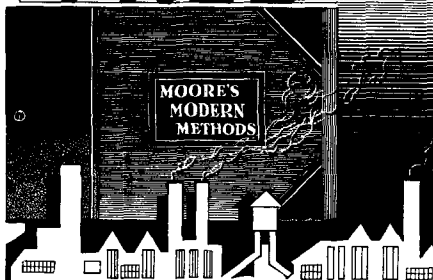
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The Daily Use Of

LAVORIS

is a habit with particular
people because it purges
the mouth and throat of
tainted mucus

(Continued from page 57)

Paul is killed before I can talk with him. Far-fetched, you think. But at least it has the merit of logical explanation. The train of thought proceeds swiftly to its destination, absurd though that destination seems."

"And then what?" asked Evans.

Degas looked at him closely.

"You, too, were at Lanson's. There has been effort made to convince you that a certain young woman was Pelletiere's companion. Paul is killed—providing my reasoning is correct—because I arrive in New York and it is presumed that I will call upon my old spy. I investigated the triple killing of two years ago. I call upon you; we dine together. Does it make something?"

Evans whistled softly.

"You mean that I—"

"I mean, my friend, exactly that. I mean that your old friend Degas, of the Paris police, will constitute himself your shadow during the next few weeks. You comprehend? If Paul is killed—why not Doyle Evans? If the crime is of so monstrous proportions as Paul thought—why not you?"

Evans managed a grin.

"Friendly little cuss, aren't you, Degas? Putting me on a spot by dining with me, aren't you?"

Degas nodded admission.

"With a man of lesser courage it would be a wicked outrage. But with a man like you—not to let you into the game, not to make you part of it, that would be an impertinence, eh? You would not easily forgive me for keeping you out of something that promises to be entrancing. Especially, my dear friend, as I called on you this afternoon, before I could guess how serious this affair might be, before I knew that already the affair Pelletiere had been revived in your memory by last night's visitor. When I called on you today, innocently enough, I then—perhaps—put you on a spot, as you would say. Well, at least I shall occupy that spot with you."

"KIND of you, Degas," grinned Evans.

That the grin was not a wooden grimace attested to his self-control. For there could no longer be even faint doubt in his mind. Degas' reasoning might seem far-fetched to others, but to Doyle Evans it was logical, convincing. For he, Doyle Evans, had recognized Phyllis Benedict when he saw her at Clara Simpson's charity bazaar. Oh, later, he had persuaded himself—been persuaded by her—that his recognition was mistaken. Or rather, he had tried to convince himself that he had been so persuaded. But since last night, when that girl had called on him, he had known, way down inside of himself, that Phyllis Benedict was Pelletiere's companion.

The monstrous crime, at whose nature Degas could not even guess, was known to Evans now. Upon the broken-hearted Benedicts had been foisted an impostor. The girl who posed as Phyllis Benedict was a lying cheat, who had embarked upon her counterfeit career to seize the Benedict millions.

There were eighty of those millions, at least. To a frugal Frenchman, such as Paul of Lanson's, the attempt to seize eighty millions might well seem a greater crime than murder.

For a moment he wrestled with the impulse to tell Degas his suspicions—his certainties. Only the memory of her lovely eyes, her gay smile, her incredible beauty and charm, held him back.

That attraction, which he now admitted to himself she definitely held for him, overpowered the hatred for her actions which he felt. She was wicked—cruelly wicked—but she was lovely and it was her loveliness that loomed

larger in his thought than her wickedness.

He snatched—despising himself for a besotted fool as he did so—at the fact that the world accepted her, that her alleged parents attested to her possession of physical markings that absolutely identified her as their lost and restored child. But it was no good. He knew she was the girl of the affair Pelletiere.

He caught at something else. Perhaps her life hadn't been a sweet affair. Perhaps, poor thing, she had been drawn by poverty into association with criminals. She might be the Benedicts' daughter and still have a shady past.

But he had gone into that before. Pelletiere's companion wouldn't have worried about her past—unless there was definite criminality in it. She'd have cared about nothing save establishing her own identity. She'd not have taken the risk of denying certain things in her past lest resurrection of them would cast doubt upon the genuineness of her identity. No; no matter what she had done, she'd come clean rather than jeopardize eighty millions. Unless, as he'd just figured, she had committed a crime that might come back to harass her. With Pelletiere she might have done some deed. . . . But that made Johnson Fay a liar, for he stated that she had never gone abroad. It meant that those other people who testified about her were liars, too. It meant that they all had banded together to conceal the fact that she was a criminal. Wasn't it more reasonable to assume that they had banded together to conceal the fact that she was an impostor? Unless she had committed murder—and he wouldn't concede that evil of her—the Benedict money could hush up any indiscretion of her past.

Degas broke in upon his meditations. "My dear friend, my dear Doyle," said the Frenchman, "you are not alarmed because—because I have taken the so great liberty of dining publicly with you, attracting attention to the fact that you and I are friends? When I said I put you on the spot I thought the adventure, the interest in the solution of an entrancing problem—I thought these would outweigh danger. But, if you are frightened—"

"Don't be an ass, Degas," said Evans. "I couldn't be more delighted. Who hasn't wanted to be a detective? Where do we go from here?"

Degas smiled wryly.

"I would that I knew. It is one of those cases when we wait for the others to make a move. Meanwhile—the theater?"

"And I suppose something not too correct, eh?"

Degas smirked. He twisted the point of his really admirable beard.

"I am, after all, Doyle, what you term a man of the world, eh?"

Evans laughed.

"We'll make it a revue," he said.

THE Nudities of Nineteen-thirty-three—the performance did not bear that title but might just as well have done so—was sufficiently sophisticated to win the approval of Jean Degas. Evans admired the way the Frenchman concentrated on the show. He, Evans, found it impossible to observe or listen without a faint detachment, without speculation interfering with his appreciation of the comedian's humor or the chorus' curves.

After all, Paul had been brutally slain this afternoon. If Degas suspected that Evans might be in danger, it was more than suspicion with Doyle. Only one thing could save him from the attempts of whoever was behind the imposture that was to net Phyllis Benedict eighty millions some day.

Some day? A fresh idea came into

his head. Would the gang behind Phyllis—it was impossible to believe that she had conceived and executed this stupendous plot unaided—be content to wait until the years naturally gathered the Benedicts to their heavenly rewards?

People who would kill a man in fear lest he pass on information inimical to their plans were not the sort to stop short at a second or third killing, if such slaughter assisted the culmination of their schemes. Phyllis Benedict was accepted as the daughter of Jason and Polly Benedict. But exposure could never be eliminated as impossible. Until she got her hands on the Benedict fortune there was always the chance the fortune would never actually fall into her grasp. Therefore, the natural course of events would be speeded up. It was silly to assume anything else.

People who could conceive the idea of such an imposture, who would kill one person rather than permit the smoothness of the scheme to encounter a bump, would have no silly delicacy about further murder. Why, the Benedicts had been in danger of sudden death since the very moment they definitely and finally accepted Phyllis as their daughter.

HE FELT a quick hatred toward the girl. She—she was like some monster of mythology, something like Circe. The very fact that she had incredible beauty and charm made her the more evil, the more poisonous. It was his duty to tell Degas now the suspicions, amounting to certainties, that he felt. Duty? It might well be that his very life depended on such communication to Degas or to the New York police.

Suppose that this lovely blond thing, with the romantic background, decided that he suspected her? Certainly, she must have been behind the visit last night of the professed girl of Lanson's. How she must have studied his countenance at luncheon today, trying to decide if he was as ingenuous as he seemed. Suppose she had decided that he was not ingenuous? Degas' spot took on a real and menacing existence.

And here beside him, chuckling with wicked mirth at the double-entendres, beaming at the display of flesh, and apparently unconscious of the dangers which he had so recently pointed out to Evans, sat Degas. What a man! But danger was, after all, part of Degas' profession. Nevertheless, the Frenchman's calm made Evans slightly ashamed of his own feelings. And because he had courage he banished fear. But not horror. Horror that Phyllis Benedict could be so evil. . . .

Degas, as they emerged from the theater, lighted a cigarette. It looked effeminate in the midst of that mass of whiskers and a hoodlum passing by commented too loudly on Degas' appearance. A hand reached out and gripped a shoulder; the hoodlum was whirled around. A thick hand slapped one cheek and then the other.

"It is not wise, my little man," said Degas, "to remark upon the appearance of a stranger. You, because you are inches taller and pounds heavier, perhaps entertain the idea that size makes for safety. You will take this black eye home to that mother who regrets the unfortunate incident of your birth and ponder my words."

The hoodlum staggered away. It had all happened before Evans was aware that Degas had taken offense. The passers-by hardly saw the incident, so soon was it over. Degas grinned at his companion.

"I have not created the scene, eh? That is good. I would regret the scandal. But my beard—it is a matter of pride with me. I permit no criticism of it."

Evans stifled incipient mirth. "Certainly not," he agreed. The theater doorman touched his cap in apology.

"Couldn't hold that taxi, sir," he told Evans. "People climbed into it while your friend was belting that guy around. Get you another in a minute."

Evans nodded. Degas showed his teeth.

"That is what I did? Belted that guy around? It is a tongue most superb,

this American. Belted that guy around."

In the midst of a laughing response Evans stiffened. She had told him that she was going back to the country this afternoon, and here she was, emerging from the theater. But why expect truth, even in minor matters, from one who was so surely a liar—and worse—in the greater affairs? He bowed in response to her smile of greeting and she paused.

She was dressed in blue again, only
(Continued on page 60)



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

One of the outstanding hobbies of European men is the collecting of toy soldiers. In fact the hobby is so prevalent that there are not only numerous local clubs but an International Society of Collectors of Lead Soldiers which holds an annual exhibition. One man has more than 10,000 of these miniature warriors.

The commune of Turopolje, Yugoslavia, with a population of 13,000, is the only place in the world today where every citizen is a nobleman or noblewoman by birth and has the right to display—and does display—a coat-of-arms.

Many babies before birth put their thumbs in their mouths, have hiccups and even show tiny respiratory movements.—By M. M. Sprunger, Morenci, Michigan.

In China the custom of married sons living with their parents sometimes results in very large families, with six generations and from 200 to 300 members living under one roof. It has also resulted in some families residing today in houses in which 35 generations of male ancestors have lived and died.

Vatican City is the only sovereign state that has its maps scaled in yards instead of miles or meters and the only one in the world today that has more soldiers than civil inhabitants. Incidentally it has a prison, one kosher kitchen and two native born individuals.

Young spiders, although equipped only with legs for locomotion, have a unique method of flying. They climb to a high place, spin a thread that is strong enough to support them, then go sailing off on it in the breeze. Many of them have landed on ships miles at sea.—By T. F. Koehl, Cleveland, Ohio.

Many persons have imaginations that can picture unseen things and unexperienced activities more clearly and vividly than their memories can re-visualize recent experiences.—By J. H. Pinkard, Washington, D. C.

There is no known blood test by which it is possible to determine whether the unknown parent of a given child is of the white or Negro race.

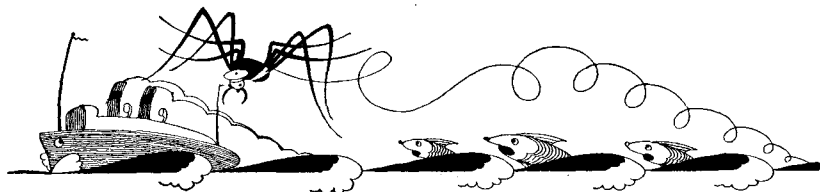
The "Fountain of Blood," flowing from a grotto near La Virtud, Honduras, is one of the world's strangest sights. The liquid, which coagulates and has the appearance of real blood, obtains its color and consistency from a certain microscopic organism that dies in it.—By A. H. Blackiston, Los Angeles, California.

Collisions between ships at sea occur more frequently than is generally imagined. Twenty-three per cent of the 104 major shipping disasters during the past 50 years, and twenty-three per cent of the lives lost in accidents at sea have been caused by vessels running into one another.

Contrary to the reaction of other kinds of electric motors, an over-compounded, direct-current motor increases its speed as a heavier load is applied to it.—By J. R. Montgomery, Macon, Georgia.

Optical illusions frequently result from certain juxtapositions of color. This is illustrated in the flag of France, which has its three stripes made in the proportion of 30 for blue, 33 for white and 37 for red so that they appear to be of equal width.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



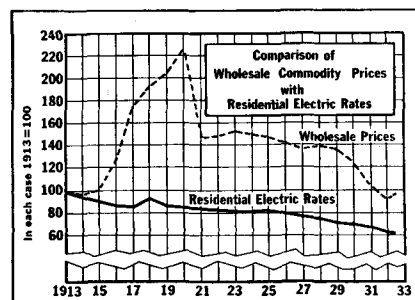
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Government agencies are clipping the income of the utilities at both ends by forcing reductions in rates and by imposing destructive taxes.

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1933. This is about 13½ cents of every dollar of gross operating revenues. Taxes are now a third greater than in 1929,—an alarming rate of increase.

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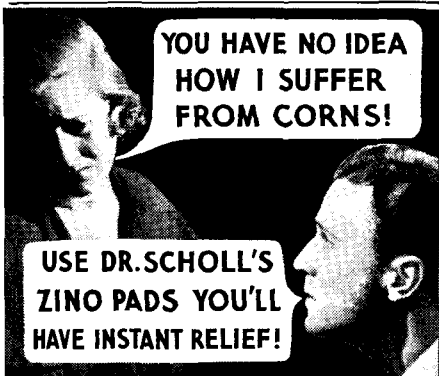
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(Continued from page 59)

this time in an evening frock, with a wrap of gold that went well with her dark eyes. Accompanying her was a man in evening dress, white tie, tails and all. She held out to Evans that famous hand.

"I suppose," she said, "that you are inwardly terming me an atrocious liar."

He crimsoned. What would she say if she knew his real and complete thoughts about her?

"But I did intend to go back to Long Island," she went on. "But Mr. Fay—who was good to me in the years I worked for him—happened to telephone me, suggested the theater—Mr. Evans, Mr. Fay." She looked inquiringly at Degas and Evans promptly presented him.

She was gracious to Degas.

"The famous detective from Paris? Your picture was in the afternoon papers, wasn't it?"

"And Mademoiselle—her picture, too, has been printed so often—"

"But mine through caprice of fortune, and yours through achievement." She turned to her escort. "I told Mr. Evans that I was going out of town and he catches me in a falsehood. But, Mr. Evans, stenographers must go out when the boss invites them to dine, eh? And Mr. Fay neglected me brutally when I worked for him. He never paid me any attentions. So now I feel it my duty to dine with him when he asks me."

"DUTY, eh?" Fay's tone was amused, but there was a quality of hardness in the voice that comported ill with amusement. Evans looked at him curiously. The importer, who had gained fame—or notoriety—because he had once employed the romantic Phyllis Benedict, was rather above medium height, slim, but wiry, and might have been forty. His clothes fitted perfectly, and if a white tie was a bit formal for the theater in May—well, it was correct. Evans got a queer idea that Fay was the sort of man who ascertained what was correct and never deviated from it. That is, in matters of speech and apparel.

"Do you mean to tell me, Min—Phyllis," he corrected himself, "that you dine with me merely because of duty?"

He articulated each word precisely, as might a foreigner not certain of his choice of words.

"Can't get used to me as Miss Benedict, can you?" The girl's voice was almost affectionate, as it might have been had she addressed a well-liked uncle. "He still calls me Minnie," she explained to Evans.

Doyle murmured something inconsequential. How could this girl, whom he knew to be an impostor—and worse—be so light of manner in the presence of a man who might step between her and her millions? Her ability to act was understandable when they were alone, as at luncheon today, but how could she be so complete an actress when she was with the man who must be part—a great part—of her plot against the Benedict millions? The strain of acting before witnesses is greater than when only the one to be deceived is present.

PASSERS-BY, members of the audience had stopped now, to stare at her as they might at some star of the screen or stage. Fay touched her arm and with a word of farewell they entered the limousine drawn up at the curb.

"So," said Degas, as he and Evans climbed into their taxi, "that is the famous Phyllis Benedict. She is lovely—but lovely. You did not tell me you knew her, Doyle."

Evans laughed.

"I haven't told you that I know a hundred other people, have I?"

The Frenchman nodded at the hit.

"Of course not. Only—with her name as well-known as—Lindbergh's, let us say—it might have been mentioned. And this is Johnson Fay, the man who gave her employment for so long? I do not like Mr. Fay."

"No?"

Degas shook his head.

"Mr. Fay is—not a gentleman, eh? I dislike the man who tries too hard to be that which he is not. Oh, it is laudable to wish to better oneself, of course. But your Mr. Fay—he is not real, somehow. A business man, eh? I would have said not, and Degas is rarely wrong. I mean, the artist, the professional man, the business man—each bears a stamp. It is hard to tell at a glance what kind of profession a certain man follows, but one knows it is a profession. It may be law, it may be pedagogy, but it is something on that order. Mr. Fay, I would have said, was a professional man. And so Degas is wrong, eh? Strange. An importer, I remember. I would like to know, for the gratification of curiosity, just what Mr. Fay imports."

"Hanged if I remember, though I must have read in the papers last winter," said Evans. "Yes. I do. Furs."

"Furs, eh? He does not look like a man of furs to me."

Evans laughed.

"What does a man of furs look like, Degas?"

"Not like Mr. Fay," said the Frenchman solemnly. "But your Miss Benedict—I like her. It is a glorious face. One that has suffered, too, one sees."

"Really? I can't see that," protested Evans.

"Perhaps Degas is wrong—although he never has been," said the owner of that name.

"You said rarely wrong a moment ago," Evans derided.

"I was too modest a moment ago," grinned Degas. "And where do we go now, my friend? The night, it is but the ankle of the evening, eh?"

"If you feel that way," agreed Evans. "There is the Ambassador—music, dancing, supper, respectable entertaining. There are other night clubs. There is also Harlem."

"Harlem? Where the Negroes entertain? I would like that—but some other night. Tonight I would prefer—I say prefer, I am not insistent—places less unconventional. Places," he continued, "where violence of any sort would be less likely to occur."

"Violence? Do you mean that, Degas?"

"I DO not joke about serious matters, my friend," said Degas. "You have not noticed, of course, that we have been followed? That is why I told our driver to take us slowly up Broadway."

"Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed Evans. "Then that spot—"

"We have remained upon it no matter where we went," said Degas. "Your ambassador is near the Park. But the Park is well enough lighted. No, I do not think we will be in danger there."

"But Degas, if you know we're followed—why not stop, have them arrested when they catch up to us—"

"And charge them with what?" interrupted the Frenchman. "A cat may look at a king, eh? Then even Degas may be stared at without the breaking of any law. My friend Paul wrote that it was a monstrous crime. That he did not exaggerate has been proved by the fact that he was killed. His death seemed necessary to those who have perpetrated this monstrous crime. It is for us to find out the nature of this crime and who committed it. We cannot do that by having arrested strangers whom we think follow us. We merely warn our enemies—for I think they are that—that we suspect them. Better to

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act naturally and bide our time. They might then come out into the open, expose themselves—"

"If they don't shoot us," objected Evans.

"That is, of course, a risk one must recognize. For my part, I accept it. But then, I am a detective. You are a private citizen. If there seemed any way you could withdraw—"

"Hang it, I don't want to withdraw. I merely—I bow to your better judgment, Degas. The Ambassador?"

He leaned forward and gave the driver the address. Once again he was nearly overwhelmed by the urge to tell Degas his suspicions. But suppose he were wrong? The girl would inevitably find out that he had suspected her. Degas might be tactful, but how could he count on the New York police? The French understand that love and hatred are blood brothers, that love and suspicion walk hand in hand. But there were the English and American traditions of chivalry to overcome with other police. If he loved her, he'd not suspect her. If he suspected her, he couldn't love her. They'd use no delicacy. They'd probably confront him with the girl, ask her to walk up and down for him, to don a cloche, to sit at a table. She'd know, of course, his doubts, and if she ever forgave him, it would only be as one forgives a dog that knows no better for biting. Romance could never exist between them again, and—he wanted, more than anything in the world, for romance to exist between them.

SO THE words to Degas were not uttered. Instead, he questioned Degas as to how he hoped to draw his followers on.

"I hope for nothing," said Degas. "But—we shall sup. We shall listen to the music. Then—we shall depart. And as we are, I take it, about to pause before that Ambassador, I advise that we seem less grim, more intent upon a pleasant finish to a delightful evening."

They gave their hats and sticks to the

check boy and the headwaiter led them to a table. They ordered a light supper, and settled down to a pretense of enjoyment. Degas chattered continuously. He compared the restaurant to a place in the Bois; he compared the patrons to the crowd to be found in a French supper place; he mentioned the Debt and dismissed it instantly. And at last, in the midst of a dissertation on the justice of the French stand with regard to armament, he mentioned the matter closest to the minds of both of them.

"The three gentlemen who have just taken a table by the door. A lady was with them. The lady—you did not notice—came only to the edge of the window that separates this room from the hall outside. She looked in here; I assure you that she pointed us out. She did not come in. Do you recognize the men? Casually, as though you were simply glancing around—very good."

"Never saw them in my life," said Evans softly.

"Nor I," said Degas, "but they are interested in us. They never saw you, either. So the lady pointed you out, identified you. Me, it was merely necessary to say, 'the Frenchman with the beard.' But, evidently, it was essential that they should know whether you accompanied me. The lady doubtless knows you. And it seems unreasonable that she should not enter. Suppose, my friend, that you saunter outside, as though to telephone, perhaps, and see if she is there. And I will wager you—the intuitions of Degas are rarely at fault—that she turns out to be the lady who called on you last night."

"You're too bright a lad," said Evans. "I'll not bet. And if she is?"

"Why, if she is," said Degas, "then I would send the doorman for the police, for I think her presence would indicate imminent trouble. Casually now, casually."

As casually as Degas had ordered, but feeling himself part of some unreality, Evans arose and strolled toward the door.

(To be continued next week)



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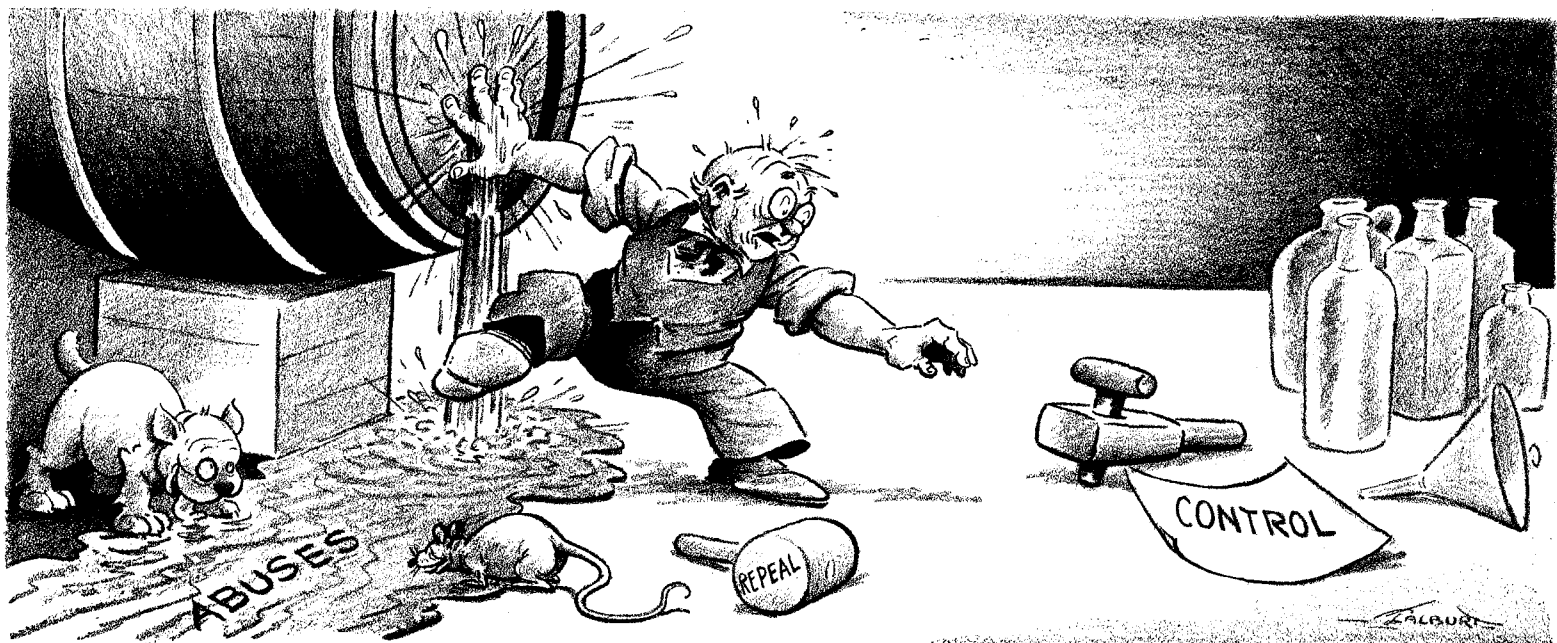
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"Hello, Charlie. Meet a couple boys of the New Hampshire bobsled team"

Frank Beaven



How to Carry Liquor

WITHIN less than nine weeks, in all human probability, national prohibition will have been repealed. Another new era will begin in January.

Men and women now at years of discretion have little memory of the time and customs before prohibition. The World War and prohibition came while they were still little children.

The saloon, to millions, is something described in history books or pictured from the reminiscent conversations of elders.

A new set of habits and customs arose with the adoption of national prohibition. Ideas changed. The Eighteenth Amendment was not responsible for all the change. There was tumult in the world. Empires had toppled and dynasties had been overthrown. The relationship between the sexes was being altered. Power shifted between social classes. Revolutionary developments in economic life were occurring. Ideals and ethical principles were in the crucible.

Prohibition, however, emphasized and hastened some tendencies and of itself inspired others. Most important, possibly, was the popular attitude toward drink.

Before prohibition, drinking alcohol was generally regarded as an amiable weakness even where intemperance and drunkenness were not despised as personal sins and the sources of incalculable waste and suffering. Few American women drank much before the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. Men who drank regularly almost apologized to themselves and others for their self-indulgence.

How different the scene since 1920! The saloon vanished but the speakeasy appeared. It was impossible to buy cocktails at public bars, but in every prosperous home was felt the compulsion to offer guests forbidden liquors. The cocktail habit spread throughout the country. The professional dries tried to dispense and to popularize counterfeit

cocktails—punches without kicks or alcoholic authority. Even the small cities and villages of the West and South, long dry, took up the before-dinner drinking habit.

Women embraced the new drinking with enthusiasm. Grandmothers as well as the young and the middle-aged discovered the pleasures of alcoholic stimulation. Men who had drunk little or nothing when excellent cocktails sold two for a quarter over legal bars paid high prices unflinchingly for the inferior commodities dispensed by bootleggers and speakeasy proprietors.

Drinking swiftly became not a weakness but a gesture of independence. Drunkenness lost its shame. Men, and women too, overcome by liquor "passed out" to the strains of laughter rather than social disapproval. Young girls in the larger cities frequented speakeasies. Under prohibition drinking was made respectable.

Not least arresting of all was the disregard of national law learned by example in the home. An unpopular law made possible contempt for the Constitution and disregard of its provisions. Tolerance was expressed for criminals in the outlawed trade because they served a necessary function. Not since the days immediately preceding the Revolutionary War have such conditions obtained in American homes. Children whose ideas were formed between 1920 and 1933 have not the traditional respect for law. So far as they are concerned the effects of the Eighteenth Amendment won't disappear with repeal. The scars will linger.

Henceforth the story will be different. With abundant liquor legally available in many states within a few months, we shall have to revise our ideas and customs.

Drunkenness was, is and will continue in fact to be regarded as an abomination. Intemperance in anything is bad; in liquor it is worse because its consequences are so immediate and so far-reaching.

Before prohibition, to show the effects of alcohol was socially contemptible. A man behaved decently whether drinking or abstemious. If he could not "carry his liquor as a gentleman" he was told not to drink. Of course not all obeyed this injunction. If there had been no intemperance there would have been no prohibition. But the rule of self-control and restraint prevailed. It will return.

As Collier's has pointed out repeatedly, the states have an urgent obligation to prepare legal machinery to supervise and regulate the distribution of hard liquor once repeal is over.

Drys have been fatally stupid in opposing such preparations prior to final ratification of the repeal resolution. This duty must be performed if more serious abuses are to be avoided. In those states in which the legislatures will not meet in regular session this winter, special sessions should be called.

With the best and most reasonable of laws, however, the chief responsibility will be personal and individual. We are going to have abundant supplies of liquor. How we use it depends on us.

Intemperance is bad. Drunkenness is abominable. The moderate use of liquor may be good or bad. This depends on the individual. There can be no question, however, of the debasing consequences of the immoderate consumption of strong drink. A driver of a motor-car is not made more competent to deal with traffic by alcoholic stimulation. Brains are not made clearer nor hands more nimble by alcohol. Liquor is for use where it can be profitably used and not for dissipation or debauchery.

In this affair as in so many others we face a great task of social reconstruction. Repeal will give us the opportunity to manage our affairs rationally and decently. It is incumbent upon us to do so.



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